

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million Homes

DEVOTED TO ART. LITERATURE
Vol. XXII

HOME CIRCLE
No. 8

*Published at
Augusta, Maine.*



June
1910

"Miss Phoebe, you are too pretty a little woman to be trudging about all by yourself," said the squire, as he took possession of her silk umbrella and drew her hand through his arm.

COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by

W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,
Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

June, 1910

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Crumbs of Comfort

No man was ever scolded out of his sins. They only have lived long who have lived right lives.

Most of our troubles proceed from their being unexpected. Push, no less than prayer, helps us over the rough places.

He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit so much as to look down.

Not everyone who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware; God is more there than thou; for thou art there by His permission. Then beware, And make thyself all reverence and fear.

—Herbert.

Some show a beauty in their daily lives that make the most of us look ugly.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

The secret which some one has trusted to you is not yours to do with as you please.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

How would you be, if He, who is the top of judgment, should but judge you as you are.

As sure as ever God puts His children in the furnace, He will be in the furnace with them.

The flower we do not pluck is the only one which never loses its beauty or its fragrance.

There is no crime so great that a man could commit as poisoning the sources of eternal truth.

Law when kept is nothing else but law; whereas law broken is both law and executioner.

He who will not give himself time to be hungry can never know the true pleasure of eating.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given That brows have not ached for it and souls toiled and striven;

And many have striven, and many have failed, And many have died, slain by the truth they assailed.

—Owen Meredith.

There are no rules for friendship. It must be left to itself; we cannot force it any more than we can force love.

Care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Sunday is the green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where after the week-day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.

Miss Phoebe and the 'Squire

A June Day Romance

By Littlea Shaw Husted

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It was too dark to take another stitch, and Miss Phoebe's sewing slipped off her lap unheeded as she folded her slim little fingers, and glanced out at the dusky shrubs in her well-kept yard.

"Nine people, even in this small village, going to Europe in one season," she murmured with a sigh of weariness, "dozens of them visiting seaside and mountain resorts, some penetrating far north of the famed Muskoka Lakes, even to the banks of the French river, and two thirds of the entire population—almost—owning lake-side cottages, or tents, quite seems as though everybody had gone vacation mad."

Talking to herself was not unusual with Miss Phoebe, but to express envy or jealousy of those more fortunate than herself, was entirely unnatural to her serene disposition.

She had been left alone in the world with a "house and lot," about the time people were beginning to dub her an old maid, and the "plain sewing done neatly," which had been her first introduction into the world of business, was still her occupation after nearly fifteen years.

"Never a holiday from Easter till Christmas, for a lifetime," she went on, making herself out a victim of adverse circumstances, "really if it were not for the reading I have done I would be the most ignorant person in town. She laughed softly, as she rose to put away her work, and prepare her simple evening meal.

After supper she sat by the shaded lamp in paper.

her co-sitting-room and glanced over the local paper. To Chautauqua and return, for one fare?" she read and presently her cheeks flushed becomingly, and a sparkle gleamed in her blue eyes. "And why not?" she asked herself defiantly. "To take an excursion of only eleven miles—as the crowd is supposed to fly—all by itself, may not be particularly enlivening, but it will at least furnish a few mind pictures, in future snow-bound days."

Not pausing to think it over, Miss Phoebe got up briskly, and set about laying out her best things, for well she knew that if she reasoned it over with herself, she would end by giving it up. With taxes looming in the immediate foreground, and next winter's coal and vegetables yet to be bargained for, she could ill afford to be extravagant, but a little trip like the one proposed, might safely be indulged in.

Finally, when the gray and black striped silk skirt lay in state across the foot of the spare bed, with the neat short coat jauntily surmounting the back of a caneset chair, her black lace toque with its cluster of violets, reposing on the pin cushion, and even her Sunday boots, gloves and umbrella in convenient places, Miss Phoebe sat down with an air of subdued excitement, to find out about her train.

One dollar to Chautauqua and return, including a steambot ride across the lake, and entrance into the grounds; truly the amount looked ridiculous when compared to the enjoyment to be obtained. If one lived in Kansas or Mexico, a trip to Chautauqua would be considered an event, and here was Miss Phoebe almost thinking contemptuously of the short distance, and the small sum of money.

The little woman retired with pleasant anticipations of the morrow's journey. When she rose at an early hour, she noted with approval, the brilliant sunshine, the cloudless sky, the delicious warm fragrance of the gentle breeze; truly an ideal day.

As she delicately ate her crisp slice of toast, and drank her refreshing coffee, she almost wished she had a companion to share her joyous day, and she very nearly regretted not taking the earlier train, to give herself a longer stay at the summer city.

At least she need not neglect any of her morning tasks, and she did not forget to place a saucer of milk and a small plate of canned salmon, in the woodshed where Katryntje—the cat—would find them and not feel neglected. As she locked her front door, a little later, and tripped down the gravel path, it would be difficult to place her age at more than five and thirty, for every detail of her mot costume was complete and fairly up to date; then too, Miss Phoebe was slight and trim, and everybody knows that the stout woman looks older.

There was quite a crowd at the little station,

people from west and east, and she felt a nervous exaltation to think she was really going away from home at last, actually among a group of tourists, all bound for the same objective point.

The train was several minutes late, and she found time to greet 'Squire Hughes, and to ask after his rheumatism. She had known him since their far-off school days, had been acquainted with his wife, Alice Winston,—dead these many years, and she regarded him with a pleasant smile, it was so nice to know someone in the strange crowd.

Suddenly the train came strenuously shrieking into the station, interrupting everybody, and in the excitement of looking for a seat, Miss Phoebe forgot to say good by to 'Squire Hughes. What then, was her amazement to find herself gently pushed into the only vacant seat, and to find her old friend settling down beside her.

"Going to Chautauqua, I take it, Miss Phoebe?" he began, turning his genial countenance towards her, but without waiting for her reply, he went on. "I am without a uskeeper, since Niece Frances was married, and I find keeping bachelor's hall pretty dreary. I didn't think of taking the train, till I saw you, and then I just thought I would go along too; we're old enough to keep clear of scandal, I guess."

"Good by, 'squire," shouted the bus driver, "lemme know when you an' Mis' Hughes gets back, an' I'll drive you out to the Poplars!"

The train started, and Miss Phoebe gasped; was it possible that she was going to be talked about, at her time of life? Couldn't she take a little harmless excursion all by herself, without setting the tongues a wagging? But she was not apparently going away by herself. So far as the bus driver would be able to report—and he was a man of veracity,—she was leaving town in company with the rich and eccentric widower, 'Squire Hughes!

"Ezra likes his little joke," laughed the 'squire, "and I declare Phoebe, you do look smart enough and pretty enough to be starting out on a wedding tour; anyway you mustn't let anything bother you on such a bright day."

Thus reassured, Miss Phoebe struggled with her misgiving, and presently became much interested in the romantic scenery into which she was rushing.

"Strange," continued the 'squire, "how people flock to this section of the country! These old hills have become world famous, they tell me, and it is only we stay-at-homes, living so handy by, who seldom visit the little resorts. I haven't been over in five or six years myself, for when I leave home it is usually east or west."

It was a pleasant trip, with deep, heavily wooded gorges, the reflective waters of the creek shining far below, the green rounded hills against the sky line, with picturesque, weather-stained cottages perched seemingly, haphazard. There was also the never-to-be-neglected point where Chautauqua Lake like a burnished mirror in an emerald frame, burst on their vision, and glancing backward, the vast blue waters of old Lake Erie, hundreds of feet below.

Miss Phoebe did not care to tell how many years had come and gone since she had been in the little country seat, but the old friends talked of many things as they ran around the head of the lake, and on to Point Chautauqua. Alone together among total strangers, their friendliness grew apace, as they strolled to and fro on the little pier awaiting the arrival of the boat. She did not quite know how she was going to free herself from the company of the 'squire, but decided that when they reached the Assembly grounds it would come about naturally, so, as they entered the gay little steam launch, and went skimming over the water, she laughed easily and joyously at all his jokes.

As they climbed the gang plank, at Chautauqua, and went through the process of showing their tickets, and receiving other tickets, or passes, before being permitted to enter the grounds, the 'squire took possession of Miss Phoebe's silk umbrella, which he raised, for the day had grown intensely warm and said decidedly, as he drew her hand through his arm, "Now Phoebe, you are going to be my guest, the rest of the day. No, do not refuse, I have none too much pleasure in life, and certainly you are too pretty a little woman to be trudging about all by yourself. If you think I am too old to be an agreeable escort, why, oh! thank you, now it will be

At Life's Twilight

A Golden Wedding Reverie

BY C. H. MEIERS.

In the mellow twilight sitting
With old scenes before me fitting,
In my fancy comes the music
Of the days that used to be;
'Tis the voice of true love singing
Old sweet songs that still are clinging
To my memory, because they are
The songs you sang to me.

I can hear the wild birds calling
And a stray leaf slowly falling
In the old oak tree that used to shade
Our summer trysting place;
And the breeze that whispered sweetly,
'Till my heart was soothed completely;
In my reverie I still can hear,
And feel upon my face.

Oh, how soon the day was ending!
And, as twilight was descending,
We would part, but still in fancy
You were ever by my side.
And in day dreams we, together,
Both in fair and stormy weather,
Were roaming down the path of life,
As husband and his bride.

Years have fed upon your beauty
And your grace went forth to duty
But your eye still holds the love-light
As it did in days of yore;
And I'm glad I am not dreaming
When I see your sweet face beaming,
For tonight I love you better
Than I ever did before.

all right. We will go to the Athenaeum hotel and have our dinner, after that we will see."

See first page illustration.

After all why should she deny herself this pleasure, for the manner in which the 'squire had taken possession of her was secretly gratifying, and it was a delightful experience, to have someone plan and decide for her! The unexpectedness of the invitation, and her sudden acceptance of it, rather lowered her in her own eyes, just at first, and the 'squire was quick to note the change.

"Nonsense, Phoebe," he said reassuringly, "why do you suppose I came away from home this morning? Why just because you did. I want you. It is a pleasure for me to have such a chance, I wonder I haven't thought of it before, but I never was keen where my own interests were concerned. When I find out, however, I can go ahead with the best of them." And the 'squire laughed triumphantly as he ushered her into the cool depths of the big hotel.

A thrill of keen delight quickened her heartbeat as she found herself seated opposite her masterful comrade at the coziest of tables near a great open window, through which were seen snowy steamers plying on the sparkling water.

The hour that followed was of great enjoyment to them both; to the 'squire because he detested eating alone, and his widower dinners were neither well cooked nor well served; to Miss Phoebe, because the experience was novel, and her heart was still young, and vacation days had been rare in her life.

During the long golden afternoon that followed, they attended a concert in the Amphitheater, where Miss Phoebe saw and was recognized by numerous fellow townspeople, to her secret embarrassment. They walked from one end of the place to the other, the 'squire forgetting his habitual lameness, and Miss Phoebe kept from fatigue, by excitement. The 'squire bought a souvenir for her and told her of the changes and improvements that had been made of late years.

Finally, while they sat in a gay pavilion and ate ices, Miss Phoebe became suddenly aware of the length of the shadows, and rising hastily, declared that it was time to think of home. It seemed as though years had passed, since she left her snug white cottage that morning and she recalled a silent wish she had made while getting ready. A mere idle wish that she had a pleasant companion to go with her, and that she might bring home a souvenir. Her wish had come true so exactly that she blushed to think of it.

It was a tired, middle-aged couple that boarded the pretty double decker, and sought seats in the bow, the 'squire placing Miss Phoebe so that she would be partly shielded from the wind, by his own pretty figure.

"This is the pleasantest part of the day," he said, bending his head to hers, "and you have driven away the blue devils, that were after me this morning."

There was a string band on board, and instead of replying, Miss Phoebe became absorbed in the music which stole over the water, and was echoed from the encircling hills. Crowded steamboats passed them, the tourists waving their handkerchiefs, and Miss Phoebe's heart swelled with gratitude for such an enchanting excursion.

"I wonder when we will arrive at the Point!" she said.

"I think we stop at other landings first," replied the 'squire, hitching his chair closer, and then he grew confidential in the gloaming, and told her many of his business affairs, his domestic loneliness, his desire for congenial companionship.

"Bemis Point!" somebody sang out, as the boat bumped against the wooden pier.

"Isn't that south of Point Chautauqua?" gasped Miss Phoebe.

"Sure," cried several voices, "we're headed for Jamestown, you know."

She could never afterward clearly recall how she and the 'squire succeeded in getting off the boat, for they had to step lively, but suddenly she heard him making inquiries of a man in an official shanty, while the steamer glided away over the darkening water, leaving them alone on the platform.

"If we walk about half a mile up yonder street," the 'squire told her, "we will come to the little railroad station, and can take our train there quite as well as back at the Point." This was most cheering, so notwithstanding her aching feet Miss Phoebe stepped briskly along by the side of the big man who strove heroically to conceal his rheumatic twinges.

They passed a cemetery in the early evening dusk, and she noticed the evergreen trees cut into such fantastic shapes, that they made her smile.

The way led a little uphill, and they were both almost breathless when they reached the small depot. The place was securely locked, and shrouded in darkness; two or three freight cars loomed in the foreground, but no sign of immediate traffic greeted them.

For the first time that day, the optimistic little woman felt a pang of despair; everybody at home knew long ere this that she had left town with 'Squire Hughes, and she would not return until—she knew not when she would return. Useless complaint had never been her way, so she turned to her companion. "Let us ask at the little house there under the trees," she said.

The young woman who answered their knock said "the last train to stop, had been gone about ten minutes, and the place wouldn't be 'opened up,' until the next morning. Oh! yes, there were more trains but they went right by and stopped at Mayville."

Slowly they retraced their steps to the little dock, talking constrainedly of unimportant things, and found that they must wait nearly an hour for the next boat.

All sorts of wild ideas trooped through Miss Phoebe's mind, chief among them being a strong desire to rush away into the night, and walk home; she knew she was far too intimated to take many more pedestrian trips that day, but her spirit fiercely rebelled against the unhappy ending of the pleasantest day of her life.

She glanced sideways at the 'squire! how calm he looked; it was to him only an inconvenience. "I ought to have asked if we were on the right boat," he said, "you will never forgive me for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

How Cheap He Felt

Galesburg, Ill., May 10, 1910.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

Dear Sir:—You don't know how cheap I feel to think that, after being a regular subscriber to COMFORT for the last ten years, I carelessly let my subscription expire this spring without renewing.

Please believe me that it was unintentional, as I would not be without COMFORT if it cost a dollar a year, and I hope you will not think I could not raise the thirty cents for a two-years renewal.

I enclose three dimes, hoping that it is not too late to buy me a two-years renewal of my subscription at the low rate with which you favor your old subscribers; anyhow, kindly give me credit for the amount and send me COMFORT whatever time it will pay for.

I take a number of other papers and magazines, but none of them can ever take the place of COMFORT in our family.

Please send me the April number, if you can, as I wouldn't miss a single issue of COMFORT for the price of a year's subscription.

With best wishes for COMFORT and its publisher,

Sincerely your friend,

J. E. _____

As this letter is personal we omit the name of the writer, but think the letter worthy of publication as it so well expresses the affectionate regard which our subscribers have for COMFORT, and illustrates the feelings of those who carelessly neglect to renew their subscriptions until after they have experienced the unpleasant reminder of missing a number of COMFORT.

There are others who will be dropped from our subscription list and

Will Miss The Interesting July COMFORT

with its pretty 4th of July story and cute title page illustration, if they don't renew at once. Everybody now looks forward with pleasant anticipation to the coming of our big, bright, breezy

Mid-Summer Short Story COMFORT

in August, which is so interesting that it makes them forget the sultry heat, but some will miss that, too, if they don't renew their subscriptions.

We are loath to believe that any of COMFORT'S subscribers cannot raise the necessary thirty cents, and there seems to be no other adequate reason for failing to renew except forgetfulness.

Please accept this as a reminder and send in your three dimes to keep up your acquaintance with your old friend COMFORT for two years more. If in doubt as to just when your subscription expires, send us your thirty cents now and we will see that your subscription is extended two full years from date of expiration.

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June, 1910.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE subject of our editorial talk this month will probably be regarded by many of our readers as too trifling for consideration, and this article too trivial and unimportant for perusal, as it only concerns that innocent-looking, death-dealing pest, the house fly.

Dear friends, the house-fly question is not one to be treated lightly or disregarded. On the contrary it is a matter of deep concern to everyone because the house fly is probably the most active and effective means of spreading disease at the present time. So great is the menace that the United States government, with the aid of such scientific and philanthropic associations as the American Civic Association, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C., and the Merchants' Association of New York, has begun a national crusade against the house fly, and, as the first and most important step, is trying to enlighten the people as to the danger, to instruct them how to overcome it, and to arouse them to make a persistent effort to abolish or mitigate the nuisance.

Once the house fly was regarded as harmless, though annoying; but science now ranks it as dangerous to life and health as the mosquito whose bite is found to be the means by which yellow fever and malaria are contracted, or the flea which spreads the deadly bubonic plague.

The house fly is the pestilential purveyor of many of the most terrible diseases, such as typhoid, cholera, diphtheria, and cholera infantum, that cruel scourge of childhood known as summer complaint.

Yellow fever has been banished from Cuba and Panama, Malaria from Port Said, by dealing with the mosquito, and what science has done in these regions in wiping out agencies of death, can and will be accomplished in the United States by the extermination of the typhoid fly.

In the Farmer's Bulletin, number 155, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, a bulletin which deals with the subject of how insects affect health in rural districts, you will find the following on page 13:

"The principal agent in the spread of typhoid fever is the common house fly, and this insect is especially abundant in country houses in the vicinity of stables in which horses are kept. The reason for this is that the preferred food of house flies is horse manure. House flies breed in incredible numbers in a manure pile largely derived from horses. Twelve hundred house flies, and perhaps more, will issue from a pound of horse manure. Ten days complete a generation of house flies in summer. The number of eggs laid by each female averages 120. Thus, under favorable conditions, the offspring of a single overwintering house fly may in the course of the summer reach a figure almost beyond belief. With an uncareful pile of horse manure in the vicinity of a house, therefore, flies are sure to swarm. Their number practically will be limited only by breeding opportunities. They are attracted to and will lay their eggs in human body waste. Under favorable conditions they will breed to some extent in this excrement. They swarm in kitchens and dining-rooms where foods are exposed. They are found commonly in box privies, which sometimes are not far distant from the kitchen and dining-rooms. Therefore, with an abundance of flies, with a box privy near by, or with excremental deposits in the neighborhood, and with perhaps an unsuspected or not yet fully developed case of typhoid in the immediate neighborhood, there is no reason why, through the agency of contaminated flies alighting upon food supplies the disease should not be spread to healthy individuals. That it is so spread is not to be questioned. That

under the unusual conditions of the army concentration camps in the summer of 1898 it was so spread to a shocking extent has been demonstrated by the army typhoid fever commission. And the remedy is plain. It consists of two courses of procedure; proper care of excreta, and the destruction of flies."

"On many farms where intelligent people live, the old-fashioned box privy has been done away with, and there has been substituted for it some form of earth closet. Where a good earth closet is in operation, and the inhabitants of a farm appreciate the importance of using no other, and where in case of illness the excreta of patients are promptly disinfected, flies breeding in the neighborhood will have, practically, no opportunity to become contaminated with typhoid germs, except in the unlikely event (which future investigation may possibly show) that other animals than man are subject to this disease. The proper maintenance of an earth closet will add somewhat to the work of a farm, but this extra work will pay in the long run. While it is true that a box enclosure, if its contents are covered with lime every three or four days, will answer the purpose, a much better plan would be to use a large metal vessel the surface of the contents being covered with earth after each operation, and which may be removed, emptied, and replaced daily. Care, should of course be taken to empty the contents of the vessel in a pit constructed in some well-chosen spot, from which the drainage would not be dangerous."

"With regard to the abolition of flies, the best measures will again naturally involve some trouble and expense. In a thickly settled country it will become necessary for some such measure to be generally adopted in order to be perfectly effective, but in an isolated farmhouse the number of house flies may be greatly reduced by individual work. All horse manure accumulating in stables or barns should be collected, if not daily, at least once a week, and should be placed in either a pit or vault or in a screened enclosure like a closet at the side or end of the stable. This closet should have an outside door from which horse manure can be shoveled when it is needed for manuring purposes. Each day's or each week's accumulations, after they are shoveled into the closet or pit, should be sprinkled over the surface with chloride of lime, and a barrel of this substance can conveniently be kept in the closet. If this plan be adopted (and these recommendations are the result of practical experience), house flies will almost have no chance to breed, and their numbers will be so greatly reduced that they will hardly be noticeable. Many experiments have been made in the treatment of manure piles in order to kill the maggot of the house flies, and the chloride of lime treatment has been found to be the cheapest and most efficacious."

Everybody should write to the Agricultural Department at Washington for a copy of its Bulletin No. 155, which can be had free for the asking.

"It has been stated above that the closet for the reception of manure should be made tight to prevent the entrance or exit of flies. A window fitted with a wire screen is not desirable, since the corroding chloride fumes will ruin a wire screen in a few days."

Here is another striking fact about the typhoid fly—and remember the bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from a quarter of a million to six millions—the average fly carries on its dirty feet or dirtier mouth, an average of one quarter of a million disease breeding germs.

Let me quote from a circular written by the health officer of one of our big towns in the East. He says:

"Is it pleasant to see the flies that very likely have just

come from a neighboring manure pile crawl over the lips of the sleeping baby, or gather on the nipple of its nursing bottle? Suppose the fly that was fished out of the milk pitcher had just been eating the excrement of the typhoid fever patient, would you like to drink the milk? Perhaps the flies that are walking on the fruit which you purchased at the street corner had just been feeding on the sputum of a consumptive? Do you want to raise these filthy insects, these germ-carriers, these indicators of untidiness, to be a pest in your own house, and perhaps carry disease to your neighbors? Of course you do not. Then keep the stable manure closely covered and have it removed often—once a week in summer if possible. Keep the back yard and the alley clean. Allow no refuse to accumulate anywhere. Connect with the sewer if there is one in the street. Fix the privy so it will be fly proof. After your own premises are in order talk over the matter with your neighbors, and get them to take similar precautions."

Such remarks as these may sound to you disgusting, and they are, because the truth about the fly, which you should know for your own protection, is disgusting; but isn't it still more disgusting to have these flies after they have feasted on filth, swarming in your milk pitcher, crawling over your butter, and wiping their feet upon your bread. It is a duty to speak plainly that you may understand the danger and avoid it.

You will ask what are the best rules to be observed in order that the typhoid fly may be exterminated. The following excellent rules have been published by the Merchants' Association of New York:

Screen all food.

Keep the flies away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases. Kill every fly that strays into the sick room. His body is covered with disease germs.

Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises.

All refuse which tends in any way to fermentation, such as bedding straw, paper waste and vegetable matter should be disposed of or covered with lime or kerosene oil.

Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.

Keep all stable manure in vault or pit, screened or sprinkled with lime, oil or other cheap preparation.

See that your sewerage system is in good order; that it does not leak, is up to date, and not exposed to flies.

Pour kerosene into the drains.

Cover food after a meal; burn or bury all table refuse.

Screen all food exposed for sale.

Screen all windows and doors, especially the kitchen and dining-room.

Burn pyrethrum powder in the house to kill the flies.

Don't forget if you see flies, their breeding place is in nearby filth? It may be behind the door, under the table or in the cuspidor. If there is no dirt and filth there will be no flies.

Let our readers, now that they know the deadly nature of this disgusting pest, wage remorseless war upon it. Health and decency demand that the house fly be exterminated, and his extermination may best be brought about by abolishing his breeding grounds, and by the observance of the rules printed above. Let everyone of our readers, do his or her part, in this work of extermination. Remember it is a matter of life and death. The house fly is an agent of death. He is your enemy. Exterminate him.

Comfort's Editor.

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Captain Henry Rock, a man of ungovernable temper, after a wild life, with many adventures, returns to his old home Elmlea. At fifty he marries his cousin, Martha Morley, to whom he is betrothed many years before. He presents to his friends Dr. Dolor and wishes his niece, Amy Lane, to marry him. She marries Lieutenant Wallis Brook against her uncle's wishes and he refuses to see her at Elmlea again. He invites his niece, Mrs. Lambert, and her daughter Elva to live with him. Mischief lurks in every movement and Elva will not try to cut Amy out. Her mother warns her she will spoil her fortune. Captain Rock resolves to keep a strict watch over Elva. Six months pass and Mrs. Rock receives a letter with a strange signature—Clemence Moore—Amy is very ill and Mrs. Rock hastens to see her. She is left a widow—her husband is killed in a duel. He leaves his wife with his sister by marriage. Wallis Brook's father marries Clemence Moore's mother. Amy and Clemence return to England. Mrs. Rock promises a better home for Amy. Going home she finds her husband in a rage, and he refuses to assist Amy. If this scene is ever repeated she declares her intention to separate. She provides for Amy and settles an annuity upon her. The Captain's reform makes life at Elmlea more comfortable.

A little girl is born to Amy Brook; she is named Isa. In the absence of Captain and Mrs. Rock Elva has Tom the "odd" boy load up the cart with the furnishings of Amy's room and drive to Beach Cottage. She meets her cousin, Augustus Simmons, and Tom goes back with his horse. Clemence meets them as they drive up. Amy is pleased. After dinner Gusti proposes they go home. Elva wants the worth of a scolding and refuses to go. Clemence meets Elva's eyes and experiences an unpleasant sensation. Elva insists upon seeing the baby's clothes and the chamber furnishings and then they ride home. The house is locked and dark. Mrs. Rock cautiously opens the door. The captain is frightfully angry. Elva is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, which is commuted to one day, and Gusti is sent to sea. The affection between the youth of sixteen and the girl of ten gives Captain Rock uneasiness.

Five years later Clemence Moore, standing in front of Beach Cottage, is startled by the appearance of a young woman, head bare and feet bare and bleeding. Clemence tries to get the poor creature to go in. She will not, and begs Clemence not to weep for her but herself and implores her never to love. Amy recognizes in her an old schoolmate Nanny Larcum, the bride of Lemuel Norris. Her father and husband are murdered and her home burned before her eyes, and reason flees. Nanny is released from an asylum and becomes the care of her cousin, Ernest Brent, the lately returned from Germany. Miss Peggy Long, the village post-mistress arrives, and gives them the news of the month. That night the old mansion is burned. Elva rescues her uncle. Nothing is saved. Elva suffers a long and serious illness. The physician recommends a change of air and they all go to Scotland. A tournament is held and Elva dressed in silver armor, in the guise of Prince Ariel, from the Court of Fairy, is victor of the day. She reveals her identity when she unmask. Her uncle is furious and threatens to marry her to Dolor. Her mother objects,—she is too young to marry. Captain Rock explains he plans to Dolor, to send her to a nunnery. Dolor can-

not consent to lose her society. The tournament ends with a masked ball. Elva escapes the vigilance of her uncle and attends. Her uncle makes arrangements to put her in a nunnery. She begs of her mother not to fret. She will be back in a week. Elva enters the nunnery and admits her first hours are happy. She smuggles a full dress uniform of Gusti's to the sleeping apartment. Putting it on with the gold lace cap, she goes to the bed of Sister Mary, and bending over kisses her. Waking suddenly she sees the little midshipman and giving one shriek arouses all. Elva glides back to her bed and feigns sleep. Sister Ignatia scolds vigorously and declares Sister Mary is dreaming, and orders the girls back to their beds. Waiting until all is quiet Elva goes to the bed of Sister Ignatia and kisses her. The uproar produced brings the Mother Superior, who demands an explanation. Sister Ignatia declares there is a man in the room and a thorough search is made and no proof found. The next morning Elva's suit is discovered and she is summoned to the dormitory. She returns home in disgrace. Her uncle is determined she marry Dolor at Christmas.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is written, "Thou shalt not see the kid in its mother's milk." Yet Captain Rock did not hesitate to do something like this. The only way by which he could control Elva was through her affection for her mother, and he did not shrink from attacking that point.

Elva had continued to laugh at his threats, and to defy his fury. But he meant to make her tremble for the fate of her mother!

For a year past her health, unnoticed by all except Mrs. Rock, had been sinking. Elva was too young and inexperienced, and all the rest of the family too careless to notice the insidious approach of death—all, except Mrs. Rock, who frequently warned her in something like this manner:

"Sally, you must attend to that cough," or "Sally, child, don't sit in that draught of cold air."

This watchfulness and these admonitions had increased so much of late, that they had attracted Elva's attention and directed it to her mother; and the young girl noticed for the first time that she was very thin, and that her voice was weak, and her footsteps faint and slow. One day, however, when Mrs. Rock had been more than usually anxious in her thoughtfulness for the poor little woman, Elva followed her aunt to her room, and asked, gravely:

"Aunt, is there anything the matter with my mamma?"

"Your mother has not been well for a long time. She is neither well nor happy, therefore you must be careful not to disturb her in any

way, or you may some day greatly repent it."

"Aunt, you don't mean to say that mamma is seriously ill?"

"Yes, my dear, she is seriously out of health; but we can do much to help her. You are her only child, and her greatest comfort."

"There is nothing in the world I would not do for my mamma. But you don't think there is any danger, do you?" she asked, as her eyes overflowed with tears.

"Oh, no, my dear—no immediate danger. We must be very careful of her, that is all."

But the young girl was not satisfied. From that day forth she watched her mother's changing face with tenderness and anxiety, shielding her from her uncle's frequent harshness.

But the clouds were fast gathering over poor Elva.

The captain had quite recovered, and he began to urge the marriage of his niece with his favorite. Dr. Dolor's importunities were also becoming very tiresome. She felt them as a real persecution, and expressed herself accordingly. To Dolor she said:

"Once I used to laugh at you, but now I do hate you more than anything in the universe! and—I do wish you were in heaven! I detest the very sight of you!"

And to the captain's furious threats she would reply: "Uncle, the time has passed by centuries ago for forcing girls into wedlock. You can't force me to have Dolor, and you might as well give up the wicked purpose," or words to that effect.

One day when she had said something of the sort, the captain answered, cruelly:

"Very well, miss; I force no one; but I afford my protection and support only upon certain conditions. Neither you nor your mother had any legal claim upon me. I was not in any way bound to feed, and clothe, and house you for so many years. I did it with the tacit understanding that you were to marry Dr. Dolor."

"If such an understanding existed, it was without my consent, and was originated in my infancy, and I do not feel, and I will not be in the least degree bound by it. As to the expense of my support and education, uncle, I am truly sorry that you risked it upon the hazardous chance of my liking or disliking the man of your choice. But as I had no hand in your venture, I do not feel the least responsible for your losses."

"And by all the fiends in fire, minion, I know how to make you submit, and I shall do it!" exclaimed the captain, as he strode off towards the room occupied by Mrs. Lambert.

Without the ceremony of knocking, he burst

the door open with one blow of his foot, and entered. Throwing himself into a chair by her bedside, he commenced a furious attack upon the trembling invalid. He bitterly reproached Mrs. Lambert for encouraging and fostering that rebellious and refractory temper in her daughter, warned her to bring the headstrong girl to a sense of her position and duty, or to prepare to leave his roof; and so having overwhelmed the timid, nervous woman with undesired reproaches and threats, he arose and left the room.

And can anyone be surprised that her illness was increased, and her fever arose, and her senses wandered all night! When her mother was ill, Elva could not sleep. Now she sat by her bedside listening, alas! to her sad and rambling talk about their being turned adrift in the world to starve to death, or to perish in the snow—calling on her daughter to save them both by yielding to her uncle's will; and Elva heard and understood.

All through the night she nursed her with unremitting care, and in the morning, when the patient was wakeful, though exhausted, she left her only to bring the refreshing cup of tea and plate of toast prepared by her own hands.

But when she brought it to the bedside, her mother waved it away. She felt as if she could not eat.

"I want to talk to you," she said. "Eat and drink first, mamma, and then you and I will have such another good talk," said Elva, coaxingly. "Come, things are not yet desperate. Cheer up!"

"What do you mean, my love? Have you consented to be married to Professor Dolor?"

"No; oh, Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Elva, shuddering for the first time.

"Now, why 'Heaven forbid'? Why won't you take him, since your uncle has set his heart upon the match?"

"Oh, mother!"

"I know you are very young to be married—only seventeen! but then, you know, we have no alternative but that or starvation."

"Oh, mother, mother, don't take part against me—don't, or you'll drive me to my ruin. Who will take a child's part, if her mother don't? Take my part! Help me to be true—to be true!"

"True to whom, Elva? What are you talking about?"

"True to this heart—to all that is honest and good in my nature."

"I don't understand you at all."

"Oh, mother, the thought of marrying Dolor is abhorrent; it is like that of being sold to a master that you hate or sent to prison for life."

"Don't talk so wildly, Elva, you make me ill."

"Oh, I didn't mean to worry you, don't fear. Suppose he does turn me out. I am but a little girl, and food and clothing are cheap enough in the country, and any of our neighbors will

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

take me in just as gladly as they will let in the sunshine.

"Oh, child, how little you know of the world! Yes, for a day or two, or a week or two, scarcely longer. Who would give shelter to your poor, sick mother for the rest of her life?"

"Mother, uncle would never deny you shelter upon my account!" exclaimed Elva, growing very pale.

"Indeed he will, my child—he has. He came here last night, and warned me to leave the house."

"He will not dare, even he, so to outrage humanity and public opinion, and everything he ought to respect."

"My child, he will. He has so set his heart upon making Darius Dolor his successor at Elmslea, that if you disappoint him, there will be no limit to his rage and revenge; and he will not only send us from his roof, but he will seek to justify himself by blackening our names. So eccentricity will be misrepresented so as to ruin us forever."

"Mother, mother, he is not so wicked as that!" "He is furious in his temper, and violent in his impulses. He will do all that under the influence of disappointment and passion, however he may afterwards repent his injustice. You must not disappoint him, Elva."

"I disappoint him? Why, mamma, Elmslea does not belong to me; and if he wants Dolor to be his successor, why, as I have heard aunt ask him, does he not make him his heir?"

"There are no reasons, I suspect, my dear, why he cannot do so. I think he holds the property by such a tenure, that he cannot alienate it from the family; and the only manner in which he can bestow it upon Dr. Dolor will be through his wife, if the doctor should marry some relative."

"That is it, Mother, what is the reason the professor is such a favorite with uncle?"

"My dear, I don't know, but I have often had my suspicions."

"Of what, mamma?"

"Of a very near, though unacknowledged relationship; don't question me any further upon that particular point, my dear, for I really know nothing whatever about it."

"Mother, you are very weak. Please to take some tea—let me go get you some hot."

"Tell me, will you do as the old man wishes you?"

"I will tell you after you take some refreshments," said Elva, and the girl went and brought more hot tea and toast, and waited until her mother had drunk the former, and partaken of a morsel of the latter; when, in answer to the eager, inquiring look, she said:

"Mother, if I alone were concerned, I should leave this house this moment, though I should never have another roof over my head. But for your sake, mother, I will still fight the battle. I will try to turn uncle from his purpose. I will try to awaken Dolor's generosity, if he has any, and get him to withdraw his suit; but as for marrying Dr. Dolor, mother, I would rather die."

"And see me die, my child?"

"Oh, mother, it will not be so bad as that."

"Elva, it will. Do you know what is the meaning of these afternoon fevers and night sweats, and this cough?"

"I know it means that you are out of health, but I hope you will be well in the spring."

"Elva, it means death!"

"Oh, no—no—no—no—not so! You will be well in the spring," said the girl, changing color and faltering in spite of herself.

"I shall never see another spring, my child."

"Hear me out, my dear. I shall never live to see another spring, unless I can have a quiet life, with peace of mind. These symptoms, my child, mean death, sooner or later. My life may be protracted for many years, if I can live in peace and comfort; but if I must suffer privation, want, and anxiety, I cannot survive many months, Elva."

The poor girl was deadly pale. She started up and walked the floor in a distracted manner, crying:

"What shall I do!—oh, what shall I do!"

"It is very plain what you must do, my child. You must marry Dr. Dolor. Be reasonable. If I did not think it best for your happiness and prosperity, I would not urge it—no, not to prevent myself being homeless and starving in my illness. If you do not marry Dr. Dolor, your uncle will disinherit you, and send us both out houseless wanderers; here is, then, on one side, beggary and a blighted name—on the other, wealth and position. Those who are well housed, well clothed, and well fed, have abundance to be thankful for. Food, and clothing, and warmth, and shelter are the necessities of life. Now, if you will only be a sensible girl, and a dutiful child, and marry Dr. Dolor, you will have all these things, and a husband who dotes on you besides."

All this time Elva was walking up and down the room wringing her hands. Presently she came to her mother's side, and said:

"Mamma, don't talk any longer, dear. There's a bright spot on your cheek now, and your fever will rise again, even this morning. I will see what can be done to bring everybody to reason. I will not believe but that if I remain firm and faithful to my heart's integrity, there will be some way of escape made between these two alternatives."

But could Elva do this?

The clouds thickened and darkened over her head; and her efforts to dissolve the spell, and throw off the influence, were fitful, flighty, and ineffectual. And what was it that crippled, and distracted, and made impotent her resistance? It was her love for her sick, and helpless, and timid mother. That poor, weak mother was the stumbling-block in her path of rectitude. Had she been alone, her elastic spirit would have thrown off all weight, and stepped forth, free and fearless, into God's world of work. But the choice lay between her own happiness and her mother's ease and comfort. For, battle and strive as the poor thing might, who could doubt the issue? Neither did the captain leave her at peace for a single day. She avoided her uncle as much as she possibly could, and defied him when she met him. As thus, when encountering him on the stairs or at the table, he would ask her:

"Well, are you making preparations for getting married, or for leaving the house—which?"

"Neither. I wouldn't marry the Ogre to save the world from a general conflagration—and I won't budge a foot out of the house until mamma gets well, to save your soul alive—there!"

"Oh! if it comes to that, I can put you out!"

"I defy you to do it! You'd get mobbed by the whole county. You must think I'm a fool!"

"I do think so; but I advise you to prepare for your wedding or your sitting, for the day is fast approaching."

"I don't care if it is! A good many things might happen in a few days! You might have a stroke of apoplexy, you know, which would set everything right! For my part, I live in hopes!"

"You do! Well, I live in certainties—for on Christmas eve you either enter your bridal chamber, or get thrust into the wintry weather—and not you alone, but your mother, too!"

"Oh, it serves me just right for saving you from the flames. I wish to goodness I had left you to be burned up—there!"

"Oh! he!" roared the captain. "but you see you did not do it! It was your fate to save me, as it will be your fate to take Dolor for your lord and master."

"I'll kill him first! Oh, I wish I were a Gypsy, or circus-dancer, or a rope-dancer, or anything on earth that is free and merry."

"Yes, I dare say. And it is to prevent your running away with some traveling circus that I intend to make you safe under Dolor's control."

"I'll run away afterwards! I won't marry him at all, I mean! but if I did, I'd run away from him, the ugly old giraffe!"

"Dolor could restrain you."

"I'd break his heart—I'd drive him raving mad, and make him commit suicide!"

"Dolor will risk that."

"And I'll risk that."

And many such conversations as this would ensue between the uncle and niece. And Elva would always leave him with her spirits all on fire with opposition.

And, going to her mother, she would exclaim:

"Mamma! be a woman! Try to get well, and help me to withstand this monstrous wickedness."

But little help did the poor girl get from her feeble mother, who would still receive her pleadings with such words as these:

"Oh, Elva! your perverseness will break my heart."

"Mamma, you know I love you better than all the world."

"I know you pretend to love me, but you are so selfish and hard-hearted, that you would rather see me die here than give up your own wild, foolish will."

During these interviews Elva would shed the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her life, and she would retire from them with her spirits depressed, and her powers of resistance much diminished.

She tried, and succeeded in winning the cordial sympathy and cooperation of Mrs. Rock. Mrs. Rock was the only friend and coadjutor she had in the house. Daily and hourly she risked the storm of the captain's wrath by her silent, steady system of opposition to his views. She would constantly intervene as a shield between him and poor Mrs. Lambert, between him and Elva, and between Elva and Dr. Dolor. She resolutely expostulated with the captain about the crying sin of ruining the whole life's happiness of a poor child—one, especially, who had saved him from a horrible death by fire, at the imminent risk of her own life.

"Ah, but the little vixen! she says she is sorry she did it now—and that wipes out the remembrance of the favor!" chuckled the captain.

"And you know very well that that is only her wild talk. It is just like the reckless child, to destroy the whole effect of an act of heroism by a little petulance. You know that even now badly as you use her, were your life again in danger she would risk her own to save yours, yet this is the way in which you would repay her! I don't see how you can persist in a purpose that, if carried into effect, will utterly crush her heart and break her high spirit forever!"

"O-h-b-h!" roared the old man. "She has a great deal too much spirit! I hope Dolor will break it, that is all!"

"I should advise him never to try. No woman worth having can ever be governed except through her affections or her conscience. And as Elva neither loves nor respects the man you would force upon her I should dread for him to try the part of a tyrant—he would find in Elva the most dangerous rebel that ever tyranny created."

"I mistake Dolor if he don't know how to manage a refractory girl, since he has so long been used to governing rebellious boys."

"You can talk of your niece in that way—and she saved you from a death by fire, at the imminent hazard of meeting the same horrible fate! saved you, when not a strong, brave man on the estate would dare the attempt! I firmly believe a miracle assisted her, and this is the way you repay her!"

"This is the way I repay her!" and a very good way, too—none better! I give her a large fortune, and a good husband to take care of it for her, and to keep her out of mischief, and make her behave herself!"

"I assure you, Captain Rock, that I shall do all I can to prevent this great wrong, and I will have no hand whatever in it. I will not countenance the atrocity by my presence at the mockery of the marriage rites!"

"Then you are quite welcome to keep away!" said the captain brutally.

"Captain Rock! if you do commit the heinous crime of forcing the child into this hated marriage, a curse will follow it. Be warned in time!"

"Do you think I'm to be scared from my purpose by the voice of an old raven?"

Mrs. Rock's next essay was with Dr. Dolor himself. She seized the opportunity when he occupied the parlor alone. She went up to him, and delicately approached the subject. She then spoke of the general unsuitability of a marriage between himself and her niece.

Dr. Dolor interrupted her by politely suggesting that he himself might be considered the best judge of that.

Mrs. Rock persisted in expressing her doubts upon that very point. She spoke of the glaring disparity of their respective ages and characters. Elva, she said, could never make a proper and suitable companion for the grave and learned Professor Dolor.

Dr. Dolor smiled, and thanking her for the questionable compliment begged her to understand that he did not even expect or wish to find in Miss Lambert an intellectual companion—that in his library and among his brother professors, he found sufficient of intellectual sympathy—that he rather disliked intellectual women and never should dream of selecting one for his wife—that in Miss Lambert's delightful beauty and refreshing wit he sought only the necessary relaxation from graver thoughts and studies.

"And she is no more intended for a pedant's toy than a sultan's slave!" exclaimed Mrs. Rock, indignantly. You know Elva's unconquerable repugnance to this union, and you know the motives and influences that have been brought to bear upon the child to compel her to receive you as a suitor. And knowing this, if you are the man of honor that I hope to find you, you will never permit yourself to be forced upon her acceptance."

"Madam, being sincerely attached to Miss Lambert, and having her uncle's, your husband's, sanction for addressing her, you cannot very severely blame me for seeking to overcome the obstacles of the young lady's prejudices and dislike, and to win her regard."

"Dr. Dolor, you are perfectly well aware that your suit to Elva is unwelcome and distressing to the last degree—and if you have any manhood, not to say humanity, you will immediately withdraw it."

"Mrs. Rock's words are severe; and yet I am sorry I cannot oblige her in this particular matter!" answered the professor, bowing.

"And in that case I shall be compelled to withdraw my confidence and esteem from Dr. Dolor."

"I shall be extremely grieved and mortified to lose Mrs. Rock's good opinion," said the professor, rising and bowing ironically: "there is indeed but one thing to console me for the want of it, and that is the fair hand of her charming niece."

It was with difficulty Mrs. Rock could abstain from replying.

But she did restrain herself and passed from the room, to seek the presence of Mrs. Lambert, in whom her last hope of saving Elva rested.

"Sally," said Mrs. Rock, "I come to you to

you to tell you that you must save your child from this hideous injustice! Only you can do it, and you must!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what can I do? I'm sure my uncle frightens me almost to death with his threats!"

"You must not, through any fear of consequences to yourself, permit this great wrong to be done to your child. If you do, it will meet with a terrible retribution. You are her mother, and you can interpose to save her. You can do it with authority. The very birds of the air and beasts of the field defend their young! Be up to their level, for Heaven's sake, and defend yours!"

"Defend her from what? What can I do—poor, feeble, dependent creature that I am!"

"What can you do?" exclaimed Mrs. Rock, indignantly: "you can teach her by your example, by your courage and patience, to brave any fate rather than barter the integrity of her soul for ease and wealth! You can go forth into the wide world if necessary, to seek a home with strangers, or from charity. You can encourage her, protect her, defend her; as God knows, if she were my child, I would, rather than see her so bitterly wronged!"

"Oh!" whined the sufferer. "it is easy for you to talk—don't you have got it to do. We can all of us be patient or courageous, or anything by proxy."

"I would I stood in your place! I would die with and for my child, rather than see her left to so much misery!"

"Oh, do go away! You make me nervous and feverish! It is bad enough to have Uncle Harry's abuse for not making her marry Dolor, without having yours for not preventing her doing it. I am just between two fires."

Once more upon this day an indignant scathing reply arose to Mrs. Rock's lips, and they burned to say: "Of all the cowardice and meanness in this world, that which hinders a mother from being just to her daughter certainly is the most loathsome!" But again she bit her lips in silence, and arose and left the room. She found Elva in the passage, on her way to her mother's room. Mrs. Rock motioned her in silence to go in. Now Mrs. Rock certainly thought she was entitled to the willful girl's gratitude for the interest she had taken and the rebuffs she had received in her case. Judge, then, of the good woman's surprise, when, in the course of the evening Elva came in and roundly took her to task for lecturing her "mamma" into a fever.

"She can't stand it, aunt! And if you waked and watched with her as I do every night, you'd know how bad her nights are!"

"Oh! child!" began Mrs. Rock; but whatever she was about to say was drowned in tears, as she covered her face and wept.

In an instant Elva's arms were around her neck.

"Aunt! aunt! don't cry! Have I hurt your feelings? I never meant to!"

"No! no! little Birdie! you didn't hurt my feelings."

"What are you crying about then, aunt? Don't cry!"

"About the way—they—treat—you, Birdie!" sobbed Mrs. Rock.

"Don't they, though? Never mind! I'll pay them with compound interest! Now look here, aunt, stop this! If you keep on so, I shall go—ing mad! I know I shall! What do you cry about now? I don't lead him a life! Instead of breaking my own heart about it, I mean to break him! So cheer up, aunt! or if you must cry, just cry for poor Dolor, it will be a charity!"

CHAPTER XV.

As the decisive day approached, Elva certainly acted like one distraught—now in wild defiance, now in paleness and tears, and then in fitful mirth or taunting threats. She rapidly lost flesh and color, and in hysterical laughter accounted for it by saying that she believed in her soul Dolor was a spiritual vampire who preyed upon her life! She avoided him as much as she could. And if, sometimes, when she was about to escape from him, he would seize her wrist and detain her, she would suddenly lose her breath, and turn so pale that, in the fear of her fainting, he would release her. So he got no opportunity to press his claims.

One morning, however—it was about a week before Christmas—she voluntarily sought his presence. Excitement had flushed her cheeks with a vivid crimson, and lighted her eyes with sparkling fire—she did not know that her beauty was enhanced a thousandfold—she did not know that never in her life had her presence kindled such a flame in the heart of her lover as it did at that moment. And if he restrained himself from going to meet her, it was the dread lest she should fade away from him, as he had seen her do so often. But she advanced and stood before him.

"Dr. Dolor!" she said, "I have come to make a last appeal to you! I have come to beg, to supplicate you, for my sake, for honor, for truth and for mercy's sake, yes! for Heaven's sake, to withdraw your pretensions to my poor hand! I cannot help it."

"My fairy! we are commanded to love those that hate us; and should you hate me more than ever, I should only continue to love you!"

"Love me at a distance, then! and the greater the distance, the more grateful I shall be!"

He could no longer restrain himself. He seized her hand, and drew her towards him, exclaiming, in an eager, breathless, half-whisper:

"No! closer and closer shall my love draw us, until it compasses your hate and unites us forever!"

With a half-suppressed cry, she wrung her hand from his grasp, and answered wildly:

"I sought your presence to entreat you—and have turned a deaf ear to my prayer! Now I dare! despite it at your peril! I warn you that I may consent to become your wife! I have no hold out forever against those I love. But I warn you, that if ever I consent, it will be under the undue influence of others!"

"But your consent upon any ground you please, you delightful, enchanting, little creature. We will spare your blushes, charming as they are!" he exclaimed, surprised out of self-control, and seizing both her hands.

Angrily she snatched them from him.

"What have I said? Oh! what have I said? I believe I am going crazy! I tell you, Dr. Dolor, that if I ever yield, it will be only to the overwhelming force brought to bear upon me; a d even then it will be only during a temporary fit of insanity! And I warn you not to dare to take me at my word!"

"Do you do this to make me love you ten thousand times more than I do?"

"You do not believe me! You do not see that I am in terrible earnest! I tell you, Dr. Dolor, the most fatal day's work you ever did for yourself in this world! You do not know me! I do not know myself! I am full of evil! I feel it worst of me! Should you marry me, the very you to distraction!"

"You drive me to distraction now!" he exclaimed, laughing and darting towards her.

She started, and escaped his hand, crying:

"Saints in heaven! What infatuation! What there is yet time! Go get a millstone and tie it around your neck, and cast yourself into the uttermost depths of the sea before you ever dare to marry me!"

Her cheeks were blazing with color, and her eyes with light. He saw only her transcendent beauty.

"Why, you little tragic-comic enchantress—what

do you mean? Come to my arms!" he said, stepping towards her, and throwing his arms around her.

"Vampire!" she exclaimed, struggling to free herself for a moment; and then, as his lips sought hers, the color faded from her face, and he hastily released her and set her in a chair, lest she should swoon in his hated arms.

"Now, how am I expected to live with such a wife as this girl would make me? If it were not for the estate, I should be tempted to give her up and travel to forget! How shall I overcome her repugnance? Not by courting her, that's demonstrated! Only by being kind to her, and letting her alone."

Such was the tenor of his thoughts as he stood a little behind her chair out of her sight.

But Elva, when she found herself free, soon recovered and arose and left the room.

Why prolong the struggle—the sorrowful, ineffectual struggle of a captured bird against the net drawing around it! Defying, sinking, threatening, yielding—so, alternately, she passed the time, until a day or two before Christmas, when, in the evening, she glided into her uncle's room and sank down by his side—so unlike herself, so like a spirit, that the old sinner impulsively shrank away from her, and put out his hand to ring for lights.

"No! don't send for candles, uncle! Such a wretch as I am should tell her errand in the dark."

"What do you mean now, Minx?"

"Uncle! in all your travels round the world did you ever stop at Constantinople? and did you ever visit a slave-market there?"

"Yes—of course I have!—what then?—what—the—deuce are you dreaming of?"

"How much would such a girl as myself bring in the slave-market of the Sultan's city?"

"Are you crazy?" asked the captain, opening his eyes to their widest extent.

"I don't know! If I am it can make little difference in your plans. But as there is a method in my madness, please to answer my question. How much would I sell for in Constantinople?"

"You are mad, that's certain! How do I know, where beauties sell for from five hundred to many thousand zechins. But you wouldn't sell for much, you're too small and too thin."

"Beauty sells by the weight does it? Well, uncle! I see that you have been accustomed to the mart, for you know how to cheapen the merchandise! Save yourself the trouble, uncle! I shall not live long, and therefore I shall not have the conscience to ask a high price for myself."

"Mad—mad as a March hare—as sure as fate she is!"

"Not so mad as you think, uncle either. I have come to make a bargain with you."

"What do you mean now? Do you want me to send you to Constantinople, pray?"

Elva laughed, something like her old silvery laugh, as she answered:

"No, uncle—though if it were not for mamma, I really should prefer it to marrying Dolor."

"By what I have heard, and what I have seen, and what I have surmised, I am already as deep in your secrets respecting Dolor as you are your own."

"You speak falsely you little—No one knows anything about it but myself!" exclaimed the captain, betraying himself through astonishment and indignation.

Without heeding the contradiction, except by a sly smile, Elva went calmly on:

"And I know that you wish to convey the estate to Dolor, only because you cannot give it to him in any other way but through his wife."

"What do you mean, you little diabolical—! It is my own why can I not give it to whom I please, I should like to know? How dare you talk so?"

"Hear me out, uncle. I say, knowing such to be the case, I shall not give it to whom I please, I should like to know? How dare you talk so?"

"Hear me out, uncle. I say, knowing such to be the case, I shall not give myself away for nothing. I intend to sell myself for a price. Nothing on earth would induce me to consent to marry Dr. Dolor, were it not to secure peace and comfort to my mother's latter days. Your threat of turning me out of doors would not compel me into such a marriage, for well I know that you will not venture to put that threat into execution. But I cannot bear to see my poor mother suffer so much as she does while here, dependent upon your uncertain protection. You terrify and distress her beyond her powers of endurance. You make the bread of dependence very, very bitter to her indeed. I speak plainly to you, uncle, having nothing to conceal: I will not meet your views in marrying Dr. Dolor, unless it be to purchase for my poor mother a deliverance from bondage and an independence for life. Therefore, I demand that you shall buy this place, Upton Hall, which I hear can be bought for five thousand pounds, and settle it upon my mother—in return for which, I will bestow my hand in marriage upon Dr. Dolor. And the documents that shall make my mother independent of the world must be drawn up or examined by a lawyer that she shall appoint, and must be placed in her hands on the same hour that gives my hand to Dr. Dolor. Do you understand? That is my ultimatum. For, please the heavens above us—come what may—do what you will—turn me and my mother out of doors, to freeze and starve—I will die, and see her die, before I will sell my hand for a less price than will make her independent and at ease for life. I would rather see her dead than leave her in your power. There is time enough tomorrow and the next day to make all the arrangements, only be sure I am in earnest."

"I think you are, you little wretch. I could shake the life out of you."

"That would be easy, uncle—there is not much to shake out. Only in that case you would have no stalking-horse to carry the estate over to Dr. Dolor." And so saying, Elva arose to leave the room.

"Come back here, you little vixen you!"

"It's well to 'strike while the iron's hot,' and to bind you while you're willing to be bound, for you are an uncertain little villain. Though, I don't believe you'd break a solemn pledge once given—hey?"

"Pledge me your word of honor, now, that if I buy this little farm of Upton Hall, and settle it upon your mother, you will marry Dr. Dolor on this coming Christmas eve?"

"I pledge you my word of honor that I will."

"Without mental reservation?"

"Without mental reservation."

"Stop! it is safer to seal such a pledge. Climb up on the stand, and hand me that Bible down off the top shelf. Brush the cobwebs off it, and don't let the spiders come with it."

Elva did as she was bidden, with a half-indifferent, half-disdainful air.

"There! now lay your hand upon this book and swear that you will do as you have pledged yourself to do!"

"I swear," said Elva.

"Very well! Now, confound you, you may put the book back again and go about your business," she left the room and closed the door after her, her quick ear caught the sound of the captain's voice, chuckling:

"So, I've trapped you! ten minutes more and it would have been too late!"

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

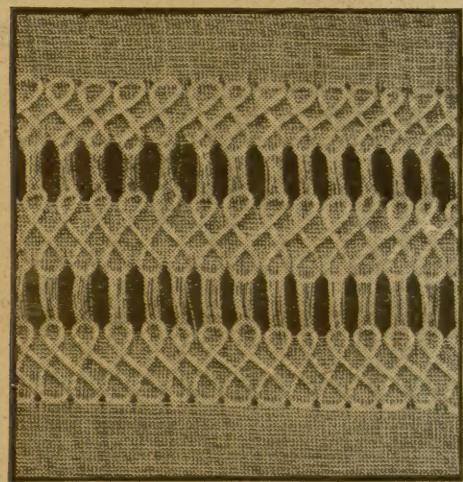
Directions for Working California Mountain Quail

IN working on plaid gingham just copy from design. To copy on plain fabric, take a square of paper the size desired for the pillow, mark it off with the same number of checks as in the pattern and work over the paper which should be basted on the fabric. In crocheting any design can be easily copied, the blocks or thick portion representing the design being made by filling squares with trebles, and the spaces or unfilled checks by making 2 trebles, separated by 2 chains. To copy, count the number of spaces across the bottom, and multiply the number by 3. If the pattern begins with a block, ch. 9 additional for turning ch. or 1st tr., if it begins with space, ch. 5, then proceed to work back and forth. * ch. 2, miss 2, 1 tr. in the next st. Repeat.

MRS. A. JOSEPH.

Drawnwork

This illustration shows how a firm and durable openwork band for trimming dresses or shirt-waists can be made by drawing a few threads and working in alternate rows of cat stitching. The whole can be rapidly and easily



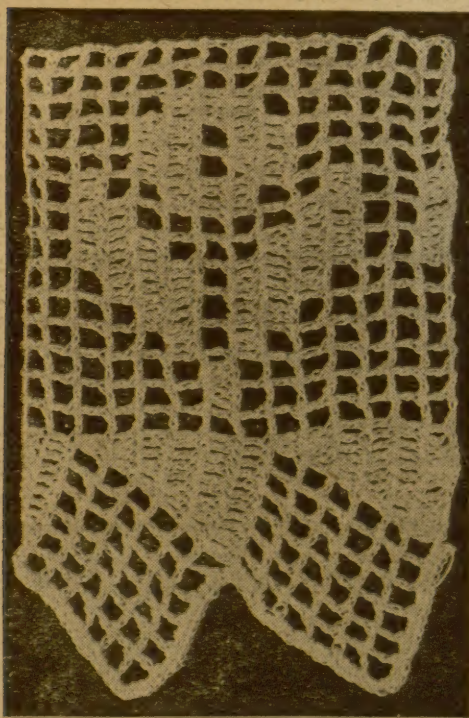
FOR MANY PURPOSES.

done and can be utilized in numerous ways. It is especially desirable for children's white dresses.

MRS. NANNIE MCKINLEY.

Blossom Lace

1st row.—Chain 60, turn, skip 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c., continue making in all 20 sps., ch. 5, turn.
2nd row.—5 sp., 3 blks., (a block is made by putting 1 d. c. in each stitch) 6 sp., 2 extra d. c. in last d. c., 6 sp., ch. 5, turn.
3rd row.—6 sp., 3 d. c. in next d. c. on d. c., 5 sp., 3 blks., 6 sp., ch. 5, turn.
4th row.—3 sp., 2 blks., 2 sp., 3 blks., 4 sp., d. c. on d. c., 3 d. c. in last, 6 sp., ch. 5, turn.
5th row.—6 sp., 3 d. c. in next d. c. on d. c., 3 sp., 3 blks., 2 sp., 4 blks., 2 sp., ch. 5, turn.



BLOSSOM LACE.

6th row.—2 sp., 1 blk., 2 sp., 1 blk., 5 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., d. c. on d. c., d. c. in last, 6 sp., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—6 sp., 3 d. c. in next d. c. on d. c., 3 sp., 3 blks., 2 sp., 4 blks., 2 sp., ch. 5, turn.

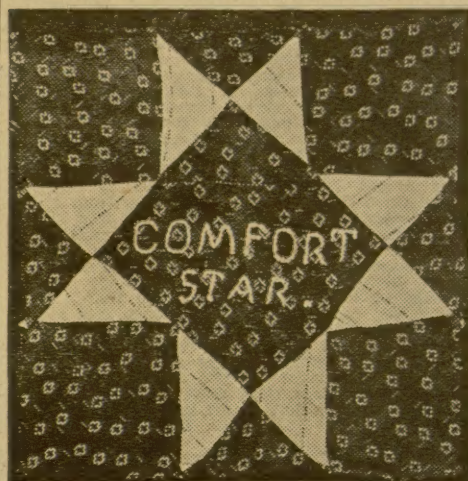
8th row.—3 sp., 2 blks., 2 sp., 3 blks., 4 sp., 2 extra d. c. in last d. c., 6 sp., ch. 5, turn.

Continue as before, after lace is finished work all around scallop with single crochet.

WINONA HAYDEN.

Comfort Patchwork Design

This is a good design for COMFORT friendship quilt. It would be attractive made



of two colors, red and white, or blue and white or any colors which harmonized. The design submitted is of fine figured and striped percale. Small scraps of any kind can be utilized. Submitted by

MRS. MYRTLE RICHARD.

"My Favorite Lace"

Make a chain of thirty-one stitches, turn.
1st row.—D. c. in 4th st. of ch., ch. 2, skip 2,



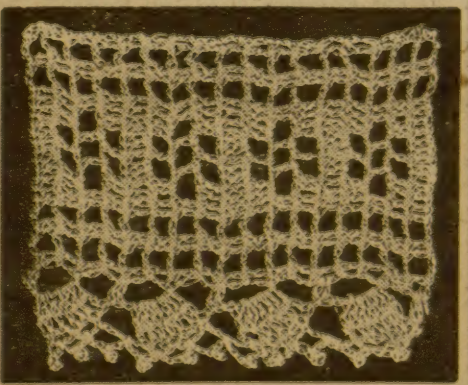
CROSS-STITCHED QUAIL FOR SOFA PILLOW.

By Mrs. A. Joseph.

2 s. c. in next 2 st., ch. 2, skip 2, 13 d. c. in next 13 st., ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. in next 2, ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. in last 2 of ch., ch. 3, turn.
2nd row.—D. c. in d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, d. c. in d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 4 d. c. on 1st 4 of 13 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next, ch. 2, skip 2, 4 d. c. on next 4, ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. on 2 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. at end, ch. 3, turn.
3rd row.—2 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. in next 2, ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. on 1st 2 of 4 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. on last 2, ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. on 2 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c. on last 2, ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—Like 2nd row.
5th row.—Like 1st row.
Repeat until you have made insertion of the desired length of lace, then make edge as follows:

1st row.—3 ch. and d. c. in end, ch. 5, and fasten with sl. st. in end of 2 d. c. of insertion, ch. 3, turn and put 6 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 3, turn and 6 d. c. Then skip 2 d. c. on insertion



MY FAVORITE LACE.

and crochet 2 d. c. in end of 2nd. Repeat to end of lace. Turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 6 turn and fasten in 4th st. from hook to form a picot, ch. 2, fasten under 3 ch. of last row. Repeat to end.

Made of number 70 crochet cotton this makes beautiful lace for pillow slips, aprons, skirts, etc., etc., and quite closely resembles knit lace. It launders beautifully.

MISS ETHEL BURHANS.

Point Lace in Irish Crochet

Begin by making motifs in upper portion of the lace. Wind thread 10 times around lead pencil, 40 d. c. in ring, join, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in 4th d. c., ch. 3, repeat around making 10 sps., ch. 3, 5, d. c. under each ch. 3, join, ch. 9, catch to 10th d. c., ch. 9 catch to 20th d. c., repeat 3 times. This forms foundation for the 5 petals. 40 d. c. on each ch. 9.

Next round. 38 d. c. skipping 2 in each of the turns where the petals join the center rings, ch. 8, sl. st. in 5th st., ch. to form picot, ch. 3, 1 d. c. repeat 3 times on each petal in the turns making 2 d. c. instead of 1, as shown. Next row around, chains and picots, caught in st. preceding picots in former row. Next row the same with the exception of four larger chains at the corners, made by doubling the chains and making 2 picots instead of 1.

For ring motif in center of scallop, wind thread around pencil 10 times, fill with 30 d. c., joining as shown. Break thread, start on the side of a ring and make two rounds of picot chains joining the upper portion of the lace as shown. Continue in this way placing points directly under each motif in the band of lace.

To make the edge, join from picot to picot by ch. 10.

2nd round.—10 d. c. under each chain.

3rd round.—Ch. 10 from 5th d. c. to 5th d. c., then over this chain make 3 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, repeat twice, ch. 3.

Baste lace to piece of dark cambric, arrange upper so as to make straight line, work 5 d. c. under each ch.

2nd row.—4 d. c., ch. 5, repeat.

This lace is rather more difficult than the ordinary crochet, but its beauty well repays one for the extra work.

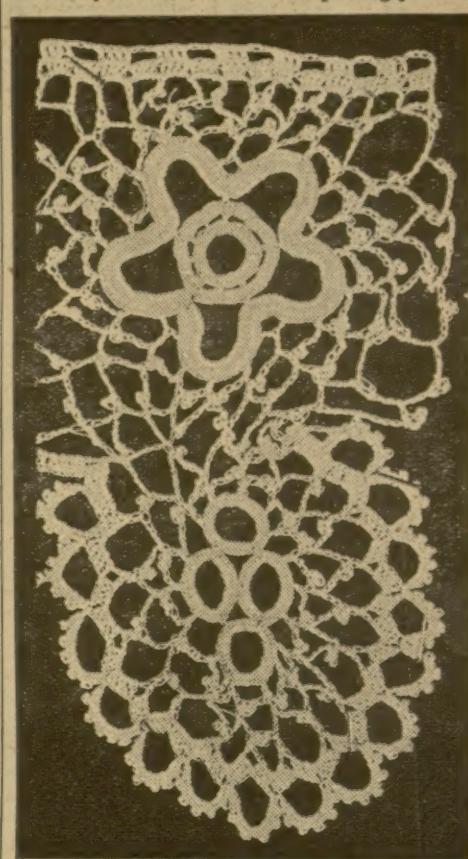
ANNIE L. FRAZER.

Novel Lace

This deep lace is a combination of hairpin braid, drawnwork stitch and crochet. It is handsome for pillow slips or towels.

Begin by making enough hairpin braid, baste

cotton, whichever is to be dyed, then one can experiment until the right shade is obtained. Go slowly at first and in a surprisingly short



POINT LACE IN IRISH CROCHET.

time you will become quite an expert in changing colors and getting just the right shade.

Crocheted Tab

As dainty creations of all sorts are especially favored at present for neck wear, this little crocheted tab illustrates another timely gift, which could be made up at short notice.

Use No. 50 cotton.

Begin with chain 60, join in the 25th st., in this circle over the chain put 25 s. c., then 1 s. c. in each st. of remainder of ch., turn, 1 s. c. in each st. of stem, 2 d. c. in each st. around ring; ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in 7 d. c., ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in 13 d. c., ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in 13 d. c., ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in 19 d. c., etc., making in all 8 loops, join.

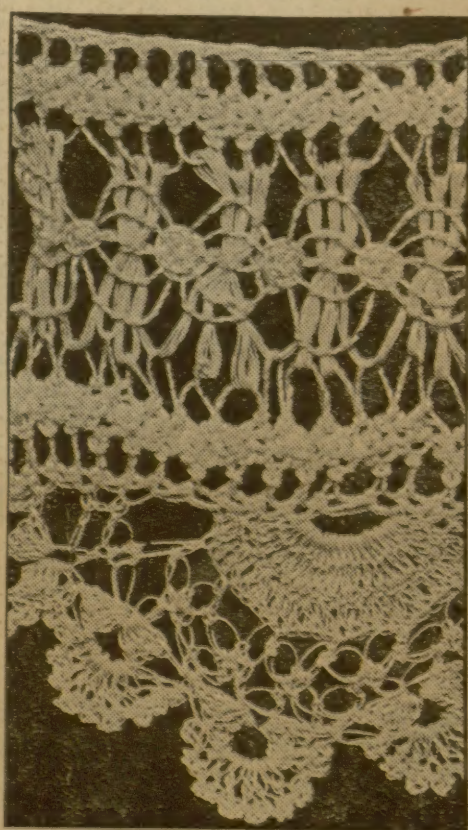
12 d. c. under each ch. 6 all around, ch. 3, 1 p. formed of 3 sts., ch. 3, p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 3rd st. of stem, ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 6th st. Continue up to end and down the opposite side, 1 s. c. in last st. Ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 6 d. c., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 12 d. c., proceed all around, making two loops on each group, 12 d. c., excepting the last where only 1 is needed, then ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, catch between 2 p. s. of preceding loop, continue thus going back to starting point then up around the stem, etc. When the desired size, finish by making an edge as follows:

Make ch. of 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. before first p. of a loop, ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. after 1st p., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. after 2nd p., ch. 3, 1 p., ch. 3, 1 s. c. on next loop.

Hemstitch a piece of lawn six inches deep, and eight inches wide, press in eight tiny plaits, four turning in each way towards the



CROCHETED TAB.



NOVEL LACE.

center, over this place the crocheted tab, sew together and the result will be a most dainty and pleasing jabot.

Patterns Wanted

Can anyone send in a tatted yoke and collar with directions for making to appear in these columns. Directions for making and design of a large knitted doily also could be used by

THE EDITOR.

Address Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ribbons and Laces

Solled ribbons left over from season to season can be easily freshened and dyed by making a solution of benzine and a small amount of ordinary oil paint. Make the dye and test the color with a small piece of silk or

Maddy's Temptation

OR, A HEROIC SACRIFICE

By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES



Getting up from his chair, the doctor began to walk the floor, the better to hide his confusion. "Yes, the bracelets. You looked very pretty in them, Maddy. If you were engaged to Guy I should say it was proper; but if not, why, I don't know; the fact is Maddy, I am not quite certain what I am saying, so you must excuse me. I almost hated you that day you sent the note, telling me you were coming to be examined; but I had not seen you then. I did not know how after a while—a very little while—I should be in all probability well, I did; I changed my mind, and I—I guess you have not the slightest idea of what I mean." And stopping suddenly, he confronted the astonished Maddy, who replied:

"Not unless you are going crazy." She could in no other way account for his strange conduct, and she sat staring at him while he continued; "I told you once that when I wanted my bill I'd let you know. I'd ask for pay, I want it now. I present my bill."

With a scared, miserable feeling, Maddy listened to him, wondering where she should get the money, and how much her entire wardrobe would bring, supposing she should sell it! Nothing could be more inopportune than for him to present it now; and he silenced her by a gesture, began to speak, but he silenced her by a gesture, and sitting down beside her, said, in a voice more natural than the one with which he had at first addressed her:

"Maddy, it is not money that I want; I want—I want—you."

He bent down over her now, for her face was hidden in her hands, all sense of sight shut out, all sense of hearing, too, save the words he was pouring into her ear—words which burned as lead as she knew how impossible it was for her to pay the debt as he demanded.

"I can't doctor; oh, I can't!" she sobbed. "I never dreamed of this; never supposed you could want me for a wife. I'm only a little girl—only sixteen last October—but I'm so sorry for you, who have been so kind. If I could only love you as you deserve! I do love you, too; but not the way you mean. I cannot be Maddy Holbrook; no, doctor, I cannot."

She was sobbing piteously, and in his concern for her the doctor forgot somewhat the stunning blow he had received. "Don't, Maddy, darling!" he said, drawing her trembling form closely to him. "Don't be so distressed. I did not much think you'd tell me yes. I am too old; but, Maddy, Guy is as old as I am."

The doctor did not know why he said this, unless, there was a satisfaction in telling her that the objection to his age would apply also to Guy. But it did not affect Maddy, or give her the slightest inkling of his meaning. He saw it did not, and the pain was less hard to bear. Still, he would know certainly if he had a rival, and so he said:

"Do you love someone else, Maddy? Is that the reason why you cannot love me?"

"No," Maddy answered, through her tears. "There is no one else. Whom should I love, unless it were you? I know nobody but Guy."

That name touched a sore aching chord in the doctor's heart, and for a moment there was silence in the room; then, as the doctor began faintly to realize that Maddy had refused him, there awoke within him a more intense desire to win her than he had ever felt before. He would not give her up without another effort, and laying her unresisting head upon his bosom, he pleaded again for her love, telling of the interest awakened when first she came to him that April afternoon, almost two years ago; then of the little sick girl who had grown so into his heart, and lastly of the beautiful woman, sitting beside him now in all the freshness of her young womanhood. And Maddy, as she listened, felt for him a strange kind of pity, a wish to do his bidding if she only could, and why couldn't she? Girls had married those whom they did not love, and been tolerably happy with them, too. Perhaps she could be so with the doctor. There was everything about him to respect, and much which she could love. Should she try? There was a great leap in Maddy's throat as she tried to speak, but it cleared away, and she said very sadly, but very earnestly:

"Dr. Holbrook, would you like me to say yes with my lips, when all the time there was something tugging at my heart to answer no?"

This was not at all what Maddy meant to say, but the words were born of her extreme truthfulness, and the doctor thus learned the nature of the struggle which he saw plainly was going on.

"No, Maddy, I would not have you say yes unless your heart was in it," he answered, while he tried to smile upon the tearful face looking up so sorrowfully at him.

But the smile was a forlorn one, and there came instead a tear as he thought how dear was she who would never be his. Maddy saw the tear, and as if she were a child wept from his cheek; then, in tones which never faltered, she told him it might be in time she'd learn to love him. She would try so hard. She'd think of him always as her promised husband, and by that means should learn at last not to shrink from taking him for such. It might be ever so long, and perhaps she would be twenty or more, but sometime in the future she should feel differently. Was he satisfied, and would he wait?

The doctor was too unselfish to bind Maddy to himself unless she were wholly willing, and he said to her that if she did not love him now she probably never would. She could not make a love. She need not try, as it would only result in her own unhappiness. They would be friends just as they always had been, and none need know of what had passed between them, none but Guy. "I must tell him," the doctor said, "because he knows I was going to ask you."

Maddy could not explain why it was that she felt glad to have Guy Remington know the answer she had given to Dr. Holbrook. He was going to him now, she was sure, for he arose to leave her, saying he might not see her again before she returned to New York. Offering him her hand, she looked for an instant earnestly into his face, then without a word, hurried from the room, while the doctor, with a sad, heavy heart, went in quest of Guy.

"Refused you, did you say?" and Guy's face certainly looked brighter than it had before since he left the doctor with Maddy Clyde.

"Yes, refused me, as I might have known she would," was the doctor's reply, spoken so naturally that Guy looked up quickly to see if he really did not care.

But the expression of the face belied the calmness of his voice; and touched with genuine pity, Guy asked the cause of the refusal—"preference for anyone else, or what?"

"No, there was no one whom she preferred. She merely did not like me well enough to be my wife, that was all," the doctor said, and then he tried to talk of something else; but it would not do. The wound was yet too fresh and sore to be covered up, and in spite of himself

his chin quivered and his voice shook as he bade good by to Guy.

Great was the consternation among the doctor's patients when it was known that the one in whose skill they had so much confidence was going to Europe, where in Paris he could perfect himself in his profession. Some cried, and among them Agnes; some tried to dissuade him from his purpose; some wondered at the sudden start, while only two knew exactly why he was going—Guy and Maddy; the former approving his decision and lending his influence to make his tour abroad as pleasant as possible; and the latter weeping bitterly as she thought how she had sent him away, and that if aught befell him on the sea or in that distant land, she would be held amenable. Once there came over her the wild impulse to bid him stay, to say that she would be his wife; but, ere the rash act was done, Guy came down to the cottage, and Maddy's resolution gave way at once.

It would be difficult to tell the exact nature of Maddy's liking for Guy at that time. Had he offered himself to her she would probably have refused him even more promptly than she did the doctor; for, to all intents and purposes, he was, in her estimation, the husband of Lucy Atherstone.

As such, there was no harm in making him her paragon of all male excellence; and Guy would have felt flattered could he have known how much he was in that young girl's thoughts. But now, a few days he had a rival, for Maddy's thoughts were all given to the doctor, who came down to see her once before starting for Europe. She did not cry while he was there, but her voice was strange and hoarse as she gave him messages for Lucy Atherstone; and all that day her face was white and sad, as are the faces of those who come back from burying the dead.

Only once after the party did she go up to Aikenside, and then, summoning all her fortitude, she gave back to Guy the bracelets and the necklace, telling him she ought not to wear them; that her grandmother did not wish her to keep them, and he must take them back. Guy saw she was in earnest, and much against his will he received again the ornaments he had so gladly purchased.

"They would do for Jessie when she was older," Maddy said; but Guy thought it very doubtful whether Jessie would ever have them. They were something he had bought for Maddy, something she had worn, and as such they were too sacred to be given to another. So he laid them away beside the picture guarded so carefully from everyone.

Two weeks afterward, Aikenside presented again a desolate, shut-up appearance, for Agnes, Maddy, and Jessie had returned to New York. Agnes to continue the siege which, in despair of winning the doctor, she had commenced against a rich old bachelor, who had a house on Madison Square; and Maddy to her books, which ere long obliterated, in a measure, the bitter memory of all that had transpired during her winter vacation.

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paralytic stroke, and the only word she had uttered since "Maddy" Guy had not been down himself, but had sent Mrs. Noah as Farmer Green had brought the news. She was there yet, he said, the storm having detained her.

"And grandma?" Maddy gasped, fixing her eyes wistfully on him. "She is not dead?"

"No," Guy answered, and asked if he should not remove from the dainty little feet resting on the stove hearth the overshoes, so full of melting snow. Maddy cared little for her shoes, or herself, just then. She hardly knew that Guy was taking them off, much less than, as he bent beside her, her hand lay lightly upon his shoulder as she continued her questioning.

"She is not dead, you say; but do you think—does anybody think she'll die? Your telegram said 'dying'."

Maddy was not to be deceived, and thinking it best to be frank with her, Guy told her that the physician, whom he had taken pains to see on his way to the depot, had said there was no hope. Old age and an impaired constitution precluded the possibility of recovery, but he trusted she might live till the granddaughter came.

"She must—she will! Oh, grandma, why did I ever leave her?" and burying her face in her hand, Maddy cried passionately, while the last three years of her life passed in rapid review before her mind—years which she had spent in luxurious ease, leaving her grandmother to toil in the humble cottage, and die at the last, it might be, without one parting word for her.

The feeling that perhaps she had been guilty of neglect was the bitterest of all, and Maddy wept on, unmindful of Guy's attempts to soothe and quiet her. At last, as she heard a clock in the adjoining room strike eight, she started up, exclaiming, "I have staid too long. I must go now. Is there any conveyance here?"

"But, Maddy," Guy rejoined, "you cannot go tonight. The roads here and Honedale are are unbroken snowbanks. It would take hours to break through; besides you are too tired. You need rest, and must come with me to Aikenside, where you are expected, for when I found how late the train would be, I sent back word to have your room and the parlors warmed, and a nice hot supper to be ready for us. You'll surely go with me, if I think best."

Guy's manner was more like a lover than a friend, but Maddy was in no state to remark it. She only felt an intense desire to go home, and turning a deaf ear to all he could urge, replied: "You don't know how dear grandma is to me, or you would not ask me to stay. She's all the mother I ever knew, and I must go. Would you stay if the one you loved best was dying?"

"But the one I love best is not dying, so I can reason clearly, Maddy."

Here Guy checked himself, and listened while Maddy asked again if there was no conveyance there as usual.

"None but mine," said Guy, while Maddy continued faintly:

"And you are afraid it will kill your horses?"

"No, it would only fatigue them greatly; it's for you I fear. You've borne enough today."

"Then, Mr. Remington, oh, please send me! I shall die at Aikenside. John will drive me, I know. He used to like me. I'll ask him," and Maddy was going in quest of the Aikenside coachman, when Guy held her back, and said:

"John will go if I bid him. But you, Maddy, if I thought it was safe."

"It is. Oh, let me go," and Maddy grasped both his hands beseechingly.

If there was a man who could resist the eloquent appeal of Maddy's eyes at that moment, the man was not Guy Remington, and leaving her alone, he sought out John, asking if it would be possible to get through to Honedale that night.

John shook his head decidedly, but when Guy explained Maddy's distress and anxiety, the negro began to relent, particularly as he saw his young master, too, was interested.

"I'll kill them horses," he said, "but mabby that's nothin' to please the girl."

"If we only had runners now, instead of wheels, John," Guy said, after a moment's reflection. "Drive back to Aikenside as fast as possible, and change the carriage for a covered sleigh. Leave the grays at home and drive a pair of farm horses. Tell Flora to send my wine, and my buckskin gloves. Take Tom with you, and a snow shovel; we may have to dig."

"Yes, yes, I know," and trying his muffler about his throat, John started off through the storm, his mind a confused medley of ideas, the main points of which were, bottles of wine, snow shovels, and the fact that his master was either crazy or in love.

Meanwhile, with the prospect of going home, Maddy had grown quiet, and did not refuse the steak and hot coffee, which Guy ordered from the small hotel just in the rear of the depot. Tired, himself, to prepare her coffee, taking it from his hand and drinking it at his bidding as obediently as a child. There was a feeling of delicious rest in being cared for thus, and but for the dying one at Honedale she would have enjoyed it vastly. As it was, though, she never for a moment forgot her grandmother. She did forget, in a measure, her anxiety, and was able to think how kind Guy was, and thinking it was because she was in trouble, she accepted all his little attentions willingly, feeling how pleasant it was to shudder of the long, cold ride before her, when dreary home, where death might possibly be a guest ere she could reach it.

It was after nine ere John appeared, his crisp wool powdered with snow which clung to his outer garments, and literally covered his cap.

"Twas mighty deep," he said, bowing to Maddy, "and the wind was getting colder. 'Twas she better wait?"

No, Maddy could not wait, and standing up she suffered Guy to wrap her cloak about her, and fasten more securely the long, warm scarf she wore around her neck.

"Drive close to the platform," he said to John, and the covered sleigh was soon brought to the point designated. "Now, then, Maddy, I won't let you run the risk of covering your feet with snow," Guy said, and ere Maddy was fully aware of his intentions, he was bearing her to the sleigh.

Very carefully he drew the soft, warm robe about her, shielding her as well as he could from the cold; then pulling his own fur collar about his ears, he sprang in beside her, and, closing the door behind him, bade John drive on.

"But, Mr. Remington," Maddy exclaimed, "surely you are not going, too? You must not."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOCTOR'S PROPOSAL.

NOW that they were alone, the doctor's courage forsook him and he could only stammer out some commonplace remark about the party, asking how Maddy had enjoyed it; and if she was sure she had entirely recovered from the effects of her fainting fit. It was impossible for him to say anything as he had meant to say it. Why couldn't she help him, instead of looking so unspiciously at him with those large, bright eyes?

At last she came to his aid by saying: "You promised to tell me about the bracelets and necklace, whether I ought to keep them."

"You promised to tell me about the bracelets and necklace, whether I ought to keep them."



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

ALREADY the subscriptions have begun to come in to be credited toward Mrs. Mallory's wheel chair, and before the end of the month I hope the two hundred mark will be reached. This will be the first undertaking of our corner and we must not fail. Anyone having twenty-five cents to give in charity, can make it do double service by giving a year's subscription to COMFORT to someone who cannot afford to subscribe and at the same time by crediting it toward the wheel chair, are helping Mrs. Mallory that much.

Giving away these wheel chairs is a part of Mr. Gannett's great charity work and if you could all read the many expressions of heartfelt gratitude which reach him from those to whom chairs have been sent, you could then fully appreciate the extent of this work.

It has enabled many to care for themselves and thus relieve an entire household.

The invalid has reached the sunshine through the possession of one of these chairs and so gained strength and courage.

Many have been able to do considerable work about their home when provided with a chair, which all means that two hundred COMFORT readers interested themselves in the behalf of one shut-in.

To the two hundred sisters who will send in one subscription to be credited toward Mrs. Mallory's wheel chair, we shall have indeed accomplished something that will bring joy to her and reflect credit on ourselves.

To the little girl from Oklahoma who wrote such a nice letter, I want to say to her I did not publish it because of the request it contained to leave your home to find one among strangers. I am sincerely sorry that since the death of your father you and your mother are having such a struggle; but you are young, and I would not leave home unless circumstances forced you to take such a step, which is rarely so. However, if this be the case, I would advise you to consult with your pastor who will assist you in either finding employment, whereby you may remain with your mother, or in the choice of a family, where you may do housework. My best wishes go with you.

To "Reader," "Violet," "F. M. N.," "H. J. S." and others, must say that in justice to the sisters and ourselves, we cannot print letters over fictitious names. This you will see is in accordance with our rules, which perhaps you have not read. Write us again, for several of the letters were particularly interesting.

As we must soon begin to think about preserving, in the July COMFORT it will be helpful to have some recipes for canning fruits and vegetables, pickling, marmalade and jelly making. So any of the sisters have some good recipes, they will be very welcome.—EDITOR.

DEAR SISTER WILKINSON:

Your very kind letter came in today's mail. I cannot express in words my sincere gratitude to you for your sympathy and interest in my behalf. Oh! Sister Wilkinson, you can never know or realize how much comfort and pleasure your words of sympathy have been to me. I could but shed tears of gratitude and thank God that there was one of His dear children in far-away Maine that was thinking of another one of His children in old Missouri, and we are drawn together by the Christian ties that binds all of God's children in one common sisterhood. When your letter came I was feeling oh, so sad and quite unwell. I am all alone with the exception of Mr. Mallory, and he has been confined to his bed for over a week. I also can hardly get around, for I have rheumatic pains in my one leg, and one of my arms is affected. I manage to do my work and wait on him the best I can.

I thank you so much for trying to get me a wheel chair, and good kind Mr. Gannett for granting the presentation of my case to the sisterhood. I had not thought of such a blessing ever being granted to me, so had never counted on having a chair, but have long desired one. It has always given me pleasure to hear that other afflicted ones had been so favored as to get one.

To all the sisters who may interest themselves in my behalf, a prayer and blessing goes to each of you from your grateful Missouri sister.

Faithfully yours,
MRS. ANNA MALLORY, Hardin, R. R. 2, Mo.

The above was received in reply to a letter from me in which I told Mrs. Mallory of our effort, through the Sisters' Corner, to get her a wheel chair. I publish it, feeling sure many will be interested.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This glorious day has inspired me to write you of this "beautiful land of sunshine," Phoenix, Arizona. We came here one year ago from Kansas, and my health has been greatly benefited, as well as that of my little boy, two and one half years old.

Mrs. Jennie Loomis Greene, I suppose your climate must like ours and I would like to hear from you. Do you live on the coast?

I see Mrs. Magdalen Clark is also delighted with the West.

We all hear terrible things about this Western country, especially about Arizona. Why, I used to hear that the summers were so hot the fillings would melt out of people's teeth. It is hot here in summer, as everywhere, to a great extent, but last summer we did not suffer from the heat as we do back East where there is so much humidity.

Then also, I have heard that Arizona is a barren desert, on which nothing will thrive but lizards, snakes, centipedes and Redskins. We have a few Indians and Mexicans here, but they are all peaceful citizens. Alfalfa, wheat, oats, fruits, etc., are raised by irrigation; the fruits ripening in winter

and spring. If any of you are suffering from rheumatism, malaria, or tuberculosis, you will find this climate very beneficial. I will gladly give any information desired for I think we ought to do all we can for suffering humanity.

I would like to hear from young mothers. My family consists of my husband, little boy and myself. I am twenty-four years old. When I came to Phoenix I weighed eighty pounds; now I weigh ninety-two and feel much stronger. I have little housework to do, and go driving almost every day. I think this fine weather does one more good than medicine.

I expect to begin right away to make my next season's holiday gifts and will be pleased to receive any suggestions from the sisters. Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson, COMFORT and all its readers health, wealth and prosperity, I am, Respectfully yours,
Mrs. H. E. GROOM, 15 North 1st Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long thought of seeking admittance to your charming circle, but have put it off from year to year. But since reading the Lay Sermon, by our Editor, I feel as though I can keep silent no longer.

I don't think I ever enjoyed a sermon so much in my life, as I did that one, for it was every word "Gospel Truth."

What the world needs today are more Uncle Charlies, and Mr. Gannetts. The world is starving for that kind of religion. How little and insignificant some of us ought to feel, when we think of the physical condition of Uncle Charlie, and then see the grand and glorious work he is doing for suffering humanity; that alone, should inspire us to greater and nobler deeds. We are not all able to do great things, but it is the little things of everyday life that counts. I well remember the first little speech I ever heard at school, while quite young at the time, it is one of the things that has never been forgotten.

"A little word in kindness spoken

A motive or a tear,

Has often healed the heart that's broken

And made a friend sincere."

I have drank the cup of sorrow to the last bitter dregs, and I know the value of kind words, and I know if we had more of them we would have fewer heartaches, and fewer fallen women. I have done rescue work, and invariably comes the cry, "No one ever gave me a kind word, or a helping hand and there was nothing else left for me to do."

A word to Mrs. Barlow. Cheer up, dear, if you live in California as long as I did you will love the grand old state. I was born and reared in Missouri and I think it one of the grandest in the Union, but I have been in nearly all of our states, and in Canada and Old Mexico, and I love them all. While I can only claim four as home, Missouri, Oklahoma, California and North Dakota, I have lived in Oklahoma a number of years, and am now holding down a claim in Western Oklahoma, just myself and little two-year-old son. For a long time we were a mile from a neighbor, but now we have one much nearer. Baby is lots of company for me, and I read a great deal, so you see letters will be highly appreciated. While I have only been a mother two short years I do not feel competent to give advice, but I am sure, all we mothers are doing our best to raise our little ones as near right as we can, and give them all advantages, especially educational advantages.

Would love to hear from all who care to write.
MRS. TESSA MAE MORRIS, Shattuck, Oklahoma.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been spending some of my time this beautiful Easter Sunday reading your interesting letters, and I certainly think no other paper can equal COMFORT. I can only feel for the shut-ins, for I am confined to the house much of the time and from childhood never knew a well day. Can anyone tell what is good for neuralgia? It suddenly comes to different parts of my body, causing me much suffering. But still I can say, God is good and will never fail us if we trust in Him.

Have any of you ever been in our beautiful city? It is called the "Flower City." Rochester is one of the most thriving of the inland cities of America, and has a population of two hundred thousand. It is built on a plateau, two hundred and sixty-three feet above Lake Ontario, and lies on both sides of the Genesee river, which runs through the city spanned by many bridges. Large manufacturing interests are centered here, such as the famous Stromberg-Carlson Telephone; the world renowned Kodaks; shoes and button concerns. We are justly proud of our parks, which cover eight hundred and ninety acres. Genesee park embraces nearly three hundred acres, where there are beautiful drives and paths, together with large groves of trees and land shrubbery. Here we behold the silvery Genesee river winding through the meadows and woodland on either side, and dotted with row boats and canoes. Highland park is high above the eastern part of the city and thousands of people throng this park every spring to see the beautiful masses of hyacinth and lilac for which it is noted. At the entrance of the park is the reservoir that supplies the city with water, and the beautiful fountain throwing sprays of water for many feet into the air may be seen for miles.

But it is Seneca Park that I would you all could see. Strangers who come here are amazed that Rochester possesses such magnificent natural landscape. It would seem as though nature in primeval days had anticipated the conversion of this spot into a recreation ground, for she left everything to delight the eye. The mighty falls, the deep gorge in which is written history of the geological formation, taking the student back hundreds and thousands of years. The wooded cliffs, vistas of river and lake from eminences that enrapture the artist and inspire the poet. Here are located the Zoo, Flying Cage, Trout Lake, Swimming Pool and Lily Pond; also many thousand flower beds.

Won't you dear sisters give me a letter shower soon? God bless you all.
MARY COLTON, 440 Frost Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I hope you will welcome me for I want to tell you that we have good upland as well as bottom land here in Arkansas, and that anything can be raised here, except citrus fruits. We have mild winters and warm summer days with cool nights. Farmers have nearly finished planting now, April 8th.

Mrs. Madden. I am going to make me a kitchen cabinet like the one you describe. I wish all the sisters would tell how to make furnishings for a home where the pocketbook will not allow the expensive kind.

We are farmers with eighty acres of land in the southeastern part of the state, in Bradley Co. Many people are coming here from other parts and we still have lots of good land that needs good farmers to work it.

If anyone wishes to know more about Arkansas I will answer all questions if self-addressed stamped envelope is inclosed in letter.

Now COMFORT sisters I want to make a Comfort bedspread and I would like to get a square of bleached cambric, twelve by twelve inches from all the sisters with their names and addresses marked on it with red wash cotton or send your name on a slip of paper and I will work it. I will be twenty-eight years old on May 30th, and I wonder how many will send me a letter. I am a new subscriber to COMFORT, but will never do without it again.

MRS. NETTIE STONE, Draper, Ark.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

For twenty-one years I have been a constant reader of COMFORT. I love the dear home paper and the dear writers, for it has been my only pleasure during the long weary years of suffering; twenty-eight years all my young life I have lived within the four walls of my room excepting one year and a half. And now for six months I have been confined to my bed.

I fear my old COMFORT friends have forgotten me, for it is ten years since I have heard from any of you. Some have been called to their Heavenly home and I long to meet them there, as this world holds naught but pain and sorrow for me. I too have parted with my darling little one, which was bitterly hard and added to my loneliness. But I would not call my little Raymond back; God knows best.

I have had the help of a woman's hand in my house for over two years; only my invalid husband to assist. Would you remember me with a birthday party on July 2nd, my birthday? Yours in His name,
ADDIE WADE, West Derby, Vt.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As an old friend of COMFORT do I need any other introduction? If I do, then let some thoughtful reader who believes in a place for everything and everything in its place, just bring forth from its safe corner, the issue of COMFORT for January, 1907!

Therein, you'll discover that I'm a Southern California girl—a COMFORT reader, and loyal admirer of Uncle Charlie. That's three good virtues to have, sisters! And oh, say! while I think of it, may I speak about that old little discussion in the sisters' corner, regarding my native state; on which side of the long debaters' hall do you suppose I'll stand? Just ask our glorious old state, and she will murmur unto the sea, "I know this girl she stands by me!" For goodness' sake, tell Uncle Charlie that I wrote the above! He has a good opinion of me—now! Well, the celebrated (?) League Pops are, so far, unequalled! Hal! Hal!

Sisters, the lady who disliked this magazine because of the love stories, has my sympathy! Maybe, she's like that odd person who didn't like a story, because she couldn't understand all of its "epitaphs"! How many of you have read "Royalized," by Reese Rockwell. It's a splendid and inspiring story.

I'm something of an artist; would be so pleased to hear from a few girls or boys interested in art. But I must ask them to kindly inclose postage for replies. There was talk of letter postage being reduced to one cent per letter! When will that happy time arrive, I wonder? Say, dear readers, I say, dear readers, I can cook, sew, etc., but I cannot "make the bread wash dishes", though I wish that I could!

I remain, for temperance, your loyal COMFORT friend,
MISS BIRDIE A. SNOW, Santa Barbara, Gen'l Del., Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I hardly suppose this will be pointed as my views upon the voting question are all in favor of it; while all the letters I see in print are not in favor of women voting. I cannot believe that even one woman who writes upon this subject has ever been to the polls and voted. I have, several times, and shall continue to do so as long as I live in a free state and can see to read. When women go to the polls and vote intelligently, then, and only then will they ever be able to do any very material good toward putting down the curse of intemperance by not voting for anyone who is up for an office who patronizes saloons. Whiskey is the cause of nearly, if not all the misery in this world. A mother can do oh, so much by loving talks and advice to her boys, to say nothing of the girls. But if a boy is brought up right, the girls are safe. The bad discipline in the homes is responsible for the divorce evil as much as anything. But as for women who vote, neglecting their homes and family, that is not necessary. Nine women out of ten will ruin their home quicker by reading undesirable literature or indulging in low gossip while the men are at the polls voting.

When election day comes, this little out-of-the-way backwoods town has almost the appearance of a 4th of July celebration, excepting everything is as quiet as on a Sunday. Almost as soon as the polls are open, husbands and wives alone, or several together go and cast their vote, returning to their homes as soon as that is done. There is no loud talking upon the street or near the polling place, the sheriff or his aids see to that and are more particular about it since we women vote. The saloons are closed, and the men who have no ladies to escort, nearly always wait until the last to do their voting. As for myself, I keep informed as to who is running for office and get instructed how to use the ballot (as they are some different each time) before I go to the polls, as there is no talking or even whispering allowed in the voting place, which here is the Court House. I have to hear of the first woman in this state who has neglected her children, her husband or her home because she votes. On the contrary, I know voting brings the husband and wife closer together in their ideas. I am a Republican, while my husband is a Democrat, but it makes no difference; we go together and vote just the same as if he dictated to me whom I should vote for. In this place the women have buggies or go-carts for their babies and they wheel the little tots along to the polls. The women who vote are intelligent and wide awake, and they are ladies, everyone of them! They are doing the nation and the home a grand service.

I want to add I am not meaning to be offensive, but anything said about voting degrading women, puts me on the defensive at once.

I am under medium height, weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, live three miles from the nearest town, sixty from a railroad.

I help my husband make fifty to seventy pounds of butter each week and usually deliver it to our customers; take care of six rooms; raise nearly all kinds of poultry; practice on my piano often; read all I can; do all of my own work even helping with the garden and yardwork, and not a well woman either, and no one here would ever think I would stand up so strongly for my politics and my country.

My house is always ready for company, also a meal for my friends. I have no children. I do not indulge in idle gossip; am of "Yankee" ancestry, who all fought for liberty in every war of the U. S., and am a fair sample of our voting women in Idaho. Politics will be better and better as the women are allowed to vote; so will society. I keep up with "society" to a degree (not many farmers' wives do) and it is better so. This is a different age than fifty years ago. I am forty-seven years young.

With good will to all and sympathy for the suffering and lonely, for I have experienced it all, and best wishes for COMFORT, will close hoping any who wishes will write to me. E. COLVIN, Challis, Box 75, Idaho.

Mrs. E. Colvin. It is a pleasure to print your letter. It represents a sister standing true to her convictions and will be read with great interest. Both sides of this great question are

represented by women of equal intelligence and self-reliance, and who hold to all that is honorable in its highest sense, and a friendly discussion on the subject of women voting will be instructive and tend to broaden our views.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading all the good letters from the sisters and cousins and would like to write you in return. I read the letter from Miss Emma Todd, whose mother is dead. My dear girl, God only knows how I feel for you, for I also am an orphan, my mother dying when I was a wee baby; so young that I cannot even remember her, but my sister and brother remember her well. They were adopted by a good family and had good care, but I was too little and sickly; nobody wanted me. I was in the way, and came to womanhood as best I could. God and the orphans only know what an orphan's life is. I forgot to add, our father went away to work and never came back. No one ever cared for me except my grandfather, who was taken away from this world when I was small. Now I am married and have a home, a kind husband and one little girl of six summers, who like her father, is gentle and quiet. She is very dear to me, as all mothers know.

How sorry I am for the dear shut-ins, and how I wish I might lighten their burdens.

I would appreciate recipe for a cake filling made of milk, cornstarch, chocolate, etc. Also, will some sister loan me the words and music of "Red-wing." I will pay postage and return same. Wishing success to COMFORT, I remain a loving sister.

MRS. NEALIE P. OWEN, Glenfield, R. R. 2, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a subscriber to dear old COMFORT but this is my first letter to our corner. I was born in West Virginia on March 21, 1885, going to Idaho when seven years old and living there 'till I was twenty, and then did, as most girls of that age do, "fell in love" and married one of the best men living. We were married in October, 1905, and moved to the famous Yakima valley where the apple is king. My husband owns twenty acres right in the fruit belt and all under water. We have fifteen acres in fruit trees and the remainder in alfalfa, and expect a large crop of apples this year, if the frost doesn't kill them. Land sells all the way from one hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars per acre. At the present time we would not consider five hundred dollars per acre for our land.

We live in a three-room house, but will have a better one in year or two. My husband is a very busy man at present, supervising over one hundred miles of road. As this takes him from home nearly every day I am much alone, not having been blessed with children.

Will sisters be so kind as to send me quilt blocks ten by ten inches square in any design; also the name of sender on them and I shall call it my COMFORT quilt.

If any of the sisters would like to hear more about the state of Washington, and will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will write them all I can. I love to read the Sisters' Corner, and my husband thinks a great deal of COMFORT. He says it's the best paper of its kind and size he ever saw.

Yours in friendship,
MRS. ROBERT B. McLEOD, Alfalfa, R. R. 1, Wash.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It has been so many years since I began reading COMFORT, I hesitate to count them. It is fourteen years since I was married, and it must be twenty-one or two since I began to appreciate COMFORT in the home. Like all of the other sisters I read the sisters' letters first; all else comes after. Like lots of others I decided to write to the corner too, but could not get just the proper amount of courage (shall I say courage?) If I should write all I had in my heart, you would bar me on account of the length of my letter.

I am a Western woman, born in California. Ever since I was married I have been traveling around over the Pacific coast states. At present we are living in the southeastern part of Washington near the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers. It is "the heart of the irrigated northwest." So many people in the East are thinking of coming out here that I feel like giving them a word of advice.

We have all sort of climate, scenery, deserts, timber, irrigated mountains and prairie land on the Pacific coast. Let anyone read up the different places, of which there is abundant literature, and choose the place and climate he or she likes best. When they have decided, they will do well to go to the place and stay there a while before buying. Beware of land boomers. There is time enough; one will save money and many times will change their minds completely.

The West is a great country and nearly all you read about the wonderful prices men get for their produce is true. It is the same here as elsewhere; one man

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

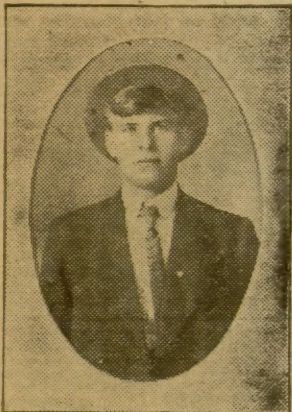
NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.

NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

Oh, say Cousins, did you hear the news, remarkable news it is, too: John D. Rockefeller is going to set aside the larger part of his vast fortune for charitable and educational purposes. How many hundreds of millions will flow into eleemosynary channels and how many will be devoted to educational and other humane purposes no one at present knows.

The news of this huge benefaction caused a vast amount of comment the world over. If my life is spared to watch the workings of the Rockefeller Foundation, I shall in time know whether the Oil King's advisers know where those millions ought to be spent or not. I should like to wager fifty dollars to a doughnut (and I would not lose the fifty dollars either) that not one cent of Rockefeller's money will ever reach those that need it most. This will be no fault of John D.'s, for both he and his advisers, I feel pretty confident, are absolutely ignorant of the dreadful lives of suffering and poverty that are lived by thousands of the helpless, incurable sick all over our glorious land. I have often thought I would write the Rockefeller Foundation and make an appeal for our needy sufferers, but what's the use? Nothing would come of it. You see thousands of cranks and idiots pester men like Rockefeller for money for all sorts of crazy purposes; selfish, nervous, greedy, half-baked imbeciles, load the Oil King's letter box with their importunate drivel; and the Oil King's secretaries get so worn, harassed and disgusted with these tens of thousands of begging appeals, that any suggestion of mine for aiding a whole class of the most hopeless, forlorn, stricken, neglected, suffering, worthy, unfortunate would receive no consideration.

COUSIN BERT L. BRANTSON,
Cromwell, Wash.

When Mrs. Russell Sage came into the possession of her miserly husband's millions, she was so harassed by begging letter cranks, that she practically had to deny herself to the world. All these begging letters were turned over to the Bureau of Charities in New York for investigation, and a personal friend of mine did the investigating of those appeals which came from New York and vicinity. Nearly all these appeals were from people quite well to do. Three girls, whose combined incomes amounted to fifty-five dollars a week, begged for twenty-five dollars to buy a carpet for the front parlor. They thought it would be a really charitable action for somebody to buy them that carpet, and so they pestered every millionaire in the country, because they were too mean and stingy to buy it for themselves. Only about two cases of all the hundreds that my friend investigated, were worthy of help, and they received help. The chronic and worthy sufferers, whose cases we list, and whose lives we try to brighten, never bother our millionaires. The selfish cranks have made it impossible for them to get any recognition or help. A church out West wanted an organ, so fifty members of the congregation decided they would write Mr. Carnegie, and beg for the money for their organ. They did not all write together, but different days were assigned to each, so that every day for fifty days, Carnegie's secretaries received a begging letter from the congregation of that church. Andy finally sent the money for the organ. If I had been Andy I would have told them all to go to blazes. That's where such idiots belong. It is the importunities of these pestiferous cranks that disgust our philanthropists, and render it impossible for the worthy and needy to get assistance. I very much doubt if Rockefeller were setting aside a hundred billions of dollars for charity, that one red cent of it would ever reach those who, if there is any pity in the human heart, any love and sympathy in the soul, or any humanity or horse sense in the human mind, would be the first to receive consideration and help.

No, my friends, you need not fear that Rockefeller's gold is going to lift from your shoulders the responsibility that lies heavy upon us all, of bearing the burdens of our weaker and less fortunate brothers. Our contemptible apology for civilization, our unsocial social system, and the commercial battlefield on which men struggle daily, ninety-five per cent. of them for a crust, and the other five per cent. for golden millions, can make more tramps, paupers, helpless, incurable, maimed invalids in a minute, than Rockefeller's millions can take care of in a thousand years. John D. knows that in his heart just as well as you do and I do, but don't think for one moment that I do not appreciate what the Oil Cresset is doing. Remember John could have hoarded his millions as the Vanderbilts and Astors have done, and as scores of other millionaires are doing, and left it all to a bunch of idiots to dissipate in luxury and stupid self-indulgence. We can thank John D. Rockefeller for distributing his money so that not one cent of it will ever be spent in debauchery by paretic princes, duke dukes and loafer lords of Europe. The Rockefeller money will be spent wisely even if the most needy and deserving do not get it. The Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research has already discovered a cure for that terrible scourge of childhood, spinal meningitis. God bless Rockefeller for that, and may it atone in part for the suffering caused by his cruel business methods if he dedicates the balance of his vast fortune to the work of conquering cancer and consumption for humanity. What he has done that is not commendable cannot be undone, and while any charitable disposition of his incalculable wealth cannot justify the methods by which it was acquired, let us thank God for putting it into his heart to devote it to charity at the last.

As Shakespeare said:

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Rockefeller evidently intends that his name shall not be associated exclusively with evil

memory. His business methods are not to be condoned nor accepted as a standard, but his final use of his money for the benefit of humanity may well be held up as an example for other rich men to follow. But remember, for all that, there is no less need of COMFORT's sunshine and mercy work. It is a field which neither the Rockefeller nor any other chartered fund attempts to enter; it seems to be left to COMFORT and its readers as their peculiar province. It is not in your power to give the funds to found a hospital, a college or a medical institute, but each one of you who gives from your scanty means to help support COMFORT's charity work, if by giving you sacrifice some pleasure or luxury, gives more, in the sight of God, than Rockefeller or Carnegie.

Listen to this:

Copenhagen, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want to tell you how much we enjoyed your book of poems. My husband is an invalid, and he only cares to have me read him humorous pieces. Your book has given him hours of pleasure. Every night after my work is done, he will say: "Haven't you time to read me just one of Uncle Charlie's poems?" I have read them to him over and over again, and they cheer him more than anything I can do for him. I thank you so much for the enjoyment your book has given us. Lovingly yours, Mrs. B. E. Cobb.

A lady writes: "It may interest you to know that at an entertainment given at West Pullman, Ill., to the employees of the Pullman Car Works, three of Uncle Charlie's poems were recited, and I wish you could have been there; they made the hit of the evening." I get hundreds of such letters as the above, and just think of it you can get this gorgeous book of roaring fun, one hundred and sixty-eight beautifully printed pages daintily and artistically bound in ribbed lilac silk and scarlet cloth, for only four one year subscriptions to COMFORT, at twenty-five cents a year. Forty-eight monster copies of the best magazine in the world, and the dandiest book on the market (as much golden literature almost as a strong man could comfortably carry), for half an hour's pleasant work. Some people are getting big prices for their products. Nearly all the dollar magazines have gone up to a dollar and a half, but COMFORT still stands ready to comfort you for only twenty-five cents a year, and Uncle Charlie's beautiful book of fun (it costs six cents to mail that book by the way), is given to you free of charge. A lady writes: "I thought your book was only a pamphlet. I was astounded to find instead a beautiful volume that I would not sell for ten dollars." There is nothing of the pamphlet about this book, which is seven and three quarters by five and a half inches in size, close on an inch thick, three quarters of a pound in weight. Each copy contains a biographical sketch of the author's life, and is illustrated. One picture shows Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria. A club of four yearly subscriptions, and this book is yours.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book, which contains twenty-eight gems of mirth, melody and sentiment, can be obtained for a club of only two at twenty-five cents a year. Listen to this: Barryman, Va. Dear Uncle Charlie: To say that I am delighted with your song book is putting it mildly. I am using your "Hail to the Flag" in my school, and the children are delighted with it. "Love in an Auto Car," "Katy and the Katydid," "Oyster and the Pearl," "The old Village Choir," and the whole of the book is grand. (Miss) Elizabeth Barryman.

I get scores of such letters as that. Comparatively few have worked for this magnificent premium, which not one of you, if you had it, would part with for a five dollar bill. The songs are printed on the finest of paper, the cover is a gem of art, and on it are four splendid half tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. School teachers all over the country, and those who are getting up celebrations for the Fourth of July, get this book, and teach the young folks and the old ones, too, to sing: "Hail to the Flag." Here is a patriotic song that will fairly lift you off your feet, and it is so simple it can be learned in a few minutes. Children can't sing the Star Spangled Banner, it is too difficult, but a lot of three, can sing this song. Get busy and earn this wonderful premium. Remember all the songs are arranged for voice and piano, full sheet music size. Both the poems and the song book are yours for a club of six subscriptions. You have not lived until you get acquainted with the book.

Send in a subscription on your birthday for the wheel-chair club? Wheel chairs are given

away to worthy invalids who send references from a physician and a postmaster—names of people are not references and don't count. Wheel chairs are given for a club of two hundred subs. Somebody has to earn these subs, and shut-ins must remember they cannot get chairs unless they or somebody else work for them. Many of our wheel-chair applicants have been on my list for over a year and a half. God only knows how much longer they will have to wait. A birthday sub would fix the matter, but, alas! how few will send it in. Be an exception won't you? I mean you, all of you. Checks amounting to about one hundred and thirty dollars have been sent to Lawrence Bird. Lawrence has had to have a financial agent, and a couple of secretaries to attend to his business. I understand that he has over a thousand letters unanswered. (I am writing this April 5th.) Lawrence has gone nearly blind from the strain on his eyes, trying to write those who have helped him, and the excitement has made him pretty much of a wreck. If you have not heard from him, please don't bother me about it, but rest content with the fact that his poor mother and

COUSIN WM. R. F. SCHREIER,
East Pittsburg, Pa.

he are now comfortably provided for, probably for the rest of their lives. God knows I wish I could say that of all the afflicted in the land. God bless you all for your kindness to "one of the least of these."

-Now for the letters.

LEXINGTON, Ga.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

For several months I have been enjoying the letters and your laughable replies which have appeared in COMFORT. If there be virtue in the adage: "Laugh and grow fat," then all your readers ought to be



Life

from now on will
be one constant
effort to keep cool
--to quench that
summer thirst and
to drive away weather
weariness.

Drink

Coca-Cola

Full of life--sparkling as wit and
with not a dry touch to its wet
vigorousness. The cooling, satis-
fying, thirst-quenching beverage.

DELICIOUS—REFRESHING
WHOLESOME

5c Everywhere

Send for Our Free Booklet

"The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells all
about Coca-Cola—what it is and why it is so
delicious, wholesome and beneficial. It gives
analyses made by scientists and chemists
from coast to coast, proving its purity and
wholesomeness. Your name and address on a
postal will bring you this interesting booklet.

The Coca-Cola Co.

Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola

stout. I consider the person who can cause one to
indulge in so hearty a laugh as to drive away the
blues, the greatest personage of the day. Possessing
a fun-loving nature, I occasionally like to forget the
stern realities of life and indulge in a little harmless
fun.

Sometime ago I visited Richmond, Washington, D.
C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Coney
Island. My vacation was pleasantly as well as profit-
ably spent, and as I kept an itemized account of my
expenditures I found that the total cost did not ex-
ceed the amount of five weeks' salary. Since then,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

many of my schoolroom worries have been lessened by the pleasant memory of my summer outing. During my next vacation I hope to join a party of teachers who will tour the Western states. Would be pleased to have some of the cousins give me descriptions of places of special interest in northern and western states.

I live near the Oglethorpe Shaking Rock, which is the only phenomenon of its kind, except in Ireland. In the world. It has many beautiful Indian legends connected with it and being a very picturesque place attracts many visitors. Not many miles distant stands a granite shaft supporting a large piece of cannon which is pointed out to visitors as the "Monument of Folly," so named from the incident connected with it. Now Uncle Charlie I will be anxiously awaiting your criticisms for I know you are ready to "take me up" on my Georgia expressions.

With best wishes to you and all the COMFORT cousins,
WILLIE MAE BROOKS.

Mae (I scorn to call you Willie, for I think Willie girls are almost as bad as bad boys, and Heaven knows they are the limit). I am delighted to get your exquisitely written letter, and I thank you for the beautiful stationery it is inscribed on. It is a joy to handle it. I am so glad Mae, that you are one of those who enjoy a hearty laugh. Strange to say there are tens of thousands who think it is a crime to laugh. Man is the only creature under Heaven that is endowed with laughter, and the most miserable and completely lost of all days are those on which one does not laugh. One authority says that morally considered laughter is next to the Ten Commandments. Old Peter Pinder the Poet said:

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
And every merry laugh will draw one out."

There is nothing more healthful than a merry laugh, and physicians are all agreed that laughter is the cheapest luxury aids to digestion. Laughter is worth a million groans, and one smiling face is worth a million of those of the hatched variety, attached to morbid vacuous minds belonging to grim cadaverous folks who think that laughter, fun, mirth and pleasure are sinful, and that all we are created for is to go through the world as if it were one vast morgue, and we, merely members of a gruesome funeral procession, leading to a brimstone charnel house. Pity the man or woman who cannot laugh, there is something wrong in their make up. They were created for a morgue and got into this world by mistake. One writer says: "Hypocrites weep, and you cannot tell their tears from those of the saints." That writer forgot that God made both laughter and tears, the one a safety valve for a heart bursting with joy of living, the other for a heart overburdened with care and sorrow. Anyway Mae, I would rather make the world laugh than weep. This department would have died a violent death long ago, if I had used it only as a vehicle for long preachments. It is the fun, mirth and laughter, streaking these columns that keeps this department alive. If God had not filled my heart with sunshine I would have been dead long ago. The next time you visit New York and Coney Island, Mae, drop in and see me. I suppose you saw the frankfurter man selling "hot dogs" on Surf Ave. Toby says that it is a disgraceful way to treat his brothers and sisters thus. I can hear the Coney Island hot dogs barking from the back window of my chicken coop. I should very much like to see the Oglethorpe shaking rock, and would just give worlds to see the Indian legend that is connected with it. I hope no one will try to disconnect the legend Mae. I hope you have got it hitched to the rock with a good strong chain, for you never can tell what some of these kleptomaniac tourists will do. I have several beautiful legends connected with myself, Indian and otherwise, and more than one pilgrim, who has strayed to the shrine of my chicken coop, has tried to forcibly disconnect those legends with an axe and carry them off as souvenirs. Now Mae, dearie, when you are irritating the youthful mind with the waters of knowledge, keep at least one of your eyes on the Indian legend connected with that rock, and see no one swipes it. Talking of shaking rocks I've been shaking mine this morning, and find I've only three cents. It's a pity rocks are so scarce, with steak five dollars an ounce, and lamb ten dollars an inch. I trust you will enjoy your visit to the West, Mae, and I am sorry I cannot go with you, and point out all the historical spots and places of interest. I will leave the Western Cousins to chaperon you, but it just breaks my heart to think I cannot do the job myself. Here are two school teachers represented in this lot of letters, but I am always glad to hear from them, many of whom write that they find much in COMFORT that inspires and aids them in their work.

GYPSUM, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Here comes a jolly cowgirl from the wild West. I know you are awfully crowded, but "there's always room for one more." I hope you will admit me to your charming circle. I wish I could tell you how much I think of you Uncle Charlie. Too bad that Uncle Charles are so few in this world.

My home is thirty miles from the nearest town, and we have no neighbors. This is a very lonely settled country, although a very, very beautiful in the good old summer time, and even now it is beautiful with snow to the depth of three feet, covering the ground as far as the eye can reach. I like summer best and enjoy every minute of it. Our home is on the cattle and horse range. My sister and I ride after the stock a great deal, but our greatest fun is breaking colts. Of course we get bucked off sometimes, but neither of us has ever been very badly hurt. Wish I could have some of the Eastern cousins with me next summer. Would show them such a merry time. I don't believe they ever would want to live in the East again. I was born and have lived here all my life. So I can truly say, I would not exchange my home on the range for a mansion in New York. I'm afraid I would soon die for the want of freedom if I should. Please do not think though Uncle Charlie, that my only accomplishment is breaking wild horses. I can also do any kind of housework. In fact I always try to be able to do anything that comes along. Tomorrow I am going to help my brother put shingles on the roof. I never did that before, but I'm sure I can. Hope you will print this as I would love to hear from some of the cousins. I will answer all letters and tell them all about myself. Now Uncle Charlie please don't scold me too much. For you know cowgirls aren't supposed to know very much.

With love to all I remain, AUDRA M. CLAUSON.

Your letter, Audra, is as refreshing as the breezes of your wind-swept prairies. Delighted to have you in our charming circle. What with cowgirls and horsewomen, it would seem that the female sex is getting considerably mixed. Thirty miles from town and no neighbors, that's isolation if you like. Fancy if you had a grouch, and wanted to go out and saw the people over the back fence, and found there was nobody to saunter, wouldn't that be awful Mabel? Wouldn't it be fierce to hitch up a pony and ride thirty miles before you could find anybody to quarrel with. That would break the hearts of a lot of people I know. I am glad you have other accomplishments besides breaking wild horses. I think that horse breaking is a cruel and reprehensible practice, and Audra, I shall have to put you out of the League unless you quit it. There are you in Colorado breaking horses out on your range, and here's Maria smashing all the crockery ware on our range back East. I don't see what is the good of breaking horses anyway. Horses are too valuable to be broken. People generally shoot a horse with a broken leg, if they can't shoot it with a broken leg, they shoot it with a shot gun. Anyway they shoot it. Yours must be a pretty cold range to have three feet of snow on it in the winter. I don't see the use of having a cold range anyway. You can't cook anything on it. Mountain ranges are bum things, they give out cold instead of heat. The man who invented mountain ranges must have

been deranged. Most mountain ranges are too large to go into a small kitchen. You ought to fire that mountain range, and get Sears Roebuck to send you something more up to date. I hope you and your mother will make a successful job of putting shingles on the roof of your homestead. Billy the Goat says I need a few shingles on my roof. Maybe Audra they are most willing to tack on a few where they are most needed. I'll wager they would all cough up a dollar to get a snap shot of you hammering shingles on my roof; it would be worth the money. Audra, you say you will answer all letters, but I guess you won't. You will get a ton of mail when this letter appears in print, and you'll be so sick of the sight of letters that you'll put ninety per cent. of them in that mountain range of yours and burn them. I understand that Lucille Trujillo, the little Mexican cousin, got three thousand letters as a result of our publishing her interesting epistle. John Bauer of Hilbert, Wis., received nearly a thousand letters, and after replying to a couple of hundred, gave up in despair and begged me to apologize to those he was physically unable to write to. This is what all the cousins do, they yell for mercy and beg for the epistolary deluge to cease. They cuss me for not printing their letters, and they cuss me because I do print them, and when they find the job of writing a thousand letters beyond their patience and too great a tax on their pocketbook they request me to do the job for them, and order me to reply for them through the columns of COMFORT, something I decline to do. Meanwhile I get thousands of letters all the year round and everyone receives attention. I don't reply to these letters but all are read, and many that I feel ought to be answered are answered. Some cousins are very bitter because other cousins who have begged for correspondence fall in reply to those who write them, and they would seem to have good cause to be wrathful, but really they have none, because no living soul can be expected to reply to a ton of letters. The task is too expensive, too herculean. Those who kick most strenuously, would do just the same as those they are kicking about, were positions reversed. Bear in mind COMFORT's family is a family of six million of people, and you are just one lone unit in that tremendous conglomeration of humanity. Don't expect impossible things from people who are just as you are—merely human. Remember, too, that only one letter in twenty is worthy of a reply, and unless you are the one capable of writing that super-excellent letter, you have no right to expect a reply. Most people write atrocious letters—ill-spelled junk that they ought to be ashamed to mail, and then expect the person they mail them to spend valuable time and postage in replying to them. A well-written letter seldom goes unanswered. Junk is ignored, and it should be. Don't scold and fume others, look to yourself, wash up on your writing and spelling, for the odds are it was your own illiteracy that caused you to be ignored. You are blaming others, whereas the blame lies at your own door, as most blame does in this world.

GRAFTON, CAL.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
If at first you don't succeed try again, so here goes. I am going to see one of my letters in print if I have to move all over the United States to find something interesting to write about.

I live by the Sacramento river, three miles from the town of Knight's Landing, on the Sutter side. In this part of California we have plenty of rain, sunshine and high water in the winter time, but in summer we have lovely weather. It's so soothing hot, but we have plenty of shade trees, such as oak, cypress, more, three kinds of willows, ash and cottonwood. Knight's Landing isn't a very big town, it has two grocery stores, one dry goods store, two candy shops, two hardware stores, one butcher shop, one hotel, one lodging house, two churches and three saloons. Knight's Landing was voted a dry town, but they sell more liquor there than ever. There is a big tract of over 1000 acres of land being leased by a company of rich bugs. They have dredgers to put up the levees, then they are going to concrete on the top. It is all rented out to grain raisers and if it were to break in high water time, there would be thousands of dollars lost. Wouldn't you like to have some of that money Uncle Charlie? I would. Have you ever been on a dredger when it was at work? I have and it is splendid fun if you don't get dizzy.

Uncle Charlie come see me sometime and bring a car load of the cousins and I will show you all to a good time.

Beans are the chief product in Sutter county; all kinds of vegetables are raised.

I weigh one hundred and eight pounds, height, five feet four, hair, brown, eyes, and am some- what less than a hundred years old. Hoping this will escape the waste basket and Billy the Goat's grub basket, I remain, Your loving niece,

Tessie Waters. (No. 22,342.)

Tessie, I am charmed to hear from you. I had a sweetheart once by your name, and she was nearly the death of me. Her name was Winnie Waters, and I loved her so much I got waters on the brain, and when one gets water on the brain, it is a pretty serious condition for a man to be in. I know it was a serious condition for me, for when I had Waters on the brain, my hair fell in and got drowned, and that's why I have been bald headed ever since. You say you live by the Sacramento river. Will my dear, I live by writing and I hope you make a better living living by the Sacramento river, than I do by decorating paper with buzzard tracks. I am sorry to hear that Knight's Landing thought voted dry is still wet. That's the condition of a great many places, but it's no use getting discouraged about it. You can't sober a nation up all at once, especially a nation that has been soused with booze for centuries. People waste a lot of time and effort trying to reform drunkards. I have seen a great deal of drunkenness in my time. I spent eighteen months in a hospital that seemed to make a specialty of sobering up drunkards. Now please do not run away with the idea that I went there to sober up, for I'd already spent a year in another hospital before I went to this particular one, and that hospital to its credit wouldn't waste any time on these degenerate beasts. Well, do you know it was simply astounding, the capers these drunks used to cut up, and it was simply wicked the annoyance they caused other patients. However, they had the price, that was all the hospital people cared about. Men would come in on the verge of delirium tremens, and after three weeks of treatment and careful nursing, they would go out in the world to start life a new. In a few days, sometimes in a few hours, you would hear them crazy drunk, returning again, laughing, yelling, cursing and fixing up process would be gone through. These drunks make the hospitals their homes, and they are a nuisance and a curse to themselves and everybody else. In Bellevue Hospital, New York they have chronic drunks by the hundred. The hospital belongs to the city, and there is no charge for treatment. Worthy patients suffering from disease are crowded out, so numerous are the drunks. Alcoholism is regarded as a disease, and is rapidly increasing and people waste a lot of manful sympathy on these rum-soused degenerates. I've observed scores of them closely, and I never knew one yet that made an honest effort to reform. The way to handle these rum hogs, or at least the way I would handle them, would be to lock them up until they were sober, and then give them a sound thrashing, then I would put them to work at some healthy outdoor exercise, raising garden truck, and force each man to earn enough to support himself. I would keep a man under restraint for at least a year, then I would let him go back to the world or to his family if he had one, and send a probation officer to look him up once every week for a year to see if he kept sober. If he lapsed back into his old swine habits and began to drink again, I would send him up to the jag prison, sober him, thrash him, and keep him there for three years for the second offence, and five years for the third. Any liquor dealer, who knowingly sold drink to a

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chronic drunk, I would fine five hundred dollars and jail him for a month. Take my word for it, this is the only way to handle the chronic drunk fiend. Drunkenness from my experience, is not a disease, it is a crime. It must be a crime, for drunkenness causes more than half of all the crime in the world. Everything is made easy for the drunkard nowadays. Hospitals are ready to coddle, fuss and fix the two-legged tank up, so he can go out and load up with rum afresh. Another excellent idea would be to gather all the chronic drunks together, and give them all the drink that they could possibly hold until they drank themselves to death. There is positively no reason why society should tolerate the chronic drunk any more than it tolerates the burglar or murderer, for the chronic drunk is a wholesale murderer, for he murders happiness, breaks hearts, destroys homes, and then society coddles and pets him, wastes sympathy on him and says his alcoholism is a "failing" or a "disease". Well, all I've got to say is, if alcoholism is a disease, so is murder, and instead of sending murderers to the electric chair, we should send them to hospitals, coddle and pet them, and then send them out to murder some more. Tessie, I didn't intend to discuss this subject in my reply to your letter, but anyway it's a subject I wanted to express my opinion on and I feel sure you will heartily endorse everything I have said and forgive me for broaching the matter here. There is just one thing in your letter, my dear, that has greatly interested me. You speak of a company of rich bugs that is accomplishing wonderful things in your vicinity. Tessie won't you please tell me some more about these rich bugs. I've seen a good many varieties of the genus bug, but I never saw a rich one yet. Where do these bugs get their money from, and where do they carry it? Do you think I could hit any of your rich bugs up for a ten spot? The summer is always a slow time with me. If I could get a small loan from one of your rich bugs for a few months it would relieve me of a lot of financial worry. We have bugs in our chicken coop, and I've interviewed a good many with various implements of slaughter from a club to a kerosene bottle, but I never found one yet that had three cents, let alone a ten spot. The bugs in this section live on us, we can't live on them. We have no Rockefeller bugs here, they all seem to have migrated to California. I notice Tessie, that the name of the town you live in is Grafton. That would be a capital name for Albany, N. Y., and for a number of other state capitals where there seems to be graft on all the time. Some even suspect the national capital. If any exists in Washington Congress and the President must take vigorous measures, not only to expose it and punish the guilty, but prevent its recurrence in the future. The people demand clean, straight, honest, business-like methods in every department of government, not excepting Congress, and they are educated and aroused to the point of making themselves heard on election day to the sorrow of any that may stand in the way of reform.

QUITMAN, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
We are not members of the C. L. O. C. but several of our mamma take COMFORT, and last week most all of us read, or heard read, the appeal of Mr. Lawrence Bird for assistance, and we instantly named ourselves the "Sunshine Band" and by each of us sending our mite we today sent Mr. Bird three dollars.

We are merely the primary pupils of Quitman High School, but we feel that Mr. Bird and his mother, will appreciate our small effort, hence we send it. Below are the names of those who contributed their "sympathy".

Uncle Charlie, is it asking too much to ask you to print this?

It is a new line of work for the little folks, and I would be so glad to have them do even more of it, hence I ask this favor. However, if it is in any way not in accordance with the rules of your work, pass it by.

I have read COMFORT for years but have never tried to organize a band before, but this one was alive in one moment.

Respectfully,
MAGGIE HARKEY, Teacher.
Maggie, I am only too pleased to publish your letter, and hope it may be the means of inspiring thousands of other school teachers to follow your example. Thousands of school teachers saw the letter you refer to, but probably it did not occur to half a dozen in the entire country to do as you did. There are plenty of kind-hearted people in this world, people who are ready and willing to help when they know of a case of genuine distress, but the trouble is, no one brings these cases to their notice. The good minister in church will froth at the mouth telling his congregation about the Hindoo baby in far Bombay that needs to be supported, clothed, fed, cared for and educated in a missionary home, but if you asked him to make an appeal for a wheel for nineteen years in his own parish, he would probably tell you that that was none of his business. The minister of my parish knows all about me, but it is seven years since I saw him. If it got in the newspapers that somebody had left me a million dollars, I'd have to call out the National Guard to keep the black-coated clerical gentry from grabbing the million for missionary purposes at the other end of the world. Now you teachers, all over the land, have it in your power to do what your ministers will not. You have it in your power to do as Maggie Harkey did. Read the letter that appears monthly in COMFORT, from one of our shut-ins and my commission is to organize a sunshine band right in your own fire. If you only collect a dime from the entire bunch the good that you would be able to do for the shut-ins and especially for your scholars, will be incalculable. There are God-like elements in all of us. In some these elements lie on the surface, in others they are at the bed rock, covered and hidden by greed and

selfishness, but they are there, and you can get at them, just as Maggie Harkey did when she appealed to and got results from twenty-eight of her scholars, if you will only make an effort, and go the right way to work about it, and you ought to do it, for this is Christ's work. The children of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. It is easy to influence children, and the habits you help them to form in youth, and the seeds you sow in their youthful minds will result in bountiful harvests of good deeds in after years; but it is hard to knock the selfishness out of a man who has never dug down into his jeans for a dime for a brother human in his life. With children the soil is all prepared, and God will hold you responsible if you do not sow the seeds of His goodness when you have the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Ducks—The Sitting and the Hatch

DUCKS make such bad mothers that it is better to hatch their eggs under hens or in incubators. The first few eggs a duck lays each season are seldom fertile. Eleven are a full sitting, and it requires twenty-eight days for their hatching. Examine the nest every two or three days after setting the hen, for bad eggs. A weak germ that dies causes the egg to decompose, and the odor once smelled can never be forgotten. Examine the nest when the hen comes off to feed, and take away the eggs that are dark or mottled. If you fancy an egg looks wrong, pick it up, and smell it; that and its sticky touch assure you, for the egg is porous. If you have been using an incubator to hatch chicks, you can test with a proper tester, and this must be done all the time from the fourth to the fifteenth day. When the hatch is over at the end of the twenty-eighth day, have ready a box about a foot deep and three feet long, the top out and one end taken off. Place the open end against the coop door, so making a little run, with a board floor covered with an inch of dry sand or earth. Baby ducks need even more protection from damp than chicks; therefore, if the weather is bad, keep the coop and run under cover, and if fine, the shade of a tree is necessary, for the little fellows can't stand the full sun. After a week the hen can be removed, but keep them within bounds, on short grass, not letting them out until the dew is gone.

Feed for Young Ducks

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes. Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one fourth of a pint of corn meal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely-cut green clover, rye or cabbage moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day. Fourth to sixth week: Boil a quart of bulled oats for an hour and add a pint of corn meal, wheat bran, half a pint of fine grit, the same of beef scraps, and a quart of clover or any green food. Feed four times a day. Sixth to tenth week: One quart of corn meal, a pint of wheat bran, a pint of bulled oats, a pint of beef scraps, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day. They should be ready to kill the eleventh week.

Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened if you can possibly help it. They are nervous things. No matter what you feed, if they are frightened or made to run daily, they will not fatten. If you go about them gently they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, all follow; hurry them and they will scatter, and it is good by to them for hours. The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but from that on one quart of ground feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk or butter-milk, and feed night and morning, if on a free range this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day. Remember always to have fresh, clean water before them.

When ducks are ten or eleven weeks old they should be in condition for market. Early green ducks should weigh not more than four and one half pounds, while later ducks cannot be too heavy. As a rule early ducks mature very unevenly making it necessary to sort them over often.

Don't Let the Ducks "Go Back"

Ducks are fit to dress for only a short time. They "go back," as it is termed, for they shed and grow a new lot of feathers, which takes all the fat and all your profit. Hence the importance of turning them into money as soon as possible. In dressing it is most desirable to dry pick.



A SPRING DRINKING PLACE.

Although some still scald, dry-picked stock sell better than scalded especially when the market is dull, for it can be frozen, while scalded stock cannot. For dry picking have a box for the feathers. It may be of any size you wish on the ground, and should be of such depth that the top edge is one or two inches lower than your knee when in a sitting position. To use for cooling the ducks, saw a coal-oil barrel in two; use one half for cooling, the other half for clear water to put them in after washing.

To kill, catch the feet in the left hand, and the neck near the breast with the right hand, then with a swinging motion (the same as in using an axe) strike the back of the head against a post with sufficient force to start the blood from the ears. Now with a quick motion place the body under the left arm catching the back

of the head and the top of the bill in the left hand. Using a knife with a five-inch blade make a cut crosswise at the base of the brain, then turn the edge to the roof of the mouth, and slash outward, being careful not to slit the bill. Let the blood run for two seconds.

Removing the Feathers

Sit down. Place your knees against the neck just tight enough to keep it in place. If too much pressure is put on, it will stop the flow of blood and give them a red appearance. Hold the feet and wings in the left hand. Commence picking at the vent, then the breast and neck. The feathers are left on half the neck, and on the wings from the first joint out. Pick clean as you go, for once the duck gets cold, it will be hard to pick. Experts use a shoemaker's knife ground thin, and strip it the same as a razor, to shave the pin and small feathers off.

After picking, put them into ice water or cold spring water until the animal heat is gone; then wash the feet, and wash all clots of blood from the mouth and throat; then put into another vessel of water, which takes all the stains off and gives a nice, clean appearance. After they are clean you can put them into a barrel or box with crushed ice, and if left for twelve to twenty-four hours in this condition they can be shipped a long distance with but little loss. To make dressed ducks show up good it is necessary to take them out of clean water at the finish. The second vessel should have clean water put in as soon as it gets cloudy.

When packing for shipment, use flour or sugar barrels. Pack with back down, putting the head under the wing. Pack close, and leave a space on top for ice. Raise the top hoop, place burlap on top, drive the hoop on again, with the burlap under, and nail firmly. Before using, the barrel should be thoroughly washed. Bore two three quarter inch holes in the bottom, to drain.

Correspondence

J. H. T.—My hens have commenced to pull and eat feathers, principally around the necks. They are on free range and have plenty of green food. Can you give me a remedy?

A.—It is rather difficult to break fowls of the habit once it is acquired. If there are only two or three guilty birds in the flock of just common hens, I should advise your killing them, but if you are keeping good fowls, a mixture of lard and aloes rubbed on to the feathers may break them. Use a teaspoonful of the aloes to a cup of lard. I have also been told that hanging up a piece of fat salt pork in the chicken house, where the birds can pick at it has been found beneficial, but I can't speak from personal experience.

A. A. W.—Will you please tell me, through COMFORT, what ails my chickens? They seem to choke to death, and upon post-mortem immediately after death I find that the small subdivisions of the bronchial tube are entirely filled with what appears to be dried blood. By cutting the lung I could scrape out small strings of the blackish or dark red substance. The bronchial tube down to the lungs appears to be all right, and all other organs seem to be all right. They show no symptoms until a day or two before death; are fat, and apparently otherwise in perfect health, and some are laying. Their feed consists of Kafir corn in the head, and waste corn on the farm. They have plenty of good wheat and rye pasture. If you can tell me what to do as a preventive and cure I shall be very much obliged to you and COMFORT. I am a new subscriber but like COMFORT fine.

A.—Give tablets of arsenite of antimony, 1-1000 of a grain each. Administer one tablet to each sick bird three times a day, or if many of the birds are affected, dissolve twelve tablets in a pint of water, removing all other drinking vessels.

H. E. B.—I come to you for information about my baby chicks. I've raised chickens for years, but never had any to do like these. They are Buff Orpington incubator hatch, two weeks old today. They stand around and seemingly sleep themselves to death. A few of them had white diarrhea, the others none. When they breathe it seems with an effort, as their sides would indicate. I have these with a hen, but I have greased her with lard and a very little coal oil several times and can find no vermin on her or the chicks. I've been feeding wheat screenings, a little millet and corn chop mixed, plenty of grit, and some little corn bread. I always feed prepared chick food, but for some reason the shipment has been delayed. The hen runs in a large pen with plenty of room to scratch. The chicks get a little green oats. After they get sick they almost cease to eat, and get very weak. They usually live three to five days after being taken sick. Any information you can give would be appreciated. I have my machine set again, and want to be prepared to guard against it in next hatch.

A.—Probably the chicks got chilled when taken from the incubator and given to the hen, especially if the transfer was made during the daytime, for they would naturally run out to feed. I don't like to use hens to brood incubator chicks, nor do I believe in greasing hens when brooding chicks. Use dry insect powder instead. Give the chicks rice water or cold tea to drink, and put a little more seed amongst the scratching feed. Be careful that the brood coop is in a dry, sheltered place.

J. L.—I wish to ask what the trouble is with my hens. They seem to be all right—that is, seem to be healthy enough, and their combs look red, but they stop eating, and on examination I find their mouths and throats ulcerated and a very foul odor. Kindly tell me what the disease is. What shall I do for it? Answer through COMFORT and oblige.

A.—Your birds have canker. I should imagine, which is one form of a roupish cold. Open the bird's beak, and dose mouth and throat with powdered burnt alum, is the best and simplest remedy.

G. A. B.—Please tell me if rolled oats are good to feed young turkeys. I have about forty pounds of rolled oats which has got full of weevil, and as we can't use it to eat I thought I would feed it to my young turkeys when they hatch. Will I feed it raw or cook it? It is the same as oatmeal, but so full of worms we have got to do something with it soon.

A.—If you must use the rolled oats for the young birds, you had better boil it. Let it stand at the back of the stove until almost dry. When cold, crumble, but feed a little at a time.

A. B. J.—My chicks have the big crop, or something to that effect. They look droopy, and are constantly pecking their crops. Their crops are filled with trash; small sticks, dirt, and different kinds of trash that can be picked up about a farm where chicks run at large. Some chicks' crops are full of small black rocks; some rocks as large as the end of the

third finger of a man's hand. Have cut some chicks' crops open and then sewed them back. Inside of crop has a bad odor. Can you tell me what causes chicks to get that way? What to do to cure them? What to do to keep them from getting that way? I have the Plymouth Rocks, the Light Brahmas and the Plymouth Rocks, all pure blood. Have not got an egg since the first of November. Can't account for that. Will appreciate any information you see fit to give me.

A.—All birds eat stones, cinders or grit of any kind. Having no teeth, such things are necessary to grind the food after it reaches the gizzard. Feed your birds as soon as you let them out in the morning on good sound grain, and what they pick up during the day will do them no harm. I think perhaps you have been slightly underfeeding.

A. B.—When my incubator chicks hatch, shall I take them out, or leave them in the nursery till they all hatch? Some say take them all out and

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never let them in the nursery, so I don't know how to manage it.

A.—Don't open the incubator until the evening of the twenty-second day, for it will not hurt the chicks that hatch first to remain in the machine, but if you open the door of the machine, you allow the moisture of sharp grit to eat? The best plan would be to kill one, and examine the intestines carefully, especially for worms and condition of heart and liver. Then write me again, giving careful description of the appearance of the different organs.

M. J. H.—I'm going to trouble you with some questions. My chickens all seem healthy; their combs and gills are bright and red, but I notice that some of them begin to get poor in flesh, and limp on one foot, then die suddenly. They appear in good health within a few hours before dying. Have been doing that for four or five months. Only one at a time dies, and all the older hens, not young ones. Are fed wheat, oats; get green stuff to eat; have clear creek water to drink; have log benches. Would be very much obliged to you for an answer to this perplexing problem.

A.—From your description I should think the birds have been too heavily fed during the winter, or that they are suffering from worms. Have they had plenty of sharp grit to eat? The best plan would be to kill one, and examine the intestines carefully, especially for worms and condition of heart and liver. Then write me again, giving careful description of the appearance of the different organs.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

I should appreciate any reading matter which some sister may have to spare.

With love and best wishes,
MRS. EDITH S. HAMPTON, DAVIS, E. R., Box 34, Okla.

Mrs. Hampton. There is a good sermon in your letter. Children must be treated tenderly if the best in their minds is brought out. Inconsiderate, rough handling stunts their development, and instead of the alert, straightforward child you will oftentimes see one that is sullen, dull and suspicious, all because they are thoughtlessly treated. Children are sensitive and will not give the best in their natures in return for harsh treatment, any more than we can submit to abuse and still go on being responsive and companionable.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:
I have just finished reading my April COMFORT and the spirit moves me to knock for admittance. I find COMFORT and the Sisters' Corner very interesting and helpful.

We are situated twenty miles from Thief River Falls, our nearest station. High Landing is a small place, consisting of two stores and post-office. There is a creamery situated on the bank of the Red Lake river, four and one half miles from here. This is quite a new country, being opened up for settlers six years ago. A good part of the land was taken up by single men and left by them after fourteen months or so, making the country lonely to live in. For our part, we have only one neighbor one half mile away. All the others are from one and one half to two or more miles away. We have not been very successful in raising crops so far, because the land is low and wet, and we have had a large amount of rain these last years. But this summer we are in hopes of getting some county ditches through. Perhaps that will bring in people to settle up the country and help build up a good farming community as the soil is fine if only once it is drained. It is also a good place for cattle as there is plenty of grass and hay.

As to women's rights that are so often discussed in our paper, I must say I think women should have a right to vote for most women with any sense at all would vote more sensibly than many men do.

I am a farmer's wife and very busy all the time, but always read COMFORT when it comes. An twenty-six years old and have one of the best husbands in the world. We have four children, one boy and three girls. The oldest is seven years, the youngest three months old. If any of my old schoolmates or friends in Balsora and Dry Valley, Neb., or Los Animas, Colo., should read these lines will they please write to me? It would be pleasant to hear from the old places again.

Your affectionate friend and well wisher,
MRS. JOHN N. SWANSON (nee ANNA LIND), High Landing, Minn.

DEAR SISTERS AND COMFORT READERS:

May I have a space for a few words in this valuable corner? I have been a reader of the dear old COMFORT from childhood and I always admired it. Each year it has improved and the good it is doing God alone knows. I am especially interested in the wheel chairs and the poor and unfortunate who are not blessed with enough of this world's goods to live above need and want. I know those of us who have never experienced such a state cannot imagine how awful it is, and strange too, that so many of us wait till our friends are dead to show our respect for them. Did you ever think or notice when anyone dies that they

are always spoken of quite differently than when living? And too, did you ever look upon the beautiful wreaths and costly flowers spread over the grave of a person after they have bid farewell to this world and all that is in it? I love flowers and don't object if a friend wants to place them on my grave. But I would rather enjoy them in kind words while I am living. How many a poor heart has left this world without knowing they were appreciated or loved? Scatter roses along the path of life, for we don't need them in heaven. God has prepared everything beautiful there and instead of spreading a wreath costing twenty-five dollars more or less, on the grave of some departed man or woman for a show in the eyes of the world, give it to some poor widow or orphan; it will be more thankfully received by them and God, too.

How many of the sisters are interested in what is being done for the orphans and outcast children? This is something every man and woman should be interested in, for they are going to be our citizens in a very short time. I sometimes think it is no wonder the crime in America is so great, and the only way to stamp it out is to fight against it. Educate the children and raise them up in the service of the Lord and they will not depart from it. I enjoy reading (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

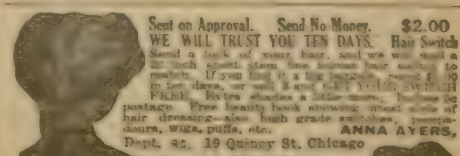
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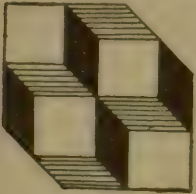
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

WELL at last the balmy month of June has arrived and we can now positively hope for continued warm weather. Some of you country lads will find much to do in the fields and garden but you must have some pleasure and therefore I have planned a few summer articles. I will welcome a letter from any of you who fail to thoroughly understand the plans and will take pleasure in any questions you ask.

The Shifting Cubes

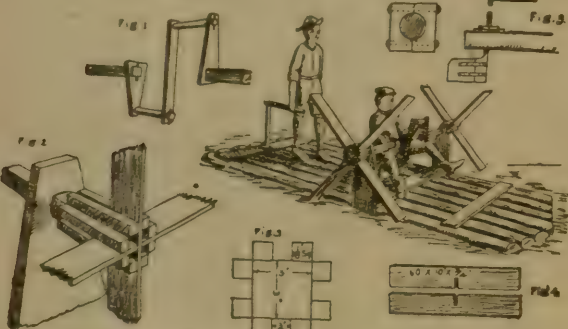
Here is something that will puzzle you and make you understand that you cannot always see as others see. There are three cubes in the picture. Some will say that one is on top and two underneath, others will get fighting mad if you deny that the two upper cubes rest on the one bottom one. Look at the center steadily for ten seconds, then drop the eyeglasses and look again. You will be surprised at the change that takes place. The blocks will seem to topple and change their position. If you will gaze at the picture from different points of view, holding the paper flat, then perpendicular, then slanting, and try to see first only the sides of the blocks that are solid black, then the striped sides, then the white you will have to admit that you are seeing things that are not there.



DECEIVING TO THE EYE.

A Pleasure Raft

Here is a raft built for joy alone. It can be used to good advantage by a crowd of live boys wherever there is a creek, pond or bayou. The raft is best made out of heavy logs held together by cross cleats securely spiked into place. A glance at the accompanying sketches should make the paddle arrangement very clear. Fig. 4 shows how both blades are fitted together. The crank which turns the paddle wheel is formed out of seven pieces of wood as shown in Fig. 1.



PLEASURE FOR LONG SUMMER DAYS.

The raft is provided in the rear with a tiller and rudder to steer it, made as the detail sketch Fig. 5 shows. In order to stiffen the blades of the wheel so that they will not break under strain small strips are nailed across the central part. Figs. 2 and 3 show this more plainly than words can. The raft shown is from twelve feet to sixteen feet long and about seven feet wide. It will hold a half dozen boys and may be used for fishing or diving. The strong lad can easily turn the crank that operates the wheel but when two or more get at it there will be something doing in the way of speed. Before the month is out I hope to hear from every COMFORT boy who likes this plan.

A Pine Board Table

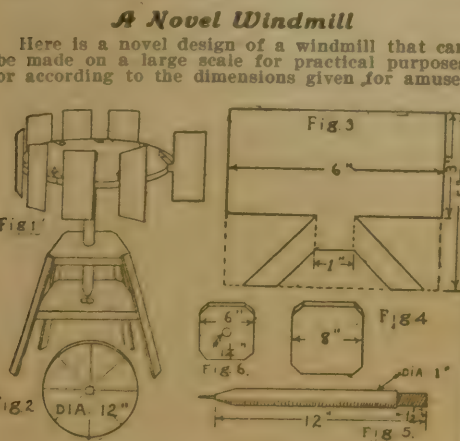
Here is a simple table that any boy can make in his spare time. One-inch pine boards will do for material and the beauty of the plan is that you can use boards of the same size. The top is formed of three boards twelve inches wide and forty-eight inches long, glued together. You can buy prepared glue for this purpose and all you need do is brush a thin coat on the edges that come together and put the top away to dry and set. The legs are six inches wide and thirty inches long and may be cut by simply ripping one of your twelve inch pieces in two. The manner of putting the table together and the kind of joints used is clearly shown by the drawing. When finished paint it white or if you want to make it look like hard wood apply two coats of colonial yellow paint and then a coat of light oak graining compound, thinned with turpentine. After the graining it should be varnished and will then present a rich appearance that will entitle it to a place in the home. The graining compound costs fifteen cents a pound at any hardware store and one pound will finish ten such tables as this.

MISSION TABLE.

DETAIL OF JOINT.

A Novel Windmill

Here is a novel design of a windmill that can be made on a large scale for practical purposes or according to the dimensions given for amusement. The top of the stand is a square board with the corners sawed off as shown in Fig. 6. Another block of the same shape but two inches larger each way is cut for the under part of the stand. The four legs each thirteen inches long are simply nailed flush to the corners. The top of the stand is bored in the center and



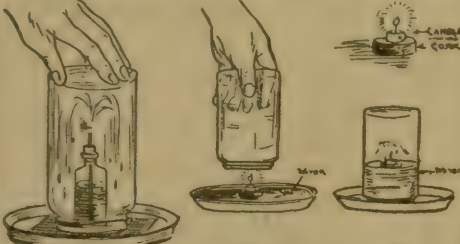
FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

ment. The top of the stand is a square board with the corners sawed off as shown in Fig. 6. Another block of the same shape but two inches larger each way is cut for the under part of the stand. The four legs each thirteen inches long are simply nailed flush to the corners. The top of the stand is bored in the center and

directly under that hole the under shelf is bored to a depth of a quarter inch. This shallow bore is covered with a small disc of tin or iron. The wheel is made by cutting a circular piece as shown in Fig. 2 and fastening to its outer rim eight pieces of tin cut to the shape and size indicated by Fig. 3. The upright shaft or axle is a piece of tough wood one inch in diameter and twelve inches long. Its upper end is squared and fits into a square hole in the circular piece. The lower end into which a nail has been driven passes through the hole in the top of the stand and rests upon the small piece of metal nailed in the center of the under shelf. When finished the windmill is mounted on a barn or pedestal. You will find it a very strong and practical one.

Scientific Tricks

The fountain pictured in "a" may be made as follows. Fill a small bottle three quarters full of water and cork it. Bore a hole through the center of the cork and insert a straw or glass tube which should be long enough to reach nearly to the bottom of the bottle and to extend an inch higher than the cork. Hermetically seal the cork with soap or wax and then place a glass jar, which has been held over the stove, mouth down over the bottle. The mouth of the jar should



INTERESTING FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

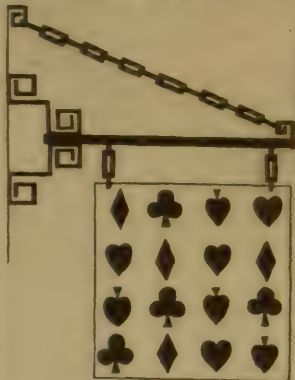
rest on several thicknesses of wet paper to exclude all air. In a minute the inner air will contract from the cooling of the bottle and a small jet of water will issue from the tube. The drawings "b" and "c" picture another trick. Mount a lighted candle on a flat cork and float it on a pan of water. Over this place the glass jar as shown. The candle will consume the air inside the jar and as nature does not permit a vacuum the water will rush up to fill the space. In less than a minute the painful of water will be sucked up into the jar. Try these and write me about it.

A Spelling Game

Here is a capital game for an informal gathering of young folks. We give it the name "Backwards," because the players are required to spell certain words in that manner. The players gather around the table the host providing each with a sheet of paper and pencil. He then calls out a word, say, for instance "particular," and everyone tries to write it on their paper backwards like this "raluticrap." No player is permitted to erase, scratch out or blur any mark he makes with the pencil. When someone completes the word given he calls out "done," and all must quit writing. Another word is then given and so on until a selected list of a dozen or more common English words is complete. The sheets are often collected and a prize is given to the one whose paper is devoid of unnecessary strokes and whose work is the neatest and most accurate. As a first trial use words of one or two syllables but as the company increases introduce long-

Preserving Eggs

Many letters have come to me concerning an article about preserving eggs that appeared in COMFORT some months ago. A correspondent in whom I have confidence writes me that he successfully tried the salt method. He first purchased a barrel of salt and then procured a half dozen empty barrels. In the plentiful season he bought eggs for as low as ten cents a dozen and making sure that they were fresh placed them in the barrels in layers putting a layer of salt between. Several months later when cold weather was raging and the price of eggs soared to three times the amount he had paid he sold his storage and realized a profit of nearly a hundred dollars. He is so enthusiastic over his success that he says this summer he will put every available cent into the egg business. I would advise every country lad to experiment with this method and would take great pleasure in hearing the result of their trial. Tell me only what you know by practical experience and not what you heard or read about.



HANGING BANNER.

June Puzzle

Upon the hanging banner you will see sixteen spots of four varieties. Can you in two strokes cut the banner in four pieces of the same size and shape, each containing one heart, one diamond, one club, one spade. As this is the last month of our Corner we publish the diagram showing how it is accomplished

Answer to May Puzzle

The illustration on the right shows the solution of the May puzzle.

This is the month that I say good by to you and although I may be many miles away in my stuffy little office I regret to leave you even theoretically. I hope to be with you again in the fall and will try to make my column happier and fuller of useful suggestion than ever. A hearty handshake to you all and a long, long good by.

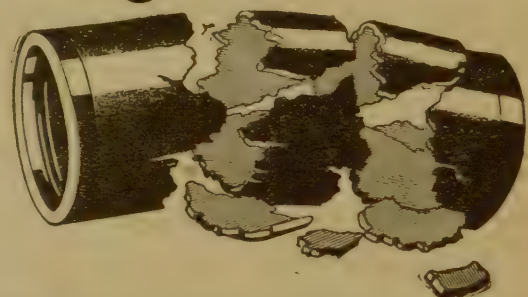
UNCLE JOHN.

HAY-FEVER

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Miss Phoebe and the 'Squire

A June Day Romance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

tiring you all out, but the truth is, these little boats come puffing in from all over the place, and the whole business is so small, and yet if you don't know the ropes, you could go to Chicago about as quick as we can get over the hills.

She strove to reassure him, claiming her share of the mistake, but she was much relieved when the two rows of brilliant lights approaching in the purple darkness, proved to be their boat.

It was now grown very cold, and Miss Phoebe shivered in her silk jacket, but no word of complaint passed her lips. After all, a woman of her age ought to have too good a sense to attempt such a sky-larking trip in quest of pleasure. She even smiled grimly to herself when she heard the rain crashing down on the water like a fusillade of bullets; she had always suspected that if her gray and black striped silk got wet, it would pass before she could afford another one. Of course the Mayville street cars would be out of commission after sundown, and it was a good mile from the dock to the Court House, there would be ample time to get thoroughly soaked.

A pang of sympathy struck through her sarcastic thoughts; the 'squire was four years her senior, and to get a drenching might lay him up for weeks. To add to the general dreariness of the situation, the captain informed them that there would be no more boats or trains the rest of the night for it was long past eleven o'clock. Evidently this depressing statement made little impression on the 'squire, for he spoke no consoling word to the quiet woman beside him, and when presently they had arrived and he had escorted her through the pouring rain to the shelter of the waiting room he excused himself for a moment and left her a prey to miserable reflections.

What a "joke" it would be if he failed to return the thought; he would never care to see her again, for surely he must now consider her a burden on his hands, and it was only that morning she had longed to travel extensively, view the show places of the world, and share her mind with knowledge. In the midst of her moody reflections the 'squire returned. But was this the same man coming back to her. His head and shoulders were well thrown back, and he carried himself easily, swinging her wet, but tightly furled umbrella, as if it were a cane. Not a vestige of fatigue showed in his manner, as he informed her that he had 'phoned to the livery stable for a carriage.

They were soon dashing away up the street, Miss Phoebe leaning comfortably back in her corner, with a sigh of intense relief, and a mental apology to the 'squire for her misjudgment of him. "We are going straight to Parson Fletcher's," he said, "I meant you to have a nice pleasant courtship, Phoebe, but for several hours now, I have observed how uneasy you were, and I just thought there's no necessity for us to delay; you have no one in the world to consult neither have I. For several years I have been living a lonely sort of existence with scarcely a desire to improve it; today's companionship with you, has both many years of real happiness. If I can manage it, the rest of your life shall be free from care and worry; mind you, I am not forgetting that the best of the bargain will fall to my share, with a dear little woman to brighten my home, and keep me from becoming a regular old bear. I rather think we shall take a lot of comfort, what say you Phoebe?"

It required more than these few generous words, to convince Miss Phoebe that it was not merely his chivalrous wish to guard her against evil tongues, that had prompted them.

Her opposition inspired him to a burst of earnest eloquence, which finally won her shy consent, and her secret intense admiration.

The minister, who was a stranger to them both, saw nothing unusual in a couple of well-dressed, sensible looking, middle-aged people coming to him to unite them; but his wife scented a spice of romance, and before they left, and late as it was, insisted on offering them some refreshment. When she examined the denomination of the fee, later, she was absolutely sure of it. And their wedding journey proved to be the drive down the Chautauqua hills and it was not in the least unpleasant for the rain ceased and the stars lighted the way.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

the letters of COMFORT so much, and have just finished reading Emma Lee Olmstead's in June issue, and notice she has received a letter from a stepmother. I am one of those they call stepmother, and I do believe I hate the word more than anything, for it never gets what it deserves. I never take offense at any slur thrown at me, stepmothers for it does not apply to me. I know there are children mistreated, but not near as many as people might have the public believe. I have two little motherless boys under my care and protection and God help me to raise them for Him. I love them dearly and they do me. We get along nicely and have spent many happy days together. I have one little girl of my own nearly four years old and I don't know who may have to care for her. None of us know these things. I would be afraid to mistreat any child, for fear someone would mistreat mine. The greatest compliment ever paid me was by a poor widow that washed for me. She asked me one day to look after her children when she was dead and gone, saying these words, "Mrs. Forkner, if you can't go to my children write to them and tell them how to live for I know you are good to orphan children. I have been here enough to see for myself," and in less than three months she was dead, being burned to death in a mysterious manner one morning about daylight. Thank God I am spared yet to look after her children as best I can. Three girls and one little boy who all have good homes and the girls write me such sweet letters! I never mistreated a child in my life and this is why I take no offense at slurs thrown at stepmothers. We live happy and get along better than some families I know where the father and mother are both living.

My stepson Ernest A. Forkner and I want to thank someone through COMFORT for some good religious books and papers sent him.

Wishing you all happiness and success,
Mrs. MINNIE EWE FORKNER, Slade, Ky.

DEAR SISTERS:

I feel that it is truly selfish in me not to express my thanks and appreciation for the many good thoughts and suggestions I have had the privilege of using, all due to the best paper published. It has had a respected place on our reading table since it began to appear. My! How long the word COMFORT seemed when I tried to spell what mamma was reading, but how many times since has the same long COMFORT come with just what I needed most, and though mamma is a nurse of some thirty-five years' experience, I have my little COMFORT remedies always ready.

I would like to say in reference to the lady Mrs. Edwards mentioned, what is the world but a demonstration of God's love? Also to me, the very essence of COMFORT is not the stories, for while I read and enjoy them, give me the comfort from the sisters who have been fighting in life's battle, and even now doubtless reading in a COMFORT chair, give me their words of encouragement and cheer, and again that tried and true remedy or recipe as the case may be. Above all, please let me have COMFORT for I shan't dispose of the cream because I can't use the milk.

I am going to ask for a letter party on June 13th, when I will be twenty-five years old. Would like to correspond with sisters of same age.

I want to say that the March issue was truly splendid and I am anticipating a new house soon and mark you, many of the March cretonne box and bag suggestions will occupy a conspicuous place.

With one suggestion for the spring flowers which all may not know: Water the plants with the water where the roast or fresh meat has been washed and note the result. Will some sister who is a Lady Macabee write me. I am very much interested in this order. Wishing success to COMFORT.

Mrs. MAY DAY COOK, Temple, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you let a Mormon girl from Utah in your charming circle? I have been an admiring reader of COMFORT for six years and think it is the best part of the paper. I enjoy the letters so much and especially those where the description of the writer is given; it seems just like hearing them talk to us. I am rather tall, have gray eyes, brown hair, and was twenty years of age on Jan. 31, 1910.

I have twelve brothers and sisters, ten of whom are living. We are all Mormons in our little town and have beautiful church work which we greatly enjoy.

The following, although not very pleasant treatment is a sure cure for dandruff and falling hair: The leaves from sage brush which grows almost anywhere in the country. Steep and add a little salt. Rub on the scalp daily for one month. It will be beneficial if not entirely cure in that time.

Sage tea is also a good blood purifier and we have used it with good results.

With love to all, I remain your sister,
ESTELLE BARNET, Spanish Fork, Utah Co., Utah.

DEAR SISTERS:

Here comes a sister from New Mexico! Can you imagine a place farther away from some of you, yet by the conveniences of modern times, and our beloved COMFORT we are not so far apart after all. I am a young girl, just out of high school, and I live just one and one half miles from Grenville (a little flag station) in the northeastern part of N. M., on the Colorado & Southern R. R., in Union Co. We came here about two years ago and took a homestead and we are not sorry. We like the country and people and our little town much better than to be from home. There can be seen miles of beautiful level country. There is plenty of government land here yet. We have had lovely weather here this spring and some have corn planted and gardens in.

Can any of the sisters tell me the title and author of the book that has "Hazel Kirk" for the heroine?

If Mrs. T. Clemons will get walnut leaves and scatter around those troublesome fleas, they will leave.

Have any of the sisters a pattern for a large Dutch Battenberg collar, such as is worn outside of a coat and which they would loan me. I would return it in good order. It is hard to get patterns of that kind out here.

May God bless Uncle Charlie and all afflicted ones; also the editors and readers of COMFORT. I beg to sign myself one of COMFORT's sisters,
Mrs. EDEN CAYNAUGH, Grenville, New Mexico.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am sending in some new subscribers and want the silk pieces for my premium. This is my second order for silk pieces as they are more than represented. How many of you sisters have these silk scraps?

Will some of the sisters tell me if butter milk is wholesome for an old baby and how he should take it as sweet milk does not agree with him in hot weather. He does not like butter milk or eggs.

What a fine number the March COMFORT was! With best wishes, I remain,
Mrs. W. F. HUDSPETH, Nemo, Texas.

Mrs. Hudspeth. I would like to suggest that you try preparing your baby's milk in the following way before using buttermilk, which I fear does not contain sufficient fat. One part cream, one part milk and two parts boiling water to which a third of a teaspoonful of sugar is added. Also try the beaten white of egg with the juice of an orange and a very small amount of sugar. Rich gruel is usually taken by children and is made palatable by adding a little cream and salt. Rice is a good bone maker.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never ventured to enter your cozy corner before and hope I am welcome.

I wish to tell Fannie Cole my experience as a wife. I was married young, for twelve long years I suffered what some almost unbearable torture, for I worshipped my husband; in fact I thought too much of him. Now, I do not blame him for this trouble, and from my experience, I have learned lessons I could not have learned any other way. And these same lessons are of service to me now.

I trusted in God to make all things right and to bear up under my burdens.

Now I enjoy perfect happiness with a family of five small children about me, and two have gone to their Heavenly home. I can sympathize with the broken-hearted and lend a hand to the helpless. As a general thing, husband and wife both think they are right, when in fact, neither are right.

Bertha Vaughan. I want to say to you that there are just as many bad men as there are bad women. When you wrote your letter, you certainly thought our own sex very much more disgraced than that of men.

Dear sisters, I want to tell you that the cultivation of flowers is a good remedy for the blues. If any of you wish to send me seeds, or plants of hardy flowers and vines, I will send in return, if you wish. Here is a little advice for those who care to accept. Always be willing to prove yourself wrong as your opponent. Do not blame others too much for their faults; you may have just as bad ones, but cannot see them yourself. With love to you all,
Mrs. CATHERINE SAUNDERS, Novelty, R. R. 1, Box 64A, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

Is there one of you living near the Grand Canyon, Ariz. that reads COMFORT? If so, won't you please

write me, for, I have just received some delightful reading matter from there, and become interested in that section. Also, I should like to hear from some dear little woman who lives way off from everybody.

Did any of you ever have rheumatism? I did and was almost helpless for a year, but was cured by taking a very simple remedy and have never had a touch since which was four or five years ago. Take one level teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a glass of water once a day. Use a little hot water to dissolve cream of tartar and then fill glass with cold water. I had first-class physicians, but they did not relieve me. I did not touch the piano for almost a year, and that was a severe privation to me. This remedy sounds too simple to be of value, but have known many cures to result from it.

Try putting lemon juice in chocolate frosting; it gives a delicious flavor.

I should be pleased to correspond with the sisters; letters are always welcome, and I look forward to receiving my COMFORT when I can read those in our corner. Mrs. J. C. BANSON, Mansfield Center, Conn.

DEAR SISTERS:

Would you please make room for a shut-in from the state of Illinois? I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and cannot tell you dear sisters how much I enjoy your letters. I am twenty-six years old, with dark brown hair, gray eyes and fair complexion. I have spinal curvature, and have not walked for over eight years. My right hand is quite helpless, although I manage to do lots of nice fancy work in which I find great pleasure. I am confined to the house most of the time, especially in the winter when I don't get out at all. Those who enjoy good health and are able to get about cannot imagine what a shut-in's life is like. I am contented with my lot, always trying to be happy, but there are days I cannot help feeling a little blue, to think I can never be able to enjoy the pleasures of life like others. I live in Peru, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants. La Salle is the next town which joins Peru and makes it appear as one town, and are called the "twin cities". We have five churches, eight schools, two of which are high schools and one college. Starved Rock, the place where they starved the Illinois Indians, is about seven miles from here and during the summer many people visit it. Cherry, Ill., the place of the great mine disaster which occurred in November, is ten miles from here. It was heartbreaking to hear the news of how those poor men had to die such a terrible death.

I am a member of the League of Cousins, and enjoy reading Uncle Charlie's witty answers to the cousins' letters. He seems so cheerful one would not think he were a shut-in.

I love to receive photographs and would appreciate it very much if the sisters and cousins would send me their photographs if they have one to spare.

Now sisters and cousins I would like to have you visit me any time with letters or any little remembrance to brighten a shut-in's life.

Miss ROSE LINDEMAYER, 1515 W. 9th St., Peru, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As it is now some two years since I wrote you, I thought perhaps I might have a little space again. I read all your letters; every word of them, and then turn to Uncle Charlie's part before reading anything else.

Would some sister living in Florida, near Jacksonville please write me? We are considering going there. I should be pleased to exchange novels with some of the sisters. I should first like to correspond, exchanging lists of those we have.

I would like a letter from Lola Belle Roath, 225 20th Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear sisters, When you go to call on that new neighbor, talk happiness. Never tell over your ailments or misfortunes. This old world has troubles enough and a bright smile or word of cheer accomplishes more than all the complaints. Be an optimist always.

Letters are a source of pleasure to me as I spend much time at home, and all who write me I will try to answer. I enjoy hearing the life experiences of others and far too many think as they get along in years, there is little more for them. This is a great mistake; one should keep in touch with the world by reading the newspapers in order to converse intelligently upon the vital questions of the day.

When you have much sewing to do, sisters, put on a pair of bed slippers which allows the ankles to move more freely, and put on a thin cap with black visor pulled over the eyes and you will not be nearly so tired after your day's sewing. It rests the eyes wonderfully.

Paint spots can be removed from a garment by saturating with coal oil and rubbing thoroughly. Here is my favorite bit of verse:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
It does not behoove any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

ANNIE VICTOR, 319 N. Maple St., Centralia, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to tell you all how much I enjoy reading your letters and ask if any of you are situated as I am, so far from a settlement that company is impossible? We are three in family; husband, myself and a baby girl five years old. Husband is a lawyer and I pass many lonesome hours, as we are alone the greater part of the time.

If any of the sisters have books or papers they have read and would send me, they would be greatly appreciated, as reading is the only pastime I have; and if they will inclose name and address I may be able to return favor in some way. I cannot promise anything as we haven't much of this world's goods.

I should like to add two tried recipes for baby's cold: For congestion across the chest, any kind of bird oil and all the gum camphor it will take up. Shake well and rub on chest, and if the nose is stopped, rub nose and temples; it gives instant relief. Prepare onions as for table and fry; put into a bag just large enough to cover baby's chest, and pin or tie in place. Lay a thick cloth over this to protect clothes and let stay all night. Cold will be loose in the morning.

Mrs. JAMES LOWE, Tantie, St. Lucy Co., Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in just a few moments? I have received so much help from your letters, I feel it really my duty to try and help others.

An excellent application for chapped hands, made by melting an ounce of mutton tallow and adding one teaspoonful of carbolic acid; mix thoroughly and apply at night.

To drive moles away put cayenne pepper in their holes and ridges.

I wish the mothers would write more about the little ones; how to dress and care for them. I am a young housekeeper twenty-five years of age; have been married nearly seven years and have three children. A little girl of five years, a little boy of three, and a darling baby boy of fifteen months; each is healthy and strong. How many put Buster Brown suits on their boys? I find them very serviceable and would gladly send a pattern to any mother who hasn't it; also little dress pattern with round seamless yoke. Please inclose stamp for reply as I never have many at a time. I also have some fine recipes for different kinds of salad which perhaps someone would like to have. I am trying to finish a silk and worsted quilt and would be glad if some of the sisters who have pieces would send me a few. Wishing success to COMFORT.

Mrs. J. M. NEWMAN, Elk City, R. R. 3, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and greatly enjoyed your letters. This is a splendid farming country for all kinds of grain and export cattle are shipped without being grain-fed.

Here are a few hints that may prove useful to some one: A little sugar added to turnips while cooking will improve their flavor.

Add a little kerosene to the water when you put your clothes to soak; it will clean and whiten.

When children are suffering from croup, give a teaspoonful of honey to which a pinch of powdered alum has been added.

Will some of the sisters give me a home remedy for blind or bleeding piles from which my four-year-old daughter is a sufferer.

I am making a rose garden, and if any sister has rose slips to spare I would be grateful for them, and name each for the sender. I should be pleased to correspond with sisters.

Mrs. J. T. FAIRIS, Pulaski, R. R. 1, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For two years I have not taken my paper, and I have missed a great deal. I hope never to miss a copy again for it is the best all-around paper I take out of six. The stories are good, clean and interesting, and we have so many helpful hints and cheerful letters. I wish I could send COMFORT to every poor shut-in that is not already a subscriber. I will do all I can, in any way I can for them all. It is through Uncle Charlie's goodness and thoughtfulness that so many shut-ins have received wheel chairs and cheery letters.

This is a beautiful prairie country and in spring and summer we have many pretty wild flowers, but

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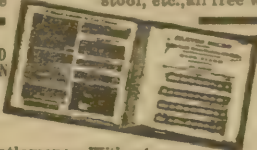
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the wind blows so hard here, one can't have flowers and anyone wishing to exchange flower seeds or plants for wild flower seeds I will gladly do so. We have wild asters, almost like the cultivated; larkspur in light and dark blue and pink; scarlet standing cypress, and buffalo clover which grows in a bush form, and the flowers are in bunches almost exactly like wisteria. Job's coat is a peculiar flower of bright red. There are ever so many others, but I do not know their names. Would be pleased with some pretty vine seed or plants. LULA BENTON TOWERY, Nevada, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Truly our paper is a comfort to lonely women! We came to this new country last November on account of my husband's ill health, and are getting along nicely. We live on a ranch, one half mile from our one neighbor, and ten miles from town.

We teach our three children at home as there are no schools. If you wish to vote sisters, you can do so here in Wyoming. I think I may when I have been in the country long enough.

I gave my little girl Marvel a few drops of asafetida in sweetened water three or four times a week for worms, and it cured her.

For indigestion, try eating fresh fruit before breakfast.

For a laxative try eating sweet corn parched; this is splendid.

With best wishes to all,
Mrs. IDA C. WRAY CASE, Upton, Box 106, Wyo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been wanting to join your circle for a long time, but somehow my courage failed every time until now I am making the attempt. I am especially interested in a corner, and as soon as COMFORT arrives I turn to the letters from our dear sisters. There is always something good in each and every letter; something which we have never before thought of, and it is no wonder everybody says, "I cannot keep house without dear old COMFORT." How many sisters troubled with corns and bunions know that equal parts of ammonia and salicylic acid, shaken well together and applied freely for nine nights before retiring, then bathe feet in as hot water as can be borne will remove them. If corns are old and hard, give second course of treatment. I know from experience, removing three corns and a bunion for myself.

Will someone tell me how to remove indelible ink from white cloth?

This is my recipe for bean patties which I think very nice: Cook navy beans until tender; drain and mash the same as potatoes, let cool and make into balls or patties; dip in beaten egg, then roll in cracker flour. Fry golden brown in part butter and lard. They are delicious.

Mrs. ELMOR McDONALD, 434 Centner Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In the November number I notice Mrs. Henry Whesley of Pa. asks if anyone has a COMFORT older than 1891. I have from 1890, and if any have still older COMFORTS, let us hear from you. Get busy sisters, look up your COMFORTS and send in the date to our editor. It would be interesting indeed to know who was the oldest subscriber. I have taken COMFORT for many years. I think it one of the best publications and shall continue to read it until my sight fails me. There is no other magazine that brings the same cheer and sunshine into the home, or teaches the same practical Christianity as COMFORT. Have religious and other good reading which I will send to any wishing it, if they will send me their address. Will some sister from the "Sunny South land" write me, inclosing a few cotton seeds? Will acknowledge the favor.

Mrs. MARY A. R. MOTTER, Jefferson, R. R. 1, Md.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: May I be a "bachelor maid" of nineteen summers, join your charming circle for a few minutes? I'll promise not to stay long. I have derived much good from COMFORT, for we have taken it for years. I have received such nice premiums for so little work, by getting up Cucumber clubs. Such a nice Bible, and several other lovely premiums, I was only out one afternoon, but almost everyone subscribed, and no wonder. Such a comfort in deed and truth.

Now for some household helps: The very best yeast I ever tried is made as follows: Bring to a boil one quart of fresh buttermilk. Stir in enough white corn meal to make like thick gruel. Let boil up well; remove from fire and cool. When lukewarm, stir in one cupful of good yeast, and set in warm place to rise. In two hours it should be light; then thicken with cornmeal, make into cakes, and dry thoroughly. No salt, sugar, hops, nor flour. Make bread the same as with hop yeast. This is so easy to make, and so good.

While boiling starch add a small piece of paraffine,

and your clothes will iron much nicer, and retain the starch longer.

While boiling white clothes, add two teaspoonfuls of turpentine to the boiling water, and your clothes will be snowy.

I want to say to one and all: "It doesn't pay to worry." If affairs look dark you can't brighten them by fretting. There is always a bright side, if we will only look for it.

"Ever the sun shines somewhere
Over the land and sea,
Be strong in thy faith and courage
There are summers yet for thee."

Pluck up your courage, and march bravely on. I am a farmer's daughter, and proud of it. There is no place like the country for me, where we "look through nature up to nature's God." Of course the farm means work, but let us not grow discouraged and think our place not worthy of our best efforts, for truly, the home-maker fills a noble and a grand position, and her influence reaches the world around. This morning I heard the first blue bird; just a breezy little trill, but how sweet! "For the winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

Now for a description of myself. I am five feet four inches tall, brown eyes and hair, and fair complexion. If this time you extend the "glad hand," I may come again sometime.

MISS BONNIE G. HOUGHEN, Tower Hill, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you please let me have a little space in which to straighten out a misunderstanding regarding my sisters and children. They do not live with me, but twenty miles from here with their father who provides a good home for them, as well as good care. I want to thank all the sisters who sent favors.

MAGGIE RIDLING, Ladonia, R. R. 2, Box 74, Texas.

Letters

Mrs. Leathia Dukes, Chontean, Box 131, Mayse Co., Okla. Mrs. Trella Paty, 3707 West 12th St., Little Rock, Ark. Miss Katie Warneka, Black Gum, Okla. Mrs. Lulu Grice, Deadwood, Texas. Mrs. Emma Bower, Casey, R. R. 8, Ill. Mrs. Ethel Weaver, 487 Olive St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Requests

Mrs. Green, 157 Bleeker St., Gloversville, N. Y., name of author who wrote "A Partnership with God is Motherhood. What strength, purity, love, selfcontrol and wisdom should belong to her who helps God fashion an immortal soul! A nation rises no higher than its mothers."

Mrs. S. W. Vanslie, North Bend, Box 277, Ore., song, "Laraina."

Mrs. Bullard, 16 Howard St., New Bedford, Mass., to learn birthplace of James Bird; also who his parents, brothers and sisters were.

Miss M. O. Pratt, Dudley, Idaho, song, "School-days."

Mrs. N. B. Campbell, Kona, Okla., birthday shower on May 30.

DEAR SISTERS: In the April COMFORT our editor asks for suggestions. There is only one I would like to make; that is I would like the sisters to take the space to describe the town, city or country in which they live, instead of giving a description of themselves. I derive a lot of comfort from our little paper.

Mrs. Estes Griffin. Mrs. Wilkinson advised lime water for your little loss which is excellent. While wheat bread is good and rye bread too, and if one teaspoonful of lime is added to each quart of flour in the making, it is also helpful.

Cotton, corn and peanuts are raised here for money crops. The people are kind and I like to live here. North Emporia, Va., is seven miles from the N. Carolina line. Wishing COMFORT success. I am yours truly,
Mrs. F. M. WEAR, North Emporia, Va.

Mattie Louise Houts, Mt. Holly, R. R. 2, Box 92, N. C., cancelled stamps.

Mrs. Little E. Powell, Rescue, Box 26, Va., recipe for making vinegar.

Miss Mary Jefferson, Troy, R. R. 5, Mo., songs, "The Red Chief's Only Child," also "The Indian's Prayer."

Mrs. Jesse Skaggs, Ballard, Monroe Co., W. Va., letters from sisters in Iowa.

Mrs. Belle Whitlock, Humansville, R. R. 2, Box 2, Mo., correspond with Florida sisters.

Miss Jenny Edwards, West Phalia, Kans., letters, wool and silk pieces.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Two Jumps at a Conclusion

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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WHEN Alice Raymond had first come to the factory, plenty of invitations had come her way to dances and gatherings, but her gentle cool refusals had taken the heart out of all of her would-be friends save Jim Edmunds, conductor on the line, and one of the firm's bookkeepers, Leand. Between them as survivors of the fittest, a hard, keen rivalry had sprung up; and the general opinion among the many interested in the factory was that Jim was more than holding his own. Leand, however, was not ready to give up the pretty dark-eyed girl without making a strong effort; and his chance came one night when he made the first jump.

Jim Edmunds' car was the last on the line to leave the factory corner; and Alice seemed to prefer to take it rather than the others which the girls rushed for further up the line. She preferred it on the ground that it was always less crowded—there may have been another reason however.

The night of the discovery, Leand, having to work overtime in the office, failed to take an early car, and so found himself on Jim's. After getting on he noticed Alice in front of him, but he was too late to secure a seat beside her; and just then Edmunds came along collecting fares. Leand looked sourly on as he saw him stop and look down into Alice's bright face raised smilingly to his in answer to his greeting.

Then something happened that sent a thrill through Leand and shocked him to an upright posture—Edmunds did not collect her fare nor did he ring any amount up! There was crooked work somewhere. Leand sank back in his place and thought hard; slowly a plan of action formed in his mind as he figured it out. There were a few things mysterious about it, but if all went well he saw a way of putting Edmunds' stock down hard.

The next evening the same thing happened: Edmunds took no fare from her and rung no amount up in the register. His scheme was all worked out; it was a big chance but worth taking. So the following evening he left the car with her, and with her consent walked to her house with her. In the course of the conversation he skillfully brought up the rumor which he said he had heard that there was someone of the conductors on the factory line who was doing a lot of grafting, evidently taking fares and not ringing them up or letting friends ride without collecting fares from them. It was a blundering effect, for he saw her start as the suggestion in his words went home.

"Why—" she began, then evidently feeling that what she was about to say was not for him to know, she hesitated.

"I am afraid Jim—" he began slowly, hoping to urge her just enough.

"Jim?" she exclaimed, her slight frame stiffening with indignation. "He would never do such a thing!"

He looked at her. "Alice, I myself saw him pass you."

"I know," she interrupted hurriedly, "he does; but you don't understand—it was so foolish of him. He said that I had so many to look out for here at home, and—and—I wouldn't let him help any other way—the way he wanted to—and, too, his hours are so long he can't take me anywhere, so he called it his little treat. He was bound to—that could I do—but he rings it up."

"Does he, Alice, that's the point; you would not notice, but I have watched him carefully, and he does—not!"

"I don't believe it! It can't be true—do you think so?" she pleaded. "Heavens!" And her white face showed how deep the thought had stung that Jim under the pretence of being good to her should deliberately be doing this dishonorable thing.

When he left her a little later, he hurried down to the car barns and went into the Manager's office. When that much bothered individual heard what he had to say, he came up standing, his eyes aflame. "So that's where the leak is, is it! Young man, you've done me a mighty good turn—I've been trying for a month to stop up some of these cracks. By George! Hey there—Edmunds has come in just now hasn't he?—well tell him I want to see him in a half hour—good by. We'll settle this for good and all. Now, I want the girl here—you say she lives over across—where?" He telephoned. "I'll send someone after her."

Leand left and came back later in hopes of giving Alice the idea that he was called in as a witness also. He went up just as she entered. They faced the Manager, who was looking over some papers. He said to his assistant: "Tell Edmunds to come in."

The door opened and Edmunds stepped in, looking a little weary, but wearing his usual good-natured look. When he saw Leand and Alice's white strained face, he stopped short. "Why what does this mean?" he said in a startled way.

The Manager turned sharply: "This much, Edmunds—I've got a few questions to ask, and I want answers straight!" He waited a moment then short and sharp came his question: "Have you been collecting fares from this girl?"

Edmunds' face shadowed, he wavered, he hesitated. "No—I—no—I haven't—"

Alice started to speak, but the Manager silenced her with a glance and spoke before Edmunds could frame his reply. "Have you rung them up when you did take them?"

"There?" the Manager's fist came down. "You're the chap are you? Why under the sun the inspectors didn't get you is more than I know! You must be a sly one! you—"

"Wait a moment!" cutting through the Manager's hot stream of talk went Edmunds' words; and steel was shining in his eyes. Alice leaned forward as she heard the cool manly ring in his voice, and the light in her face made Leand feel cold. Something in the ring of his voice held the Manager silent. "I did not take fares from her—true—nor ring any amount up then; but when I reached the barn at the end of the run where I keep my own money so as not to run any risk of getting it mixed up with the company's, I did ring up those fares with my own—good—money! Have Waters come!"

Waters, who had the financial end of the day trips in his charge came in. He was a trusted friend of the Manager. "Waters," Edmunds asked, "Don't I, when I get to the barns, always ring up a fare just before I give the register to you?"

"Cert, my boy—a little irregular but O. K.," Waters said, smiling. "What a time I had getting the reason out of you!" His eyes twinkled. The Manager broke in. "Bill, this is no comedy—is Edmunds all right with the cash?" he asked shortly.

Waters looked at him sharply, and his face changed as he understood the situation. "Edmunds O. K.? Why—d—d—d—man, he's the squarest of the bunch!"

The Manager blinked a little while the words soaked in; then he rubbed his chin. "It looks to me if I were a fool," he said, slowly. His eyes caught Leand's sour, disappointed face and a glare rose in them. "You'd better go!" he shot at him. Leand went.

He put one hand on Edmunds' shoulder. "Edmunds, I took one jump at a conclusion and that chap the other, and we both lit wrong end up. I'm sorry, mighty, but I was dead tired and when that chap came in I went up—I'm sorry." He looked at Alice as she stood smiling a little tearfully near him. "I'll give you a week's vacation at full wages—how's that?"

Edmunds started. Joyous eyes said plainly that they would forgive.

The Manager watched them as they walked down the roadway, dusky under the road lights, and the light in his eyes softened to a smile. Suddenly, he saw something that made him pull Waters close; and they both stared in silence through the window a moment. Then Waters drew away. "You're an old fool," he said as a man speaks to a life-long friend.

"Granted! Bill," the other said, "but we ought to give the boy a little wedding present—what'll it be?"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

material and the opportunity. The beauty of this work is that it blesses the one that gives more than the one that receives. If I run a Sunday school I would devote half the time to prayer, instruction, singing and similar work, and the other half of the time I would devote to doing things for the children. If possible, to bring flowers, fruit, jelly, eggs or anything that their parents could spare, and I would march the whole class off to the chamber of some sick and needy person, and have them leave their gifts there. That's the way to make children kind, considerate, sympathetic and unselfish. That is the way to make them noble men and women. That's the way Christ would have them go. Give my love, Maggie to all your sunshine band. Lawrence Bird is now amply provided for, but there are hundreds of others thousands in fact, who are as needy as he, and to your loving care I commend these, your less fortunate brethren. God put it into your hearts to care for them.

ESCONDIDO, R. R. 2, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am writing to let you know how delighted I am with Uncle Charlie's Poems and Song Book, which I received a few weeks ago. Thank you very much for them. All the cousins who have not yet obtained a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems and Song Book ought to send for them as soon as possible, as they are certainly splendid and I know you will enjoy them.

I have been a member of the C. L. O. C. for several years now. I live on a farm, with my parents and sister. I am five feet, four inches tall, have dark hair and blue eyes. We all think Comfort the best monthly paper we have ever read, and Comfort's League of Cousins, the most interesting part of Comfort. We always read that page first.

Escondido, where I live, is a small town, and is noted for its lovely climate. Nearly all kinds of fruit and grain are grown here. The oranges, lemons and grapes grown here are claimed to be of the superior quality to those grown elsewhere. Escondido is in the southern part of California, and is about twenty miles from San Diego.

I have just read in the December issue of the American Magazine, an article written by Mr. J. K. Turner, entitled "Barbarous Mexico," with the contract slaves of Valle Nacional. I did not know slavery existed anywhere in these days. It is dreadful. It does not seem possible that people could be so cruel and heartless as to make people into slaves and oppress and treat them so cruelly, as described in that article, and all for the love of gold. It is a pity that any of God's children, should be deprived of one of the greatest blessings—freedom. What do you think about it? If such conditions really exist, do you not think it the duty of every nation, claiming to be a Christian nation, to protest against it?

If this letter appears in print, I would be pleased to have the cousins write to me. Hoping God will bless you and give you strength Uncle, to carry on your good work, and with love to all, I am, your niece and cousin,

MARION HANNE. (No. 10,322.)

Thanks, Marion, for your exquisitely written letter. It's a treat to read such a letter as yours. It was not necessary for me to stand on my head before I could get wise to what you were writing about. It does my heart good to find how indignant you are over the fact that there is slavery existing in the republic south of us—Mexico. I have not read this article, but I have heard about it. I hope no one however will point the finger of scorn at Mexico, because Mexico could quickly point a score of equally scornful fingers back at us. I suppose, dearie, out on your ranch in beautiful California, where nature is so bountiful and God's goodness is so wonderfully manifested on every hand, that it is hard for you to realize that there is more slavery in the United States today than there is in Mexico. Men may not take whips to drive their fellowmen to their laborious tasks, as they do where peonage exists, but the whip of hunger and necessity forces men, women and children in these United States of ours to forms of slavery far more terrible than any you find in the republic presided over by President Diaz. Right in the big city where I live, the street car railroad men are threatening to strike. Some of them are compelled to work twenty-three hours at a stretch. How's that for slavery? I have a friend of mine who is a ticket agent at one of the rapid transit stations in New York. He has to sell tickets to frantic mobs of men and women for twelve hours at a stretch and often they make him work from three to four hours longer, without a cent of pay, and the case may be for his nerve-racking work. If he takes any bad money he has to make it good. Many people try to pad bad quarters and half dollars, and in the rush it is almost impossible to detect them. His life is slavery, slavery of the worst kind. Go into the tenements and the sweat shops, and you will see men, women and children, working sixteen and eighteen hours a day in filthy holes where at times nine and ten people are herded together in one room. These poor wretches are turning out "bargains" in shirtwaists and other garments, they toil can barely make enough to keep body and soul together. A fat greasy boss, with diamonds on his fingers, and a big cigar stuck between flabby, sensuous lips, waxes rich on the toll of the white slaves of New York, and other big cities of the land. There are thousands of our wage slaves today who would be overjoyed could they but live under the conditions which ruled in the days of slavery in the South. It pays the slave owner to keep his slaves in good physical condition as he can get more work out of them. Slaves too, are costly things when they have to be bought, and a man will take care of those things which cost him money. Look how careful some men are of their horses, how utterly indifferent they are as to the physical condition of their wives. A new horse may cost a hundred or two hundred dollars, a new wife costs nothing. A human slave costs money, while wage slaves cost nothing, except the pittance given them for their toil. The wage slaves die, consumption carries them off as the frosts of winter carry off the flies, but there are thousands ready to step into their places. Marion, while your heart is stirred with pity for the slaves of Mexico, have some pity and sympathy too for the slaves of the United States. The way to show practical sympathy is to never buy an article if you can, unless it is stamped with the Union label. When you see a union label on an article, you will know it has been manufactured under conditions that are fair, square and human. When you buy a shirt-waist for thirty-nine cents and congratulate yourself on it being a bargain, remember that garment has been made only too often at the cost of human lives.

"O men, with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human features' lives.
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bane,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,

It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

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The last letter I wrote, was from Zion, N. Dak., but we have moved since then to Waterville, Wash. We run a boarding house called the Palace Hotel and a restaurant called the Palace Restaurant, it is right beside the hotel so there you are.

How are all the other cousins and yourself? I am fine and dandy.

We have ten rooms up-stairs and a parlor, and six rooms down-stairs and the office and parlor. All I do is make beds and make and my brother do all the rest.

What did you get for Christmas? I got a ring and a cross and chain, two or three ribbons, a new dress, a box of stationery, a bottle of perfume and a baby's rattle, also a kiss and a great big hug. All my aunts and uncles were here and a preacher and his wife. We certainly had a dandy time. I ate ice cream until I nearly busted, ha! he!

The ice was fine last night. I go skating on such nights you know. We played whip cracker on the ice and I nearly broke my head, but I got along all right. Now I will tell you about my pets. I have a buckskin pony and a few pups, also a pet kitten which never stays at home.

I suppose you are getting tired of my stuff, so with a kiss and a hug, good by.

EDNA MCCLAIN. (No. 20,809.)

Edna, I am delighted to hear from you. I've had a great deal of experience in your line of business, running hotels, and have many pleasant and unpleasant recollections of public hostilities. First, however, I must give you a scolding in your letter you say: "I don't know how tall I am, but I beat my mother." Edna, I am simply shocked at the brazen way in which you make this confession of what I should call a mortal sin. How ever can you find it in your heart to beat that poor, dear, sweet mother of yours. I have heard of mothers whipping their daughters, but I never heard of a child whipping her mother before. What are the people of Waterville doing that they stand idly by and allow you to beat your mother thus? On your card you promise to be kind to your parents and here I find you knocking the lining out of the most important of our rules and apparently oblivious to the enormity of your crime. Now, Edna if I ever hear again of your beating your mother, thirty-five thousand members of the C. L. O. C. will make a personal call on you at Waterville, Wash., and you'll get washed good and hard. We positively cannot permit any young lady to chastise her parents, especially her mother. You say that in connection with your hotel you run a restaurant, called the Palace Restaurant. Edna, I am wondering what a restaurant is. To say it is a place where you rest your aunts. If Toby is right I am wondering why you don't run a restaurant as well as a restaurant. Uncles as liable to get tired as aunts. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean a restaurant, a place to eat in. You see Billy is an authority on anything connected with eating so I guess he ought to know. I hope you'll build a restaurant, Edna, especially for me. If anyone needs a rest I do. I am glad to hear that you are an expert at making beds. I wish you would make me a nice brass bed, with a good set of springs and a good first-class mattress. I am tired of sleeping in a shoe box. That one half of mine isn't getting a square deal. It does not get any chance to stand on its hind leg and expand in this shoe box. You ask me if I am very fine? Yes, I am very fine. I am so fine I can hide behind a toothpick without being seen. Amongst your Christmas gifts Edna, I notice you say you had a box of "stationary." The dictionary says that stationary is something that's fixed, and does not move. Now when I get a box of stationary it moves very quickly. I guess you mean a box of stationery instead of stationary. Billy the Goat says he wishes you would send him that bottle of perfume, as he is going to call on his best girl and wants to get nicely scented up for the occasion. Thank you for the kiss and hug, Edna, but much as I appreciate these delightful demonstrations of affection, if you've no objection, I'd rather you'd make me that brass bed. A little girl who can make beds as well as you do, ought to be ready to rescue a man from sleeping in a shoe box. Just one word in conclusion, dearie, don't forget to expand in that I'm hard to beat, and I'm mighty glad of it. The only things I ever tried to beat were a board bill and a carpet. I beat the board bill because I hadn't any dust, and I beat the carpet because I had too much dust. Now, Edna, I'm going to beat it.

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HENRY TAPPE.

Thank you, Henry, for your letter. It is not a very startling letter, but I imagine there are a few things in it that will interest the cousins. You say that you have a big head and live on a small farm. I can't see how a boy with a big head can ever live on a small farm. You ought to get a farm big enough to fit your head, Henry. Big heads on small farms are out of place. I hope you were born with a big head, and thus acquired it naturally. There are a great many people who have enlarged heads through cultivating an exaggerated ego. I am glad you did not get your big head from personal vanity or conceit, but that it came from a perfectly legitimate manner. I trust you are not so big that you have to put your hat on with a shoe-horn. Henry you say that all you have to do is to cut wood and do "chores." Oh, say cousins wouldn't you like to see Henry doing "chores." I have not the least idea what doing "chores" is, but I imagine it must be something interesting. The only core I know is an apple core. Maybe Henry has his face in a barrel of apples hunting the cores all day long. Maybe he sings and gets encores. Billy the Goat says he thinks Henry means chores. Henry you'll have to enlighten us on that point. You seem to have a queer collection of churches in Muscoda. I should like to see a "Catholic" church. That must have a catty congregation all right. We have a cat choir that sings on the fence in our back yard at night and I'm inclined to think Henry that they must have escaped from your "Catholic" church. That "Methodist" church must be an interesting building; and what can the "Lutheran" church be like? Strange I never heard of either of these three denominations, and I doubt if anyone else ever did outside of Muscoda, Wis. I've heard of Catholic, Methodist and Lutheran churches, Henry, but the denominations you mention in your letter seem to be confined to Muscoda, Wis., and I hope they will stay there. Whatever you do don't let them spread. There are too many sects already without that new bunch that you say exists in the metropolis of Muscoda.

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I suppose you are getting tired of my stuff, so with a kiss and a hug, good by.

EDNA MCCLAIN. (No. 20,809.)

Edna, I am delighted to hear from you. I've had a great deal of experience in your line of business, running hotels, and have many pleasant and unpleasant recollections of public hostilities. First, however, I must give you a scolding in your letter you say: "I don't know how tall I am, but I beat my mother." Edna, I am simply shocked at the brazen way in which you make this confession of what I should call a mortal sin. How ever can you find it in your heart to beat that poor, dear, sweet mother of yours. I have heard of mothers whipping their daughters, but I never heard of a child whipping her mother before. What are the people of Waterville doing that they stand idly by and allow you to beat your mother thus? On your card you promise to be kind to your parents and here I find you knocking the lining out of the most important of our rules and apparently oblivious to the enormity of your crime. Now, Edna if I ever hear again of your beating your mother, thirty-five thousand members of the C. L. O. C. will make a personal call on you at Waterville, Wash., and you'll get washed good and hard. We positively cannot permit any young lady to chastise her parents, especially her mother. You say that in connection with your hotel you run a restaurant, called the Palace Restaurant. Edna, I am wondering what a restaurant is. To say it is a place where you rest your aunts. If Toby is right I am wondering why you don't run a restaurant as well as a restaurant. Uncles as liable to get tired as aunts. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean a restaurant, a place to eat in. You see Billy is an authority on anything connected with eating so I guess he ought to know. I hope you'll build a restaurant, Edna, especially for me. If anyone needs a rest I do. I am glad to hear that you are an expert at making beds. I wish you would make me a nice brass bed, with a good set of springs and a good first-class mattress. I am tired of sleeping in a shoe box. That one half of mine isn't getting a square deal. It does not get any chance to stand on its hind leg and expand in this shoe box. You ask me if I am very fine? Yes, I am very fine. I am so fine I can hide behind a toothpick without being seen. Amongst your Christmas gifts Edna, I notice you say you had a box of "stationary." The dictionary says that stationary is something that's fixed, and does not move. Now when I get a box of stationary it moves very quickly. I guess you mean a box of stationery instead of stationary. Billy the Goat says he wishes you would send him that bottle of perfume, as he is going to call on his best girl and wants to get nicely scented up for the occasion. Thank you for the kiss and hug, Edna, but much as I appreciate these delightful demonstrations of affection, if you've no objection, I'd rather you'd make me that brass bed. A little girl who can make beds as well as you do, ought to be ready to rescue a man from sleeping in a shoe box. Just one word in conclusion, dearie, don't forget to expand in that I'm hard to beat, and I'm mighty glad of it. The only things I ever tried to beat were a board bill and a carpet. I beat the board bill because I hadn't any dust, and I beat the carpet because I had too much dust. Now, Edna, I'm going to beat it.

MUSCODA, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I hope the cousins will move and leave room for a boy from old Wisconsin. I am going on twelve years old and four feet ten inches tall, have blue eyes, brown hair, and a big head. I live on a small farm. All I have to do is to cut wood and do chores. I live across the river from Muscoda in a little village called Orian. There is a Methodist Church in Orian. In Muscoda there are three churches, Catholic, Methodist and Lutheran. Uncle Charlie, I wish you could come out here and I would go skating. I can skate pretty well. I hope Billy the Goat will write me this letter and as it is my first, I would like to see it in print. I hope the cousins will write me. Your loving nephew,

HENRY TAPPE.

Thank you, Henry, for your letter. It is not a very startling letter, but I imagine there are a few things in it that will interest the cousins. You say that you have a big head and live on a small farm. I can't see how a boy with a big head can ever live on a small farm. You ought to get a farm big enough to fit your head, Henry. Big heads on small farms are out of place. I hope you were born with a big head, and thus acquired it naturally. There are a great many people who have enlarged heads through cultivating an exaggerated ego. I am glad you did not get your big head from personal vanity or conceit, but that it came from a perfectly legitimate manner. I trust you are not so big that you have to put your hat on with a shoe-horn. Henry you say that all you have to do is to cut wood and do "chores." Oh, say cousins wouldn't you like to see Henry doing "chores." I have not the least idea what doing "chores" is, but I imagine it must be something interesting. The only core I know is an apple core. Maybe Henry has his face in a barrel of apples hunting the cores all day long. Maybe he sings and gets encores. Billy the Goat says he thinks Henry means chores. Henry you'll have to enlighten us on that point. You seem to have a queer collection of churches in Muscoda. I should like to see a "Catholic" church. That must have a catty congregation all right. We have a cat choir that sings on the fence in our back yard at night and I'm inclined to think Henry that they must have escaped from your "Catholic" church. That "Methodist" church must be an interesting building; and what can the "Lutheran" church be like? Strange I never heard of either of these three denominations, and I doubt if anyone else ever did outside of Muscoda, Wis. I've heard of Catholic, Methodist and Lutheran churches, Henry, but the denominations you mention in your letter seem to be confined to Muscoda, Wis., and I hope they will stay there. Whatever you do don't let them spread. There are too many sects already without that new bunch that you say exists in the metropolis of Muscoda.

ROOMER, R. R. 2, Box 36, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've been a helpless shut-in going on eight years. On the 16th day of Nov., 1902, I was thrown from the running gear of a wagon, by a runaway team, and I received an injury to the upper part of the spinal column which paralyzed me from my neck down, and I have been perfectly helpless and I've been as helpless as an infant ever since. Have to be waited on just like one. I can't do anything to earn one cent for

Get this Gold Pair Free

DON'T SEND ME ONE CENT

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on; thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the ~~gold~~ pair forever without a cent of cost if you comply with the very easy and simple good-faith test which I will mail you just as soon as you answer this announcement.

WON'T YOU PLEASE DO ME A FAVOR by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity? Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on one easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat ~~gold~~ Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give you my letter my own personal attention. Address:—DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE.—The above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and Perfectly Reliable

A BOON TO SMOKERS!

The Woven Wire Pipe Bowl

Prevents clogging

Home Dressmaking Hints

On Up-to-Date Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladden

The New Comfort Pattern

In keeping with the promise that 1910 would show many improvements in Comfort, the Home Dressmaking Department has not been overlooked.

With this number I am introducing a new Comfort pattern which is absolutely correct both as to measurements and styles. This new pattern is non-seam allowing, which in itself is an advantage, as it provides a perfect basting line that cannot be deviated from and distinguishes this pattern.

Years of experience have taught the fact that it is not possible to allow any one seam width which will be correct for all materials, as in one instance a pattern will be used for a heavy, close woven fabric, and for another something thin and flimsy.

The outside edge of every pattern should be marked, or traced with care, as that is the perfect and correct sewing or basting line, then the material cut beyond that line as far as its special weave and quality may render necessary. When this is done, the outline of the pattern, which is the basting line that insures perfect fit, is preserved, and it is this line, on which the basting is done, that is important and which should be followed without deviation.

How to Take Measurements

Always take measurements before ordering patterns and be sure they are taken correctly.

The accompanying five figures will teach you the correct position of the tape line when measuring for the purpose of ordering patterns.

Nos. 1 and 2, demonstrate that the tape line should pass across the back in a straight line and close up under the arms, the front to drop in a slight curve which will bring measure over the fullest part of bust. Draw tape line snugly but not tight. This rule applies to all patterns ordered by bust measure.

No. 3 demonstrates waist and hip measurements. To take correct waist measure, remove the belt and pass the tape line straight around the waist (not in dip line) and draw tight. For the hip measure, pass tape line around the body six inches below waist line and draw closely.

No. 4 demonstrates method of measuring girls, which is to pass tape line evenly around the bust and well up under the arms. This applies to boys' patterns as well.

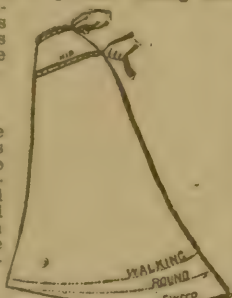
Order Shirt Patterns by Hip Size

Occasional difference in the individual figure from standard measurements is found in the proportions of hip and waist measurements. It is always easy to change the size from the hip point up to the belt, whereas to either enlarge or make smaller over and below the hips is apt to destroy the entire line of the skirt. First take the measure of the hips six inches below the belt and of the waist in a straight line and when ordering skirt patterns by waist measure send in both waist and hip measurements. If the hips be larger in proportion to the waist than the standard, it will be necessary only to take up each seam from the hips up, or in the case of plaited skirts to overlap the plaits. If the hips be smaller in proportion to the waist than the standard, it will be necessary only to allow wider seams above

the hip. The above method of ordering skirt patterns will insure you a perfect fitting skirt at the hip (the most important point), and as described, any changes from the hip up are easily and simply made.

Special Diagram

In addition to the special instructions which each envelope contains, and those applying to the use of all patterns, a diagram will be enclosed with each pattern, teaching the use of the non-seam allowing pattern.



Important Notices

Orders for all patterns previously illustrated in this department will be promptly filled. Beginning with this number all patterns illustrated will be the new non-seam allowing. This new pattern service will insure a prompt filling of all orders.

The Popular Tunic with Gimpes

The tunic is an unquestioned favorite of the season. Dress Tunic with Gimpes, No. 6629 is as simple as it is smart. The gimpes are separate and as illustrated was made from net, while the sleeves can be longer or shorter as liked. The tunic is made of linen, and the sleeves are cut in one with the body portion and there is very little labor required for the making as only shoulder and under-arm seams are used. The tunic falls in exceedingly graceful lines and allows of most effective use of banding, which is arranged on indicated lines. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 bust. In medium sizes, the tunic is three and three quarters yards 32 inches wide. The gimpes need one and one half yards 36 inches wide.



A Dressy Semi-Princesse Costume

No. 6582 is a Semi-princesse costume; an especially stylish design for any of the dotted or figured materials which are so much worn this season. From the square neck is a straight front which meets a gathered flounce. The side portions of skirt are straight, and the fullness at the waist is confined at shoulders in four tucks which are carried to the waist line in the back. The smart little sleeve cap may be made of same and the lower portion of a plain material to match yoke. Or the yoke and sleeves may be made in gimpes style, 34 to 42 bust measure. Medium sizes require eight yards 27 inches wide. Three quarters of a yard 21 inches wide for sleeve puffs, one yard of tucking and twenty yards of banding if made as illustrated.

A Neat, Useful Wrapper

No. 6548 represents a House Gown or Wrapper; one of those neat, useful dresses that every woman wants one or more of. The back is easy fitting and the front has just fullness enough confined at the neck to make it soft and graceful hanging. The pattern gives a fitted lining (which may be used or not), a full or plain sleeves, and is marked for walking or round length, 34 to 44 bust measure. Requires seven yards of material 32 inches wide in medium sizes.

Over Dress for Wash Fabrics

No. 6251, Over Dress to be worn over any gimpes, may be closed at front or back, made with round, square or V-shaped neck. This design is one of the most attractive for wash materials, and may do service for many occasions by having a change of gimpes. Neck, armholes and belt may be embroidered, braided, or simply finished with several rows of stitching, 32 to 40

bust measure. Medium sizes require six and one half yards 32 inches wide.

A Smart Blouse

The pretty, dressy blouse, No. 6630 that closes at the front makes one of the features of the season and is so practical and desirable that every woman welcomes it. It closes invisibly and is worn with a shield which may have a collar or be worn round. Scotch gingham with trimming and shield of plain lawn makes this waist and this material to be greatly in vogue. The uses of this waist are almost without limit as it is equally well adapted to the separate waist or as a waist to a semi-princesse dress and allows of a variety of materials. Cut in five sizes, 34 to 42 bust measure. Medium sizes require three yards 32 inches wide, and seven eighths yard 27 inches wide.

For Misses and Small Women

Costume for misses and small women No. 6644 is one of those simple dresses that are made in shirt-waist style but with waist and skirt joined by means of a belt, so that they become one-piece garments for general wear. This one is youthful and altogether desirable, and made from one of the inexpensive printed wash fabrics, with collar and cuffs of linen. When the Dutch collar is used, finish it separately and bind the neck of blouse. When the stock collar is used, it is joined to the blouse. The skirt is cut in four gores. Cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years; 16 years require five and one half yards 32 inches wide, one half yard 27 inches wide for Dutch collar and cuffs.

No. 6637 makes a very dainty summer frock for the miss who likes pretty things. It is also becoming to small women which extends its usefulness. The design is adaptable to muslin or similar material and is made in semi-princesse style with tiny little yoke of all-over lace and trimming of lace banding or insertion. The straight flounce can be either tucked or gathered but the skirt at its upper edge is designed to be tucked and left with fullness over hips. The blouse is the simplest possible and can be trimmed just as illustrated giving the Russian suggestion, or with just the tucks as trimming. It opens in the back. The attractive little sleeve has a row of tiny tucks running the entire length which match those in waist. Cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires seven yards, 32 inches wide.

Two Useful Models for Young Girls

No. 6012, Girls' Dress with straight skirt is one of the best designs for little girls and is always a favorite. It is adaptable to all the wash materials and many are seen opening the entire length of back so they may be laid flat when ironed. Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years, 10 year size requires three and three fourths yards 32 inches wide, one half yard of all-over lace and two and three fourths yards of banding.

No. 6395 is a Girl's Semi-princesse Dress to be developed in dotted muslin and lace insertion, which is suitable for dressy occasions. It is very easy to make and the lines are graceful and becoming. Cut in four sizes, eight to 14 years. For 12 years, five yards of material 32 in. wide, 18 yards of insertion and two and one quarter yards of edging, to make as illustrated.

Four Neat, Practical Patterns

No. 6423 represents a Child's Play Dress with Circular Bloomers and is an entirely new model. The blouse and bloomers are joined by a belt and close at the back with buttons and buttonholes. Cut in four sizes, two to eight years. For six years three and one quarter yards of material 32 inches wide are required.

No. 6137 shows a Child's Overall or Creeping Apron in one size, requiring two yards 36 inches wide. This garment is indispensable for the child that is just out of arms—at the age when it begins to get about by itself.

No. 5986 illustrates to best possible style for a Child's Petticoat. It does away with the troublesome bind at the waist and hangs well under any style of dress; also it is much easier to make than separate waist and skirt. Cut for two, four and six years. Four years require one and one eighth yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 6432, Children's One-Piece Drawers. They fit well, require very little time and material in

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One shoe smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. Cures swollen, tender, sweating feet. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cts. Trial package FREE. Address ALLEN S. OLIMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Number of HIGH-CLASS WOMEN AGENTS WANTED

To sell our Waist, Suit, Dress and Coat Materials. Early applications receive first consideration. Profitable and dignified work. Write immediately for particulars. NEW YORK FABRIC COMPANY, 30 E. 20th St., Dept. 49, New York City

HAIR DYEING COMB

German patent; produces any shade by simply combing without staining the scalp; perfectly harmless, durable, undetectable. Saves time and money and is the only practical way of coloring the hair. Write for particulars. Address H. BIENECK, DEPT. 31, 1821 Gleason Ave., New York.

making. Make bindings to fit very loosely. Cut for one, two and four years. Five eighths yard of material 36 inches wide will cut drawers for two years size.

Sunbonnets

No. 5694 shows the necessary Sunbonnet in two styles for women, misses and children. Either bonnet requires seven eighths yard of material 27 inches wide.

Design for Shirt-Waist in Wallachian Stitch

No. 424, Transfer Design for front, collar and cuffs on shirt-waist. All the flowers of this unusually graceful design leaves and dots are designed to be worked in Wallachian stitch, the stems to be outlined.

Work-Bag Apron

All who have once possessed one of these convenient work-bag aprons find them invaluable. They are always ready to receive the work, scissors, thimble and thread and do away with the "mislaid" of these articles, and when taken off the work may be neatly folded and protected in its huge pocket. No. 5776 is cut in one size and requires one and one fourth yards of material 27 inches wide.

Questions Answered

DRESS FOR SMALL WOMEN.—I have no doubt Mrs. C. KUHLMAN that size 18 years in No. 3177 will fit you as 34 bust measure is its equivalent.

SUN-VAIST LARGER.—As your waist is all right in length but tight across bust and hips, Mrs. NEWMAN I would remove the collar band and cut from top to bottom and put in one or more rows of insertion to gain breadth. Your material is so fine I think it worth the expense.

TO KEEP BABY WARM AT NIGHT.—Mrs. C. M., in making night gown for baby, have back part six inches longer than front to allow back to come up over the feet and fasten by several buttons and buttonholes across front. Make long and full so baby may have plenty of room to kick.

Some Ideas that Help

When fastening a dress at the back, the right edge should hook onto the left.

The best kind of an arrangement over which to press seams is made by covering a twenty-inch long stick of wood that is about an inch and a half across each way, with several thicknesses of white cotton cloth. A satisfactory way is to draw the edge of cloth tightly the length of stick and tack; then roll about six times very firmly and tack to place. The object is to keep the iron from the garment when the seam is the only part to be pressed. For sleeve seams, pass through sleeve and the curved part will be well pressed without pressing in wrinkles which cannot be avoided when laid flat.

When making skirts, first seam together and put into belt. Then sew on loops and hang for a few days before hemming or facing, to allow the material to sag all it will. A gentle stretching now and then will help. Try on again and even bottom edge.

The best parts of worn-out knit underwear make the best kind of children's under-waists, or supporter waists. Cut with only underarm seam (unless they have to be pieced) and bind armholes and neck. Stitch an inch wide strong piece of cotton cloth or strong braid down center front and over shoulders, that will extend to the bottom front and back, the front in position for garters. Bind bottom and stitch a band (which must be very loose) around waist to hold buttons necessary for the drawers and petticoats.

June Patterns as Illustrated

- 6423—CHILDREN'S PLAY DRESS, size two to eight years.
- 6548—HOUSE GOWN OR WRAPPER, 34 to 44 bust.
- 6632—SAILOR SUIT, 14, 16 and 18 years.
- 6015—WORK APRON, small, medium, large.
- 6275—GIRLS' CAPS WITH HOOD, four to 12 years.
- 6036—BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT, two to six years.
- 6012—GIRLS' DRESS, six to 12 years.
- 6644—COSTUME FOR MISSSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 14, 16 and 18 years.
- 6630—BLOUSE WAIST, 34 to 42 bust.
- 6631—GIRLS' COAT, six to 12 years.
- 6461—PRINCESSE COSTUME, 34 to 42 bust.
- 5694—SUNBONNETS in two styles, women, misses and children.
- 6183—HOUSE GOWN, 32 to 42 bust.
- 6395—GIRLS' SEMI-PRINCESSE DRESS, eight to 14 years.
- 6137—CHILDREN'S OVERALL OR CREEPING APRON, one size.

- 5776—WORK BAG APRON, one size.
- 5861—GIRLS' DRESS WITH BLOOMERS, four to 10 years.
- 6629—DRESS TUNIC WITH GIMPES, 32 to 42 bust.
- 424—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING A BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST in Wallachian stitch.
- 6467—CHILDREN'S YOKE DRESS, one, two, four and six years.
- 5986—SEMI-PRINCESSE COSTUME, 34 to 42 bust.
- 6266—SAILOR BLOUSE, 32 to 40 bust.
- 6597—CHILDREN'S DRESS, two to four years.
- 6637—TUCKED SEMI-PRINCESSE DRESS, 14, 16 to 18 years.
- 5986—CHILDREN'S PRINCESSE PETTICOAT, two, four and six years.
- 6432—CHILDREN'S DRAWERS, one, two, four and six years.
- 6643—BOYS' SAILOR BLOUSE SUIT, eight to 12 years.
- 6251—OVER DRESS to wear with any gimpes, size 32 to 40 bust.

Special Offers. Send ten cents for trial five-months subscription to COMFORT, with five cents extra for any single pattern mentioned. Send two trial five-months ten-cent subscriptions for a pattern free or two trial five-months ten-cent subscriptions, for three patterns. A single pattern for ten cents. Order by number and state plainly size or age. These are the popular seam-allowing patterns. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

myself, or family. I recline in a wheel chair all day and read. I pass my time mostly reading. I try to write a little sometimes, but it is a very difficult matter, owing to the numb and deathlike condition of my hands and fingers. My fingers are all drawn down on the palms, can only use the thumb and forefinger of the right hand well enough to write with. It makes me sick to write any length of time. I have a wife and four children. The youngest one wasn't a year old when I got hurt, and my dear, faithful struggling wife has had them and me to wait on, and care for, and also all of the household work to do herself, alone, all of these years. We've been almost reduced to poverty since I got hurt, by paying out so much for doctors' bills, medicines. We have to buy almost everything now. We sold what marketable timber we had on our little place, and we've been living on that ever since I've been down, but that will soon be exhausted. I'm sad and pitiable condition, and know that we will have your sympathy. Please, all that can, write us cheering letters, for we are greatly in need of cheer and encouragement. I will not be able to answer all who write, but will try to answer all that send a stamp for a reply. Your shut-in cousin,

LAFAYETTE SWANSON. (No. 30.108.)

With reference to the above case, the postmaster writes: "I am acquainted with Lafayette Swanson, and know he has been perfectly helpless since 1902. Cannot help himself or family. He has a wife and four children, and is poor and needy. He is truthful, honest and of good character." His physician says: "He has total paralysis of the lower extremities, and partial paralysis of the upper extremities." I am giving these references, so as to save a lot of people who never give a red cent to help any of our shut-ins, but who spend a lot of time writing to postmasters and county officials, trying to find out if these cases are as I represent them to be. Scores of people write: "Is such and such a case really as bad as you represent it? Can such things possibly be in our glorious country? Please will you supply me with more details, and possibly if I find the case is really one that needs sympathy, I may at some future time, possibly, send some financial assistance." Such letters give me a large-sized pain in the region located between the head and the shoulders, otherwise known as the neck. A man who handles as I do from one to two thousand letters a week all the year round, gets a pretty good insight into human nature, and I can tell in a moment whether a person really wants to be helpful, or is just looking for trouble. If some of the trouble bunch find the slightest flaw in the characters of one of the poor souls we are trying to help and comfort they are delicious with joy. To save the doubting Thomases and the suspicious Sisterhood, from bothering county officials and playing sleuth to demonstrate their cleverness, I am going to give you a bunch of references that all the letters from shut-ins that I publish. This will put the kibosh on the doubting brothers and the suspicious sisters, and save me from writing scores of letters to these individuals, assuring them that our shut-ins are exactly what we represent them to be. Now dear friends, do what you can for this poor afflicted brother of yours, cut down in his prime, dead from the waist down, half dead from the waist up. Send some words of encouragement to the brave little wife who has waited on that helpless husband, and cared for the children, and God knows it's no chuck to look after one child, let alone four. In addition Mrs. Swanson is taking care of the house all these years without assistance. Talk about white slavery, Mrs. Swanson must know all about it. She is a heroine all right. I trust God will give her the strength for her daily needs and those needs must be many. Maybe our lunk-headed legislators will some day have decency enough to give such women a vote. Lift a few burdens from the shoulders of this poor sufferer and his brave little wife, and God bless you in the doing.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and who are becoming interested in the League of Cousins, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one happy family, his help, and a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but these of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistent that we were obliged to admit them on equal terms; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership in COMFORT's League of Cousins costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year. If you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended to full year beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's yearly subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. No premium will be given those sending in members for the League.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over thirty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a year's subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested in such a safe and sure and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins reading in the several states, send us a card by enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for June

(Transmit as you have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me.)

Written references from a postmaster or physician, must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. All appeals unaccompanied by references will be destroyed.

L. B. Tinsley the poor soul with a broken back, and family to support, has moved from Sewell, Va. to 14 West 8th Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Send your help to him there. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Ky. Bedridden invalid for thirty-one years. Would like some records for her Busy Bee gramophone, and cheery letters. Mary Anderson, Farmington, N. M. Helpless invalid. Wants quilt pieces, fancy work, cheery letters and postals, and anything that will help pass away the time. Jurier Pruett, Smith, N.

C. Poor and needy. Asks for clothing. Postmaster writes: "This poor old lady is worthy of all the help she can get." W. J. Corrie, 310 Elizabeth St., Owosso, Mich. Invalid for eleven years. Wants cheery letters and postals. Nathan L. Tart, Benson, R. R. 2, N. C. Helpless bedridden shut-in. Great sufferer, poor and needy. Do what you can to brighten the life of this afflicted soul. Victoria Richmond, New Richmond, W. Va. Was born with one blind eye, and lost the sight of the other by an accident, and is now stone blind. Mother is seventy-seven, half brother crippled with rheumatism. Victoria, though blind pieces quilts. Can't we send her to a school for the blind? Who'll help? Rebecca Thomas, Milledgeville, N. C. Wants quilt pieces and anything that will cheer a lonely shut-in. Mrs. LeRoy Cowles, West Derby, Vt. Worthy invalid. Husband is also partly crippled. Help them if you can. Mrs. M. J. Kline, Benton, R. R. 4, Pa. Mrs. Kline is in poor health, husband nearly eighty and past work. Any help will be gratefully received. Mary E. Willis, Barnesville, Ga. Invalid for many years. A little mite of humanity. Wants stamps, quilt pieces, and any help you can spare. Ulyssa Calvert, Gervais, R. R. 3, Ore. Little invalid girl. Send her cheery letters and postals. No financial aid needed. Miss Dollie Anderson, Onebeck, Tenn. Helpless shut-in. Send for her satin ribbon book marks, ten and fifteen cents each. The latter have silver lettering. Wm. T. Harrah, Backus, Box 74, W. Va. William's birthday is on June 24. I hope you will all pay him a financial visit. He has been lying helpless for years with a broken back, has a delicate wife and some little girls. My December appeal brought him twenty-nine dollars. Make it fifty this time. Annie Peavy, Roanoke, Ala. Annie is a great sufferer. Been a shut-in for seventeen years. Operated on three times. Send her cheery letters, postals and anything that will brighten her life. Annie writes beautifully. Mrs. H. T. Kennedy, Brewton, Ala. Sixty-one years old, badly injured in hip and leg last August. Unable to walk. Entirely destitute. Highly recommended. Any help you can give this poor soul will be greatly appreciated. Annie Leyman, Conover, R. R. 1, Ohio. Poor Annie has been a helpless shut-in all her life. She has recently fractured one of her limbs. She is entirely dependent on two frail sisters for support. Her physician says it is impossible for anyone to realize her suffering and condition. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and help this poor soul. Elmira Cartwright, Bolivar, N. Y. Sixty years old. Shut-in. Send her some sunshine. Mrs. Anna B. Burns, Shebanse, Box 38, Ill. Afflicted shut-in, highly recommended. Worthy of all the sunshine you can send her. Writes lovely letters. Mrs. Sadie Morey, Lexington, Ore. Will give reference. Rebecca Buncie, Calamus, Iowa. Appeals for help for her father, who is nearly blind, and has become helpless from rheumatism. Mother is a cripple, can't do hard work. Six children. Rebecca is the oldest, aged fourteen. Well recommended. Hope you will send them some help. S. A. Chambliss, Pleasant Site, Ala. Helpless shut-in. Grateful for any help. Master Fred Smith, Bremen, E. R. 2, Ga. A little helpless four-year-old crippled boy. Send him some cheery letters, picture books and toys, and a few times. His father is fighting off consumption, mother has curvature of the spine. They have not asked for help. Spencer Holder, Onebeck, Tenn. Helpless shut-in. Body drawn all out of shape. Children too small to help, unable to answer all who write him. Give this tortured soul some help. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. A helpless shut-in. Needy. Grateful for any help. Mrs. Minnie Fenton, Mill Shoals, Ill. Invalid, has little daughter to support. Does beautiful needlework, and writes beautifully. Help this brave little woman to help herself. Mrs. C. E. More, Ellsworth, Neb. Will give a comfortable home to a nice old lady. Would be expected to work. Mrs. M. R. Culver, Roxbury, Box 36, Vt. This poor old soul is nearly sixty years of age, crippled by rheumatism and a great sufferer. Lives in the mountains and is very lonely. Would like scraps for patchwork, cheery letters, and any financial aid you can spare. Highly recommended. Mrs. E. E. Rea, Martinsville, Va. Mrs. Rea has a sick, invalid husband, and several small children to care for. Desperately in need of clothing, some references. Grateful for any help. First-class references all out of the children work in the mills, but the mills are closed down just now. Tom Lockhart, Wellington, Mo. Send fifty cents for Tom's new book, "Cheerful Chats with Faraway Friends." Help hero Tom to help himself. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine. Sick and almost helpless shut-in. Has a delicate daughter. Neither has any means of support. Sad and very worthy case. Help all you can. Miss Mildred Spe, Fairbury, Box 298, Ill. Bedfast with tuberculosis. Would like post-card letters, silk pieces and any monetary help you can spare. Father is aged. Too sick to reply to letters. Highly recommended. T. P. Bryant, Kosse, R. R. 1, Tex. Has been a helpless invalid for many years. Sends splendid references. Send him cheery letters. Letters containing postage and an extra stamp or two to cover the cost of

stationery, will receive replies. J. S. Gill, Grand View, W. Va. A stick of dynamite exploded and ruined his eyesight. Can't see to work, has children, all small, and wife to support. Grateful for any help highly recommended. M. Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa. Great sufferer. Has had both feet amputated. Is stone deaf, has heart trouble. Send her all the substantial aid you can. Will try and answer all those who send postage. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. Twenty-eight. Victim of rheumatism. Unable to work. Hip joints ossified. Send him some sunshine and cheer.

I commend these unfortunates to your loving care. Try and think of them as though they were your very own flesh and blood, your own kin. Think of the anguish and misery of their suffering lives, lives that you can cheer and brighten if you will. You do not know how soon an accident may make you as helpless and needy as they. Now be good boys and girls till we meet again. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

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Price \$8.50. Sent Anywhere. Not Sold in Stores. Think of it! Not \$100, \$50, nor even \$25—only \$8.50. Think what a small price for such a wonderful invention. What's \$8.50 compared to a neat, clean home; when you can banish forever the drudgery of sweeping—cleaning—dusting; when there will be no more carpets and rugs to take up and beat. We guarantee New Home Vacuum Cleaner to be just as represented or your money back. Comes set up ready for use. You will be delighted—enraptured with it. Mrs. Henry Deller, R. 1, "I must thank you for telling me of your wonderful cleaner. What a God send it is to women. I have not felt so rested in years. Work now easy. Plenty of spare time. Don't see how you can sell it so cheap." Don't wait; don't hesitate. Order now. You risk nothing. To try a New Home Vacuum Cleaner means to want it—then to keep it. Every cleaner tested before shipping—guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Send for a cleaner now.

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Publisher of COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

June, 1910.

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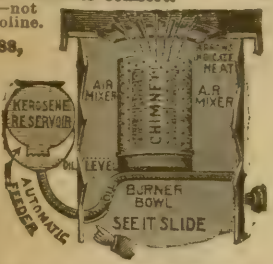
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Okla. Kid, Doxy, Okla.—It is quite correct to assist the lady in removing her wrap. Also to offer your services when she puts it on.

Sweet Bunch, Morris, Minn.—On a long distance guess from your description we should say you were fair average pretty. The young fellow in love with you would probably say you were the prettiest girl on earth. He wouldn't be much of a lover if he wouldn't. And speaking of lovers, you had better wait till you are twenty-one before going against your parents' wishes. Eighteen-year-old girls are mighty apt to make fools of themselves about a man who hands them smooth language.

Sweet Sixteen, Antioch, Ohio.—Upon returning from any entertainment with an escort, you should thank him nicely for his courtesy, but don't tell it to him as if you had read it out of a book. Say it naturally because you really mean it. Always thank anyone who extends any courtesy. If the escort wants to talk too long at the gate or the door, tell him pleasantly that you must say good night, and say it. Then leave him, and if he is the persistent kind, as a good many are, let him stand out there by himself as long as he wants to.

Subscriber, Union, Ill.—You may ask the young lady if you may call. We think the lady should ask the gentleman, but many of them expect the men to ask if they may call, so, if this one does not ask you, you ask her. (2) You need not ask again when you have made your first call, though you may suggest that you would like to call again, if you want to. (3) "Making a date" is slang for making an engagement of any kind except matrimonial.

Faithful Lover, Allons, Tenn.—You are a faithful lover, ain't you? Of course, the younger sister is right in refusing to have anything to do with you after you have discarded her old sister and, if she is trying to get to her. We applaud the young lady's resolution and hope she will continue in the good work.

Sensible, Tacoma, Wash.—You sign your question "Sensible", but the signature is false. You may not be conscious of the need, but really you do need some development along common-sense lines.

Red Leather, Texhoma, Okla.—There is no rule of etiquette setting forth how you may catch a beau. You might try a post card on him, but not more than one. We think that a girl answering your question should have no difficulty in coralling a dozen beaus. You sure would up here in Maine.

Brown Eyes, Buffalo, N. Y.—Why do you want to dress your hair in the most stylish way? Wouldn't you rather dress it in the most becoming way? Would you rather be artificial and stylish, than natural and beautiful? (2) No particular answer more than a fascinating smile is needed in response to a gentleman saying he is pleased to have met her. That will suit him, but she may thank him and smile too. If she wants to and say she is quite as glad to have met him. Formal rules are not followed on such occasions. (3) Introduce the young man to your sisters and parents by simply saying you wish to introduce Mr. So-and-so, and mentioning the names of the sisters so he may know one from the other. Be natural and not stiff about it.

O. B. Converse, Texas.—A boy of seventeen has no business to fall in love with a girl two years older than he is except to learn from her that he should wait till he grows up to be a man before he falls in love. If the girl is as silly as you are, it is hard lines for both of you. Stop thinking about the girls until you are old enough to know how. No wonder your father won't let you go to see her.

Poppy, Letcher, Cal.—Maybe a young man driving with a girl could put his arm on the back of the buggy seat and it would not be considered he had his arm around her, but it would be a violent stretch of the imagination. We think you would have to sit up mighty straight to miss that arm. (2) The man should walk on the lady's right, as a rule, though sometimes he cannot conveniently. That leaves his strong right arm to protect her.

Two Kidnappers, Norristown, Ind.—Etiquette doesn't apply. When a young man does not admire a girl it is because he does not think there is no way to win his admiration. It is nature and you can't change nature, with success. We suppose when you say "admiration", you mean love.

D. A. S. and C. E. V. W., Friday Harbor, Wis.—If you "don't know nothing" to talk about why do you go to see the girl? Get out of the way and let somebody go to see her who knows something.

Troubled Girl, Folsom, N. M.—Sometimes it is necessary for one young man to ask another to take a girl out to supper and it is quite correct for her to go. It depends upon the circumstances whether you did right or not in declining to go.

Red Rose, Marietta, Texas.—Ask her again. Girls love to be asked. When "she drew three long breaths", it was a sure sign that she wanted to be coaxed some before accepting your pop.

Troubled Husband, Kyger, Ohio.—Brace up, brace up. We don't suppose any two young people ever got married and one or the other or both of them didn't have just such spells as you are now having during the first year or so. Discouraging prospects are not cheerful, but you can live them down and when things get going smoothly you will laugh at the hard road you had to travel to get there. Go to housekeeping, even if you have to go into debt to make your home. Let her boss things and she will take courage.

B. B. Ararat, N. C.—A girl may introduce her fiancé as the man she is engaged to, or not, as she pleases. As a rule it is not done until the time is near when they are to marry. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. (2) Take your own time about marrying. If you do it reasonably. The man who is not willing to wait has a bad streak in him somewhere.

Subscriber, Grizzly, Ore.—The man leads the way into the hotel dining-room and into the picture show. Ignorant Inquirer, Mossy Bottom, Ky.—The making of introductions and the responses are various, especially the responses. Ordinarily people say they are glad to meet the person introduced and that seems to be the best form. Very often no more is said than "How do you do?" If you can devise a better plan it would become generally adopted, because graceful introductions and responses are the exception. (2) It is not necessary to do more than bow to the man who takes off his hat and bows in passing. You may speak if you wish to.

Madolyn, Mt. Hope, O.—School rules are not based upon the rules of etiquette. Obey the rules of your school whatever they are, or go to some other school. Each school has its own rules.

R. E. R., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Difference in ages either way does not count if two people thoroughly understand each other and their hearts are in attitude. Better marry a girl twenty years older than yourself and be unhappy. In our judgment you two will make the mistake of your lives not to marry.

L. N. Hathaway, Tenn.—When the man tells the lady upon taking her home from church, or anywhere else, that he has enjoyed her company, she should thank him, or tell him she enjoyed his quite as much. About the same sort of response should be made when he is introduced and tells her he is glad to meet her. See answer above to "Ignorant Inquirer."

E. T., Lincoln, Ill.—It is quite proper for a father to object to his twenty-year-old daughter keeping company with a young man whom she dearly loves, if he

knows the young man to be an undesirable party. If the young man is all right and the old man objects just to be ugly, then it is not right and the girl may wait till she is of age and clove with her true love. (2) Sixteen-year-old girls should be in school, but if they have graduated with credit, they may accept the attention of young men who are the right kind.

Adele, Globe, Cal.—The rules of etiquette expressly forbid a young lady speaking to a young man who has not been properly introduced to her, unless it is really necessary that she should speak to him.

W. E., Spokane, Wash.—Write a note, or call her up on the phone, or mention to her verbally that you would like to have her dine with you, or go to supper whichever it may be. If it is to be something extra good to eat you needn't have much fear that you will be refused, unless you are a great deal worse than the eating is. The style of your invitation depends upon how well you know the lady. Friends ask most any old way, but if she is a formal acquaintance, you must be a little more careful in your language, but in no event make it stiff and unnatural. Some invitations are enough to spoil one's appetite.

Sonny, Cynnet, Ohio.—Ask the young lady what subject she would prefer to have you talk about. We feel sure that we would suggest a subject you could never get away with. The safer plan is not to call until you have something you want to talk to her about. Otherwise, you might as well load a phonograph with language and send it around to her house, wound up to run two hours.

Troubled Lily, Leeds, N. Dak.—You cannot expect to be popular with the young men if you are so bashful that you will not join in their harmless fun and do your part in making life happier. Forget yourself, and think about other people. Lend a hand in all social matters and make life pleasant for all who know you. You'll have plenty of attention then. (2) No girl need be kissed unless she wants to be. Maybe he might catch one from her, but he would never get another if she really didn't want him to have it. We know girls who have never spoken to young men who thought all girls were alike about being kissed against their wills.

Girls in Blue, Vacaville, Cal.—See answers above on the subject of introductions. (2) It is quite proper for a man to smoke in a lady's presence if she does not object. Some ladies do not object to men smoking while on the street with them, but we think no man should smoke on the street with a lady. It does not look well, and the truly gentleman will not do it. An exception to this is when the hour is late and the streets deserted, or on unfrequented streets in the evening.

Sunny South, Monroe, La.—He may not have received the first letter, but he received the others, never doubt a moment. He simply didn't care to bother with you and you are too silly not to understand it. Suppose you harden your common sense a little and quit writing to him. (2) Tell him unless he treats you with proper respect you do not care to see him again. If he persists, turn him down and keep him that way. (3) A young man going to a state college may drop him postal notice of your arrival and your address, but no more. Let him write the first letter.

Desperate Put, Ottawa, O.—"How old had a young man ought to be before he gets married?" Well, he had ought to be old enough to write fairly good English, particularly in a state which has as many public schools to the acre as Ohio has. Suppose you wait until you are about thirty.

L. J. T., Metamora, Ill.—The man puts the lady on the street car, and leads the way off. That is to say, he follows her on and she follows him off. He may, and usually does, offer her his hand in helping her off, though she can get on better without his help than with it, unless she is old or fat. The man leads the way into the theater, though not always if the usher immediately precedes the couple.

I. G. M., Yonkers, N. Y.—The lady speaks first when she meets a man on the street, though custom may be different in Yonkers. Suppose you ask the society Editor of The Statesman who is an authority on Yonkers' social usage.

Honest Girl, Modesta, Ill.—If the young man she loves and to whom she can only write, does not object to her accepting attention from the young men at her home, it is quite proper. But he should know all her men friends. (2) Wait until you are twenty-one and overcome your parents' objections by marrying him. That will be the best way to prove to them that he is true.

Foster-sisters, San Saba, Texas.—Post-cards may be answered at once or as long thereafter as you please. (2) It is the man's duty to escort the lady to the carriage. (3) Certainly if you are called away while talking to a young man in company you may take your seat again beside him. He would feel that you had snubbed him if you didn't, wouldn't he? Maybe he wouldn't be the when you got back, which would make some difference.

Violet, Viroqua, Wis.—Under the circumstances perhaps it would be just as well for you to marry next fall. Both of you are too young, but some young people are older than others and he should have a home with you in it.

Rosebud and Lilac, Orchard Hill, Ga.—It is etiquette, we believe, for engaged couples to kiss, but we think etiquette works over-time occasionally. (2) Three times a week to call means serious intention, and if you are that kind go ahead, if the girl is willing.

W. O. W., Russellville, Ala.—People who write to each other because they like it don't stand on the etiquette of correspondence. They write when they want to and don't bother about who owes the other a letter.

M. A., Ebro, Fla.—Better live in your own home a while before going to the home of your husband's people. Make your own way first, unless he can do better among his own folks. (2) Custom makes it proper to go driving with young men, and custom usually fixes the hour of their return in the evening. If other girls get home early, you should do the same.

Discontented, Coldwater, Ohio.—Your question involves family matters and we don't care to mix in it. Your mother and father should agree upon what is best for you.

Southern Girl, Marion, S. C.—Of course, when they have just become engaged they can kiss. You didn't neglect that part of it, did you? (2) Yes, a half dozen initialed handkerchiefs will be a very nice birthday or Christmas present, especially if you work the initials. Something nice that he can use is the best kind of a present, always.

Violet Eyes, Lincoln, Neb.—No one knows how far down the line the evils of excessive drink will extend. The son of the drinking father though he may have outgrown a nervousness which he inherited may have children who will be nervous. However, if he should abstain wholly from drink it is not probable that his children would be nervous.

J. A. P., Panama, Ia.—The man should be introduced to the lady. (2) At supper the lady may sit at either side of her escort. The guests at a private table are usually arranged so that the men and women alternate.

Somebody's Girl, Pawnee Station, Kans.—Broken engagements are often not only excusable, but the best possible policy. You could do nothing more right and sensible than to break yours when you discovered that the man was entirely unworthy. No blame rests upon you. It is all his. And you should thank God that you found him out in time.

M. D. J., Brownsville, Ore.—If, as you say, you love the girl with all your heart you will cheerfully wait for her, not only three years, but thirty and three. If she should ask it, which she will not. She is the one to be consulted, and if she is the right kind, you will not be sorry you waited for her. See answers above about kissing. They all seem to want to know about what we thought everybody had known ever since couples began to be engaged.

Anxious Augusta, Willow Grove, Mo.—You have asked what is too hard for us to answer as we are not fortune-tellers. You will have to wait till these

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beaus of yours show up and then do the best you can to get the one you love best. In the mean time, if a home beau looks good to you, take him and be happy. The others won't care much for them and they are flirts anyway. A dark man or a light man always is.

Mrs. L. T., Richmond, Va.—The groom is supposed to furnish everything in the house, if he has money enough. If he hasn't and she can help out, she furnishes as much as she can. If she has all the money she does all the furnishing. In other words, the house is the home of both, as much for one as the other, and each should put into it whatever they can to make it more than a mere furnished house.

Blue Bell, Camden, O.—A wardrobe for a girl attending a summer school is about what she usually wears in hot weather except a few extra shirt-waists and plain frocks to work in. At school she should think of the inside of herself, not the outside. (2) It is not good form to wear a sweater to church. Do they in Camden?

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW here is June and none too soon because we love the summer weather and though it may get sizzling hot and the June roses be scorched, still there is something so cheerful in sunshine and blue skies and balmy days that we don't really care very much if we do get a little more of it now and then than is perfectly comfortable. I hope, my dears, you will have June tempers all this month and that they will extend over into the other months of the year and make the atmosphere all about you fragrant as the roses are, even if you have to work some and not do just what you want to do. Which reminds me that there is work for me to do this very minute.

The first is from Cousin Billy Blue of Temple, Texas, and Cousin Billy is in trouble because, though she is the school teacher she has fallen in love with a boy where she boards and doesn't know whether to move her boarding house or not. Maybe she ought to, if she expects to continue as a school teacher, but if she has other ideas, perhaps it would be just as well to stay where she is, and when her term is out—well, by that time maybe the young man, who is much older than she is, will tell her what to do next.

X. Y. Z., Glade, Kans.—You will prove yourself a prize waiting for if you will wait two or three years, at least. Really you should make it four and marry at twenty-one. That is plenty soon enough to assume the burdens of life.

Broken Heart, West Monroe, La.—I think you haven't the sweetheart you thought you had. It seems to me your sister has him. If I were you I would let her keep him and get one that cared a little for me.

Clara, Elkville, Ill.—Do you think if he loved you and cherished you as he should that he would show your letter to another girl he was going with? If you do, you ought to learn better right away and let him go. He is no good at all.

Kid, Portsmouth, Va.—What you need, my child, more than advice from me about the "divine" boy at school, is a sound spanking from your mother.

Prairie Maiden, Wantoma, Wis.—If he squeezes your hand when he shakes it, it's a sign he wants to flirt with you. (2) Don't ever write love letters. You never know who will see them and they are awfully silly to anybody else. (3) Mind your mother until you are old enough to be your own mother.

Freckles, Millsport, Ia.—Accept his attentions in a friendly way, that's all, then if the other girl claims him later, you won't be hurt. (2) As long as you have no "steady" to object, you may go with as many young fellows as give you a chance. (3) Sixteen is too young to have a "steady" unless you are through school and your parents do not object.

Blue-eyed May, East Prairie, Mo.—Of course, if you love him, dear, you should accept him because he has acted very honorably and I do not think you will make a mistake. Certainly not such a mistake as you would to marry the one who has such bad habits. Tell him frankly why you do not care for him any more and must let him go. It is his own fault.

Billy C., Chicago, Ill.—Really, my dear, I cannot advise you. I am trying to prevent girls from doing just what you have done and now that you have done it you will have to repair the damage yourself. You should have looked for the bad streak in him before you agreed to marry him.

Little Miss Stubborn, Des Moines, Iowa.—Yes, stubbornness is a very bad trait, and it causes a lot of discussion and trouble. Sometimes it breaks hearts. It can only be cured by exercising your will power. Resolve firmly not to think your judgment is infallible, nor your ideas the only good ones, nor that others must yield to you always and then stick to it. Be stubborn on that point and all the other stubbornness will be worked out of your system.

Sorrowing Girl, Valliant, Okla.—See answer above to "Billy C."

Affectionate Cousin, Versailles, Ill.—Possibly it might be all right to visit his relations with him if you have an invitation from them to do so, and you could make the journey in the day. It isn't you that will be doing an unconventional thing, but the gossip who will talk, where the danger is. And the same about the trip to Oregon. Visit his kin as his fiancée, and marry him in his old home. Then go to Oregon with him.

Minnesota Girl, Sherburn, Minn.—Don't bother about the other two, but be very nice and ladylike to the one who loves to have your picture and I think everything will turn out happily.

Hilda, Portersville, Cal.—It is all right to meet him in a matter of urgency, but don't let it occur more than once. I don't like these urgent cases where young men want to meet girls out. (2) Be through with your school duties before accepting the company of young men.

Belle, Cove, Ark.—As you have been mistaken, it is quite proper for you to write to him, or tell him, so and ask him to be friends again.

Subscriber, Piper City, Ill.—Clarence owes you an apology, you owe him some explanation and both of you ought to have more common sense. Fix it up to suit yourselves. Maybe there is a reason why young people should be so silly, but if there is, I don't know what it is. No wonder there are so many disagreeable marriages. The women are they are not worse.

Philena, Hart, Mich.—There is always a risk in writing to people, even when you do not know. Much of it is harmless, but it is always risky. Try it if you want to, but never write a letter that you would not be willing for all the world to read.

Worried Heart, Pine Hill, Md.—Wait until you are twenty-one and see then how much older you are than he is. I think by that time you will have very much less worry of heart over him than you now have.

Doll, Katy, Texas.—Tear up the postal card you have written to him, forget about the boys, and study your spelling book until you can do a lot better spelling than you now do. If I printed your letter as you want me to do all the cousins would laugh at it.

Trulle, Elsie, Mich.—Why do you want him to write to you if he doesn't want to write? Drop him a postal asking him if he received your last letter. Maybe he didn't, but I think he did.

Blue-eyed Girl, Neptune, Tenn.—Saub the little eighteen-year-old flirt and do it before people so they will know what you think of him. (2) Girls wear signet rings, but I don't think you father need give you one. They are not pretty. (3) Thirty-one is not too old for nineteen, but nineteen is too young for anybody. Wait a couple of years till he is thirty-three. Anyway wait till June 1911. In the mean time, dear, don't spell "impossible" i-m-p-o-s-s-i-b-l-e. That isn't the way. You don't have to go to school to learn that.

Troubled Girl, Folson, N. M.—If you can give your parents a guarantee that you will live happily with this young man to whom they object, you might marry him without their consent. Otherwise, you had better obey your parents.

Unsettled Girl, Bell, N. M.—If you are to be always scrapping while you are sweethearts what do you expect when you get married? Suppose you don't try. You think you love him dearly, but you prove that you do not.

Minnehaha, Hinckley, Minn.—Don't marry him, no matter if he does tell you he loves you. The young man who is untidy and a Sabbath-breaker, who comes to see you unshaven and without a collar, and who does not brush his teeth would drive you crazy as a husband. He might be a very decent sort of a man in his morals and general conduct, but it is the small things that worry one's life out. If he is careless of your wishes as your sweetheart, he will be much more so as your husband. Show him this.

Undecided Girl, Los Angeles, Cal.—If you are willing to give up your church rules, not necessarily your

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religion, you can marry him without the priest, but your church will not recognize the marriage though the law does. It is entirely a matter to be settled by yourself. Many Catholics and Protestants marry out of the church, and I suppose they will go to Heaven just the same. But be sure you are right about the man. He may be of the kind who will make you unhappy because of your religion. Tell him you will give up your church if he will join some other with you. Better let him go if he won't do that.

Brunette, Berea, O.—Seventeen is too young to marry. Wait anyhow till you are twenty. He seems to be such a nice man that I think he would agree to wait until you are fully grown. P. S. Though you are a Polish girl and ask me to pardon your mistakes in spelling and grammar, I only wish most of our American girls could do half as well as you do.

Lonely, Manistee, Mich.—You must use your common sense. The man does not care for you and you know it and he shows it in public and you see it, still you say you love him. Your own self-respect should make you conquer your infatuation.

Anxious, Auburn, Neb.—I believe engaged couples sit in each other's laps, or she does in his, at least. It is not for me to change the custom of years. Nor is it for me to say that they should not be over-familiar with each other, but really, my dear, I think that many of the things that engaged couples do according to custom, are not nice, and if the engagement should be broken, I am sure the girl, at least, is very, very sorry she was not more particular. Ask your mother, and if she is foolish as some mothers are, insist upon her telling you what is right.

Blue-eyes, Dunbar, Neb.—He was worse than a burglar and you did exactly right in breaking the engagement. I hope you told everybody why you did. Such a man shouldn't be allowed to live in a respectable community. (2) It is an unsettled question whether or not men and women who are getting on with each other should tell all about their past love affairs. Some do and some do not. You may do as you please.

Brown Eyes, Omaha, Neb.—If a young man after going steady with a girl for two years quits suddenly, it is a sign he is tired, or that he has heard something. Maybe you had better ask him why. Because a girl quits a young man she need not break friendship with him or not men and women who are getting on with each other should tell all about their past love affairs. Some do and some do not. You may do as you please.

Red Wing, Mexia, Texas.—It is very much out of place for you to marry so young. Wait till you are twenty-one and have some knowledge of what marriage means.

Frankie, Lake City, Kans.—What hopes do you expect to have now that he jilted you and married another girl? Do you hope that he will become a widow or treat you the same way again? (2) Your sister's quarrel with her sweetheart doesn't amount to anything serious, I fancy. (3) The Topeka man is merely flirting.

Undecided, Newberg, W. Va.—Ask your mother. Whatever she says for you to do will be right.

Inquirer, Quincy, Miss.—It is all right to have a sweetheart, but not the kind who won't believe you love him unless you kiss him. That's what he tells all the girls.

Peach blossom, Catawissa, Pa.—Yes, dear, a sixteen-year-old girl out of school may have a beau—if she can catch one.

Sad Daisy, Sevea, Minn.—Marry the man you love who loves you. In America all are of the same nationality.

Longing Heart, Bagdad, Tenn.—He is altogether too indifferent. Find a beau who thinks more of you than he does of himself.

Lonely Girl, Ebro, Fla.—Thirty-seven is not too old for twenty-one, but he should be young for his age and be well to do. Get your parents' consent, though, if possible. (2) Maybe the man you are getting letters from is a convict. Do you know that he is not? Better find out. (3) Keep on snubbing the man you want to get rid of. He'll quit by and by.

Lawrence's Darling, Buffalo, N. Y.—He is not too old, but you must love each other with the right kind of love if you hope to make your religious harmonize. Have a full understanding before you marry and permit no outside interference, after you are married. Catholics and Protestants have often married happily, but not when they permit others to direct their affairs.

Baby Doll, Pea Ridge, Mo.—He is about as young and green as you are and when you are older maybe you "I both know more and do better."

J. C. Ellenburg, N. Y.—Let him go with the other girls. You certainly don't want him if he wants somebody else, do you? The more you let him go with the other girls the more he will want to go with you, if he really cares for you.

Motherless Girl, Michigantown, Ind.—It would be proper for you to accept the attention of nice young men. Let your father know them and like them and they will like him. (2) It is all right to answer your boy friend's letters, but don't write love-letters. (3) It is very common for boys and young men and women to kiss indiscriminately. Engaged couples may, but general kissing is apt to lead to something worse. Besides it is not nice for a girl to be known as easy to kiss and the young men soon don't care to kiss her. It is the kind they cannot get that they want the most.

There, dears, all your questions are answered except those not intended for me though you sent them just the same, and I am sure you will say that I had my June temper with me and I have treated you all just too lovely for anything. Now with the roses about us, here's a by by to you till we meet again.

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I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old. If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea, Whites, displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers. TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, your daughter the humors of the main place visited by the hunting party; lions, etc., in native jungle, and map. Description of place or scene on each card; copyrighted and sold only by us. Every postcard collector should have this wonderful set. Send 10c. today before our stock is exhausted. Address Capital Card Co., Dept. 620, Topeka, Kan.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Comfort Sisters' Corner Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Miss Cora Welch, Colburn, Box 42, Va., letters and quilt pieces.

Mrs. L. C. Williams asks how to make German cocoa and coffee cake.

Miss Rosie Clark, Stephenville, R. R. 4, Box 4, Texas, silk or velvet pieces and reading matter.

Mrs. Johanna Christiansen, 503 Garfield Ave., Duluth Minn., birthday letters on June 29.

Miss Anna Easley, Garfield, Kans., song, "Picture Tonight."

Mazilia Crabtree, Bloom Switch, Ohio, letter shower on June 27.

W. S. Smith, 21 N. Wyandotte St., Rosedale, Kans., song describing the building of King Solomon's Temple.

Miss Emma Lindemann, Florissant Sta., R. R. 37, Box 43, St. Louis Co., Mo., books, English Orphans and Dora Thorn.

Mrs. M. E. Lake, Cooper, R. R. 2, Texas, letters on June 15.

Letters of Thanks

Mrs. Jennie West, Waynesboro, Wayne Co., Miss., wishes to express appreciation and sincere thanks for kindness shown her.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

I wish to thank you for the many letters and postals you have sent me. I have answered all that inclosed postage, greatly regretting I could not answer all of the others.

Your kindness and bright cheery letters gave me much pleasure. Yours sincerely,
MISS LAURA ALABOUGH, Portland, Tenn.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

Since my letter appeared I have received a number of postals, letters and squares for my quilt, for which I wish to thank each and everyone. I have made some very dear pen friends through these columns. To the one in Canada, I wish to say I could not comply with your request, as you gave no address.

Mrs. Josephine Linden and Mrs. A. D. Chester, do let us hear from you again.

I would appreciate letters from any who care to write me. With best wishes to one and all,

Mrs. D. J. Wright, Spaulding, Mo.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

I want to thank all who responded to my request in the February COMFORT. I have received letters, flower seeds and post-cards from nearly all the states, and was sorry not to answer all, but sent a post card to those who sent flower seeds. So many wanted to correspond, and several wanted post-cards from N. Mex., but as I had left home I could not send them. On Dec. 15th we came back to Leonard, my childhood home, and of course I am contented.

Once again I thank all who remembered me in any way; all letters were appreciated. May God bless the COMFORT sisters.

Mrs. MAYE HOLMES, Leonard, R. R. 3, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson:

Finding it impossible to personally answer all the favors I have received from the COMFORT sisters in the past few months, I take this way to express my gratitude for the many tokens of kind and loving hearts which I have received at their hands.

It is a great pleasure to me to know that all over our American land so many hearts are overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Surely their bread that they cast upon the waters will be returned to them after many days.

Some few letters I have answered, and some more that I must answer in the near future. I have received various descriptions of reading matter, some religious, some fiction and four periodicals to be sent for one year. Many choice things in them all.

Once more, I thank the COMFORT sisters for all their goodness.

Mrs. M. B. POWELL, Eden Mills, Vt.

Requested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Pumpkin Pies

One quart of stewed pumpkin, one half teaspoonful of salt, two cups of sugar, yolks of four eggs, butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls each of ginger and cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one pint of sweet milk, and when all is well mixed together, add the beaten whites of eggs. Makes four pies.

Sweet Potato Pie

One pint of steamed and mashed potatoes, two cups of sugar, one cup of cream, one cup of butter, three well beaten eggs. Spice or flavor to taste. Bake in one crust.

Roley-Poley

Make a rich biscuit dough. Roll to a little less than half an inch thick. Cover with sliced apples, berries, jam or preserves. Roll and steam hard for an hour and three quarters. Serve at once with hot sweet pudding sauce.

Apple Dumpling

Make pie crust and cut into pieces large enough so when apple is set in center it will lap well over apple to prevent juices running out. Use apples whole, peeling and coring, and filling cavity with sugar, a little cinnamon and nutmeg, and a bit of butter. Bake one hour slowly and serve with hot vanilla sauce.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed: so in sending your names for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Agnes Gould, last heard of in New York state, been married twenty years. Please write Mabel Gould, Perry, Iowa.

Whereabouts of Gust A. Peterson, tan complexion, blue eyes. Last heard of was in Texas or Oklahoma. Communicate with Miss Eva Peterson, Riverside, R. R. 1, Iowa.

Just offer for whereabouts of my friend, George Stillbans, light complexion, age about fifty years. Address Lock Box 488, Decatur, Ill.

Would like to know whereabouts of Edgar Thatcher, brother of Chas. Thatcher, if living; niece, Elizabeth Thatcher, wishes to hear. Address, Elizabeth Thatcher, No. 1 O'Neil Place, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. John Chislow, thirty-three years old, dark eyes and hair, last heard from six years ago in St. Louis, Iowa. Anyone knowing whereabouts please write to Mrs. Nancy Chislow, Logan, Iowa.

Whereabouts of my son, Clifford Wells, twenty years old, fair complexion, light hair. Last heard from twelve years ago at Mexico, Indiana. Please write to Mrs. Maggie Garrison, Clinton, Indiana.

Mrs. James Vibbard, Angus, Iowa, wishes to hear from her sister, Mrs. Louise Vaux or daughter, Martha Vaux.

Mrs. Edward Shaw, Red Oak, R. R. 1, Iowa, wants to know whereabouts of George and Adam Speck, last heard from at Denver, Colo.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent five-months subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Mrs. George Brewster, Hamburg, Ala. Colored views and scenery. Miss Blanche Heston, Opeliska, W. Va. Adams Wachtz, Box 44, Lenzburg, Ill. Mrs. Mary Clemens, No. 124 W. Glen St., Glen, N. Y. Miss Katie Boese, Garbo, R. R. 3, Box 20, Okla. William Short, Fort Flagler, Wash. Miss Victoria Rogers, Timpan, Texas. Alexander Thomson, Jr., Gage, Mont. John Olson, Box 204, Quincy, Wash. Mr. Elmer Gustafson, Box 86, Covington, Mich. Miss Nellie Hising, No. 67 West Island, Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Mary Edwards, No. 773 Main Ave., Edwinstown, Pa. Arthur Bortmiller, Ridgely, Wilkes-Barre P. O., R. 2, Box 84, Wash. Miss Ella Schwarck, Washington, R. R. 2, Box 62, Me. Clive F. Kenner McCutcheon, R. R. 2, Box 62, Me. Clive F. Kenner McCutcheon, R. R. 2, Box 62, Me.

enville, Ohio. Rivers and lakes preferred. Miss Bessie Ritzlach, Dayton, R. R. 3, Ohio. Miss Ida Placke, Box 94, Raymond, Ill. No comics. William H. Kauts, New Ulm, R. R. 1, Box 98, Texas. Maye Kennedy, 702 West King St., Martinsburg, W. Va. R. E. Carroll, Pocatello, Idaho. Myrtle Hendrix, Summitville, Ind. Geo. W. Stevenson, 3006 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa. Miss Emma Witzel, Mount Carmel, N. Dak. R. T. Kolm, Manassas, Va. Maud N. Goodley, 1612 Lagonda Ave., North Fort Wayne, Texas. Miss Dorothy Kamm, Goodhue, R. R. 4, Box 49, Minn. R. E. Carroll, Pocatello, Idaho. Myrtle Hendrix, Summitville, Ind. Geo. W. Stevenson, 3006 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa. Miss Emma Witzel, Mount Carmel, N. Dak. R. T. Kolm, Manassas, Va. Maud N. Goodley, 1612 Lagonda Ave., North Fort Wayne, Texas. Miss Dorothy Kamm, Goodhue, R. R. 4, Box 49, Minn. R. E. Carroll, Pocatello, Idaho. Myrtle Hendrix, Summitville, Ind. Geo. W. Stevenson, 3006 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa. Miss Emma Witzel, Mount Carmel, N. Dak. R. 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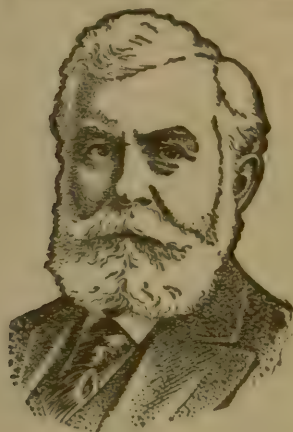
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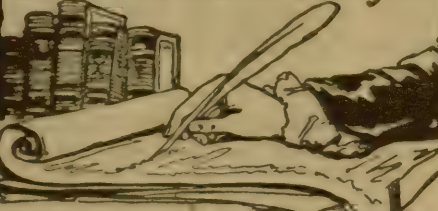
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Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

K. L. R., Alta.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you have a valid claim against the woman you mention, but that, owing to the smallness of the amount and the intervening distance between her and your residence, it would probably cost you more to prosecute the same than the amount of your recovery would be.

H. L., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband cannot bar you, by will, from your dower interest in his real property, but that he can bar you by will from any further interest in his estate and that he can bar any such of his children as he may mention in his will from any further portion of his estate, than the amount mentioned in the will, even though that may be only one cent. In order to execute a valid will he must possess testamentary capacity, and must execute it without any undue influence being exercised upon him.

Mrs. W. Y., New York.—We do not think the facts, as you state them to us, constitute a cause of action by the woman you mention against the man you mention. If, however, you will re-submit your matter in greater detail, we think it may be possible that somewhere in the correspondence, you refer to, a cause of action may exist arising from facts not of an illicit nature.

J. A. K., Kentucky.—Upon your statements to us, and under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: (1) that the portion of your father's estate which went absolutely to your mother will upon her death, in the absence of a will, be divided among her own children; that portion of the estate, which went to her for her life, will upon her death go to the children of both marriages or their descendants; and (2) that under the laws of your state collateral heirs of the half blood inherit only half as much as those of the whole blood.

H. E. N., Tennessee.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think you could compel either of the companies you mention to supply you with telephone service. We think, however, that an examination of the charters of the companies, which operate the lines, might reveal something of benefit to you.

M. Z., Alabama.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think your mother's heirs could recover the property you mention.

Mrs. W. R., North Dakota.—In the absence of an express bargain with the two sons of your mother-in-law whom you mention, we do not think you can collect from them for the care of their mother.

L. H., Louisiana.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the remarriage of the young man you mention, without first procuring a divorce, would be a bigamous marriage, and punishable as such, regardless of the state in which the remarriage ceremony was performed.

Mrs. A. C., Kansas.—We think a deed to the property you mention would be the surest way to get title. You might supplement this with a will in your favor; you should employ a lawyer to draw and superintend the execution of the papers.

Mrs. T., New Jersey.—We think there is no fixed and established rate of charge for the service you mention. If you could not get the lawyer you employed to do the service for you at a satisfactory price, you should have employed one who was willing to perform the service at a price agreed upon. We do not think the attorney for the estate could have legally compelled you to employ him.

R. S., Louisiana.—We are of the opinion that they have such right.

Mrs. W. I., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, and upon the statements of facts submitted, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of your husband leaving no will, you would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate.

Mrs. E. W., Illinois.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that nothing can be done at this late day to recover the property you mention for the children you mention.

N. J. T., Nebraska.—We are of the opinion: (1) that, if the deed of the property is so drawn that the husband and wife own the property as tenants by the entirety, then, upon the death of the one, the whole property would go to the survivor, and that the same general rule would apply to joint account in a Savings Bank; we think it would be well for you to employ a competent lawyer to see that the deed is properly drawn and executed; (2) under some conditions, we think that half brothers and half sisters can inherit in your state.

M. O. E., Louisiana.—Under the laws of this state, we are of the opinion, that in the absence of a will, and subject to the rights of the surviving widow, the children of both marriages would inherit the property in equal shares.

Mrs. M. R., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that it will be practically impossible for your husband to recover the money he lost in the way you name. We think you should make your complaint against the house you mention to the public prosecutor of the county in which it is located.

F. L. K., Ohio.—We think the title to the right you mention still remains in A. unless it has been sold for taxes.

B. S., Indiana.—(1) We think he can draw the money but would still be liable for his wife's support if he could be located. (2) In the absence of a will we think his wife would be entitled to a share of the property; if he left no children, descendants nor parents, we think she would receive the whole property after payment of his debts.

Mrs. E. R., North Dakota.—Communicate with the Commissioner of Public Lands, Washington, D. C.

S. I. T., New Hampshire.—We think the taxes are assessed against the owner of the property. (2) We cannot advise you as to the divorce matter.

W. B. T., Florida.—Upon your statements, we do not think the child you mention or the orphan asylum you mention, now have any legal remedy against the persons you mention.

M. W., Illinois.—We think it would be necessary for the woman you mention to bring a separation action against her husband in order to establish his acts of cruelty as a reason for her refusing to live with him, as we do not think that a wife, who abandons her husband without good reason, is entitled to support from him.

Mrs. A. L., Iowa.—(1) We think it would depend largely upon the nature of the exhibition. (2) We think that if the accident was caused by the negligence or carelessness of the driver of the team you mention, and without any contributory negligence on the part of the injured person, then the injured person would be entitled to such damages as he can prove he sustained.

Mrs. J. B. K., Michigan.—We are of the opinion, that the marriage of either a man or woman, during the lifetime of a prior husband or wife from whom they are not divorced, is a bigamous marriage. The law, providing for the punishment of offenders for such bigamous marriages, does not operate of itself, and it is necessary for someone to set it in motion before any punishment is handed out to such offenders.

this, we think, is the principal reason so many people living in such conditions go unpunished.

T. E. V., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion, that under the laws of your state, your father would be entitled to your custody and control until you arrive at the age of twenty-one years; that you would not be entitled, until you reach that age, to wages for your services to him, nor could you marry before that time without his consent, without being liable to punishment for so doing; this punishment, we do not, however, think, would affect the validity of the marriage unless the same was afterwards legally annulled.

Mrs. G. L. S., New York.—We are of the opinion that, if at the time of the death of your mother she owned no property, her will is a nullity and nothing passes by it. (2) We see no reason why your father cannot draw and execute a valid will provided he has testamentary capacity and is not subject to undue influence. (3) We think you should adjust the matter of recompense for your care of your father during his lifetime.

Mrs. M. R., Ohio.—We are of the opinion, that, if the woman you mention leaves no will, her property would go to her husband for life, and that after his death it would go back to her heirs, but that she can bar her husband by will from any interest in her property except dower of a one third interest for life.

W. P. S., Texas.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion: that, (1) the sentence of the girl you mention would depend upon the verdict of the jury; that, if she was convicted of murder in the first degree her sentence would be the death penalty, but even then in view of her youth, that there would always be a possibility of the sentence being commuted to something else. We think, however, that the probabilities are extremely remote of one so young being convicted of murder in the first degree. (2) We think if it ever went to trial it would be tried in the regular way by a judge and jury. (3) Technically she would be liable to prosecution for resisting an officer while under arrest; practically, under the circumstances you name, we think there would be very little likelihood of her being punished for this act.

X. Y. Z., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: that, (1) upon the death of the person insured, the policy of life insurance you mention will be payable to the beneficiary named in the policy, and will not go according to the will of the insured unless the beneficiary named in the policy be the person or estate of the insured; (2) that two or more witnesses are necessary to the will, which should be drawn by some lawyer or other competent person who will see that the legal requirements are attended to in connection with its execution. (3) Some safe place; you, yourself, should be better able to judge where within your reach such a place would be. (4) Upon the death of the husband, we think that the wife succeeds to one half of the community property, after payment of debts and expenses of administration, and that the right cannot be cut off by will.

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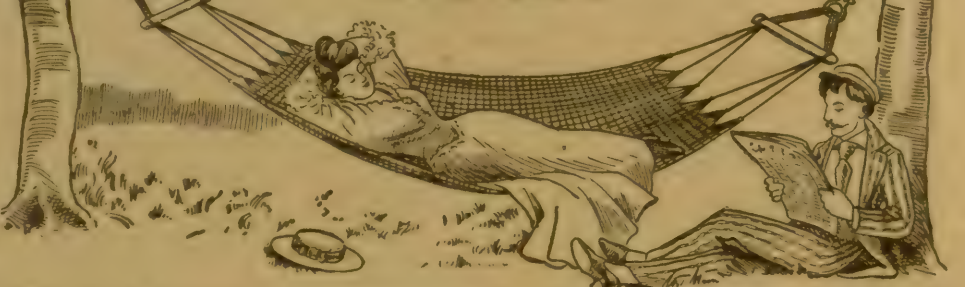
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, give full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

LICE.—I have a Jersey cow that has Red Mites. Will anything kill them? Mrs. A. E. P.
A.—Take four ounces of stavesacre seeds and steep in boiling water for a day. Make the solution up to one quart again if lessened in quantity by evaporation. Use this as required on places infested by mites or lice. The mixture is poisonous, so be careful.

KNUCKLING.—I have a three-year-old colt. When he picks his feet up his large pastern joints seem to knuckle forward and when he sets his feet to the ground the joints seem to fly or go back to their right position again and crack as if they flew off of the joint and back on again; every time he steps each ankle cracks; he does not do it when he trots. I haven't done anything for it. Have him in a box stall running loose. Is it best to let him stand or work him?
A.—Clip the hair from fetlock and blister the joint with cerate of cantharides. Wash the blister off in three days; then apply lard daily and in a week blister the other fetlock in same way. This may tend to strengthen the joints, but such cases are not very promising. He will have to be rested in box stall for a month while under treatment.

SWOLLEN UDDER.—I have a mare nearly six years old, weighing sixteen hundred pounds. She had a colt the 20th of last July; about the first of August she got in the field where there were ripe oats standing and a potato patch. After hilling the potatoes it leaves a trench or ditch between the rows. I found her in the morning on her back in one of those trenches. I worked her the same afternoon on the binder and the following day turned her in the meadow. In a day or two her udder and belly swelled up and has remained swollen ever since, she seems to be perfectly healthy and gives a large amount of milk. The colt is still nursing, but can hardly take all of her milk. I have given the mare iodide of potash, salt-peter, salts and oil meal quite regularly. She seems to be a little sore in her shoulder or front feet. Her udders and belly appear to be sore.
W. M. C. F.

A.—Stop all medicine. Cut grain ration in half and make her run out all of the time on light rations if grass is not sufficient food. Foment udder with hot water twice a day and strip away some of the milk until it reduces in quantity. Also foment the swelling on belly and then rub in drug's sore liniment. She may have had a slight attack of founder judging from the soreness in front; but it should pass off.

NYMPHOMANIA.—I have a mare mule, six years old, that is continually in heat. We work her hard, feed her ear corn, corn chops and bran sorghum hay and she has the run of a pasture. Have given her salpeter in her feed without any success.
J. W. K.

A.—Cut her rations down and give her a dram of iodide of potash night and morning in water for four successive days a week. Inject camphorated oil into vagina once daily.

BONE TUMOR.—We have a horse that has a large hard lump on the side of his nose.
H. N. A.—A bone tumor is present and nothing short of an operation will certainly lessen it in size. It likely is associated with teething and too, involves the sinus of the head just over a molar tooth root. In a few instances painting with tincture of iodine two or three times a week has reduced such a bunch, but not removed it.

SPOILED UDDER.—Last year our cow cut her teat while giving milk. We milked it. She will be fresh in a few days and that teat is badly caked and swollen with a discharge.
O. J.

A.—The condition described is incurable and the cow should be dried off and fattened for slaughter. The other quarters may not become affected and in that case the milk would be fit for use if you are sure that she is free from tuberculosis of the udder. This might be determined by testing with tuberculin. Inject a two cent dose of solution of permanganate of potash into the discharging places in quarter twice a day and each other day rub in mercurial ointment. Wash the udder perfectly before milking as the ointment is poisonous and the discharge must not be allowed to get into the milk.

NASAL GLEET.—I have a mare that had the distemper in November and December, '09. She has had a discharge in the right nostril since then. It is very offensive. She eats heartily and is in good condition.
B. J. B.

A.—The offensive discharge is due to a diseased molar tooth in upper jaw corresponding to the nostril affected. Have the mouth examined by a veterinary dentist who will remove the tooth by trephining and then give the necessary after treatment to keep the wound opened and do away with the discharge. It is not a case that can be successfully treated in any other way. It is always important to make sure that glanders is not present before commencing treatment.

SWEENEY.—(1) I have a five-year-old horse that has been sweetened in both shoulders for about a year; it doesn't seem to hurt him when working, but he limps some when trotting. (2) I have a four-year-old gelding that coughs and runs through the nose; has been that way ever since we have had him, about eighteen months. We are feeding him some sulphur and saltpeter, he is in good condition and has a good appetite.
W. S.

A.—(1) "Sweeney" is a term used to describe wasting of the muscles of the shoulder. Repeated blistering in time may bring back the muscles. This also is accomplished by inserting setons, injecting medicine under the skin, or even by blinding the shoulder. A mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil rubbed in once daily also is useful. Often the cause of wasting is foot lameness and that may be present in the case described. (2) Wet all food and give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until cough abates; then gradually stop the medicine and it is of course possible that there is some deformity which prevents perfect swallowing and in that case the medicine would have to be proved remedial.

DISTEMPER.—I have two dogs, two years old. They are fat and in good condition, except they both have the distemper.
Mrs. D. D.

A.—We cannot prescribe for sick animals unless the exact symptoms are stated. Distemper rarely affects adult dogs. It is particularly a disease of the puppy. It may be that your dogs have some other disease than distemper. Medicine for distemper can be bought ready for use at any drug store; but if you care to send the details required we shall be glad to prescribe any additional treatment required.

INDIGO FOR HEAVERS.—I saw in the Veterinary column where a person asked for a cure for heaver, and the answer was that there was no cure for heaver. I know there is a sure cure for I have cured two horses of ours which had them. I read of a very simple remedy in our horse doctor's book, and give it.

Go to a drug store and get twenty-five cents' worth of indigo, take a lump and tie up in a rag, then get a bucket of water and blue the water just as one would to rise clothes, making it very blue. Don't use any kind of bluing for that would not do, but be sure and get the indigo. Give the horse three bucketfuls of this blue water a day, morning, noon and night. Don't give any other water to drink for then he wouldn't drink the blue water. One has to starve them a little before they will drink it, but it will cure the heaver.

A. J. H.
A.—Indigo used as advised by our correspondent helps heaves temporarily, but it does not cure the disease when established. Every qualified veterinarian knows of the indigo treatment and also is perfectly satisfied that heaves is incurable. Anyone might come to that conclusion and be sure the state of the lungs which are incurably broken down in this disease.

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The Gypsy Fortune Teller

By Mrs. G. Trethewey

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IT was near the close of a July day that Jack, the chore-boy, heard an unusual commotion in the distance. Loud voices, wild shrieks of laughter and oaths were mingled with the moving of heavy wagons and the tramp of horses' feet. For this quiet community it was an unusual occurrence, and Jack waited curiously until the caravan came into view. He saw then that it was a band of roving gypsies, and a bad, rough lot, at its best, whose reputation for thieving on the road had preceded its arrival. As it came nearer an old hag in the forward wagon sprang out, and rushing up to him, said: "Let me tell your fortune!"

"I don't want my fortune told," said Jack. "Yes, M. does," said the gypsy. "I give him good one."

"I don't want it," said Jack. But the gypsy was persistent, until Jack, angered, pointed to the gate and said: "Get out of here or I'll throw you out. We don't want any of your fortune-telling or stealing."

The gypsy departed wild with rage and sprang into the wagon meanwhile pouring out a torrent of vile language at Jack and shaking her tambourine viciously at him.

Jack stood watching them out of sight, and the last view he had of the old gypsy was her wrinkled visage peering around the side of the wagon as she vigorously flourished her tambourine and hurled a final volley of curses at him.

There were five wagons in all and the last one was just passing out of sight when, as the driver whipped up his horses, a baby, which had been amusing itself in the rear end, rolled out and fell into the road. Jack called to them, but amid the rattle of the wagons it was impossible to attract the attention of the gypsies to their loss. He hurried forward and picked the child up. It was uninjured and smiled good-naturedly into his face. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Sewell had appeared.

"Well, if this isn't a sight," said Jack. "What in thunder are we going to do with this gypsy kid? But jimmie, that is never a gypsy. Why, it is as fair as a doll. I'll bet a dollar they've stolen someone's child. Great fortune-tellers they, not to know they've lost this baby out!"

"What a darling baby," said Mrs. Sewell, taking the child from Jack, "and it isn't hurt a bit. O, you are never a gypsy baby. They have stolen you and some mother's heart is aching tonight."

"It looks as though it was well taken care of," said her husband. "They must have fed it well." "With the intention, no doubt of selling it," said Jack. "They would get a better price if it looked well."

"Well," said Mother Sewell, "we'll take good care of it, too, until something can be done about it. We will wash it, first, for it is not any too clean; then we will feed it and put it to sleep. Won't we, little one?"

The child laughed with delight, and clutched at Mrs. Sewell's spectacles.

"You're a good-natured fellow," said Father Sewell.

"This is not a fellow, at all. Just tell them that little one. You are just a wee bit of a lassie, and Mother Sewell is going to be a god-mother to you until we find your own mother, if that is possible. Just think if Elsie should have her baby stolen by gypsies! Why, it would break her heart!"

"It is strange we don't hear from Elsie," said Mr. Sewell. "Let's see! It has been two weeks now, since we had a letter."

"Yes, more than that. If we don't get one by tomorrow, I will write again."

The next forenoon, Jack came in with a travel-worn letter.

"Here's your letter," he said. "It has been mis-carried."

"I should say so," said Mrs. Sewell, taking it. "and looks, too, as though it had been out in a thunder-shower. It has been wet. Now let's see what Elsie has to say." She ran her eyes over the lines. "Why, she is coming today—this noon, and here it is eleven o'clock. James, James," she called, "hurry up and harness, Elsie is coming on the noon train. And what's this? Why—she—says—I can't seem to make it out—it is dreadfully blurred—something about baby. Well, never mind, we'll know when she gets here."

Mr. Sewell made hasty preparations to reach the noon train, while Mrs. Sewell flew about for Elsie had not been home for a long time and her coming visit was a great treat. The new-found baby, looking fresh and rosy, was amusing herself with a variety of toys which Mr. Sewell had brought from the attic. "It brings back old times," he had said, when he brought them out.

"So it does," Mother Sewell had replied, "I can never get reconciled to Elsie's being gone."

Mrs. Sewell had everything in apple-pie order when the carriage rolled up to the door bringing Elsie and her father, who had a peculiar expression on his face. As Elsie sprang out and clasped her mother, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" her mother asked. "Is anything the trouble with baby?"

"Didn't you read the letter?"

"There was something about her but I couldn't make it out, it was so blurred."

The new-found child had crept to the door and now gave a scream of delight. Elsie quickly raised her head and seeing it rushed forward and caught it to her breast.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried. "O, where did you find her, mother?"

Mrs. Sewell was looking on in amazement, while Father Sewell stood by with an "I-thought-so" expression on his face.

She told him about it, he said, "as we were riding home."

"Yes," she said, raising her happy face to her mother, "the gypsies stole her from me, and I was afraid I would never see her again."

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FUTURE I predict love, business, success or trouble. birthdate and 25c. Prof. T. A. Rhaphel, Birmingham, N. Y.

BED-WETTING CURED
A harmless home treatment. It is a DISGRACE not a habit. Write today. Cure guaranteed. **FREE** DR. MAY CO. Box X 67, Bloomington, Ill.

A Dustless Duster
A DUST ABSORBER

Have you seen or heard of the New Invention that actually rids your home of dust? Probably not, they are new, just thought of and manufactured. Read carefully what this Wonderful Dust Cloth does. A chemically treated cloth that absorbs dust, retains the same and will clean and polish any surface over which it is passed. Your usual process of dusting is to rub or brush the dust off one surface to have it scatter and deposit itself elsewhere. This Chemical Dust Cloth actually takes up the dust and retains it within itself. Occasionally the dust should be washed in water, which will restore it, and until it is worn into shreds will give perfect results. Wherever used has proven a labor saver and is always highly recommended. As an agent's line this Duster is ideal, sells at every home and repeats. You may have one free, size 18x24, as a sample if you will send ten cents for three-months trial subscription to COMFORT.

This Dustless Duster will rid your home of Death Dealing Germ Laden Dirty Dust

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. J. C. Adair, Iowa.—Your valuable violin is only one among hundreds with the Stainer inscription inside. If you had read this column very closely you would have known about these fraudulent violins. They are, or some of them are, very good ordinary fiddles, but that is all.

M. H. Keuterville, Idaho.—Write to Hesper, No. 1456 Broadway; L. Shaw, No. 54 West 14th Street, New York City. Either of them can do the work, but we advise that you get it done in St. Paul, and save expressage which is considerable. We have no St. Paul addresses.

A. B. C., Salt Lake City, Utah.—In using your initial on letter-heads use that of your last name.

N. P. Vance, Va.—Try S. A. Brown, No. 30 Fulton street; Lehn & Fink, No. 120 William street, New York City.

P. R., St. Joseph, Mo.—There is no show for you and we sincerely advise your giving up wanting to be an actor. The very fact that you ask if the art can be taught through correspondence schools indicates your lack of qualifications. Actors are born, not made in correspondence schools.

D. S., Monhegan, Maine.—Don't know about the Busy Bee. There are others just as good. Try some other. You'll make it go if you have the hustle properly developed.

G. W. I., Suit, N. C.—Write to Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, Sunshine Club, New York City for information.

Blue Eyes, Richmond, Va.—You can do better by taking music lessons from your home teachers. Richmond has plenty of them. More depends on you than on your teacher. If you really want to learn, you'll learn.

J. M. S., Greenforest, Ark.—Tiffany & Co., New York City, are absolutely reliable and are probably the best judges in this country.

B. C. C., Chittanooga, N. Y.—Astronomy seems to be a neglected subject. The only magazine on our list is the Astronomical Journal, Cambridge, Mass. It is issued three times a month, but the price is not stated. Write to Brentano, New York City, for non-technical books on the subject.

Girlie, Atlanta, Ga.—The initials A. M., or M. A., after a man's name may be written either way. A. M. stands for Artium Magister, the Latin of it, and M. A. stands for Master of Arts, the English of it. Take your choice.

J. J. A., Pocahontas, Idaho.—The firm is reliable as far as we know. You need no general license that we know of to sell goods, but there may be local ordinances which you will have to find out yourself by going through the state.

C. L. B., Beaverville, O.—There isn't any U. S. Commissioner of Education that we ever heard of. The states attend to that themselves. (2) The members of President Taft's Cabinet are: P. C. Knox of Pennsylvania, Secretary of State; Franklin MacVeagh of Illinois, Treasury; J. M. Dickinson of Tennessee, War; G. W. Wickham of New York, Attorney General; F. H. Hitchcock of Massachusetts, P. M. General; G. Von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, Navy; R. A. Ballinger of Washington, Interior; James Wilson of Iowa, Agriculture; Chas. Nagel of Missouri, Commerce and Labor.

COMFORT Reader, Shawneetown, Ill.—You can only find out which publisher will buy your song by submitting it to them. It is then up to them. The people who arranged the music should have assisted you in placing it. What do they say?

R. F., Rutledge, Mo.—We keep no addresses. The school you mention is reliable, but does it agree to sell the drawings made by its pupils? Write there and find out definitely. From what we know of amateur drawings, no reliable firm will make terms like that. Better not bother with drawing unless you have unquestioned ability. If you have that, you will find a way to get before the public, school or no school.

Habedank, New Brunswick, N. J.—COMFORT tried those lists once upon a time and they did not pan out worth shucks. You are not far from New York. Get in touch with parties there who look up lost heirs.

L. J. C., Cortez, Fla.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and to The Oliver Ditson Music Co., New York City.

A. J., Forsyth, Mont.—We never heard of the company before and it does not sound good to us now. Inquire of the Postmaster at Chicago.

J. W. W., Wentworth, S. Dak.—A patent is good for seventeen years. If the new idea is sufficiently in advance of the original you may get a patent on that. We do not know the firm. Don't spend any money on a patent, unless you are advised to do so by someone who is capable of judging of the merit of your invention and your chances of getting your money back. Thousands of patents are valueless, and a good one cannot be placed. It is a mighty risky business. There is no demand for the hair in small lots. Can you furnish it by the ton?

J. W. M., Redlands, Cal.—Write to J. E. Plunket, No. 445 W. Lake street, Chicago.

Little Girl, Grantsburg, Wis.—Suppose you ask the teachers you know. They can tell you better than we can. We know a great deal, but we don't know about the schools in Grantsburg. Why do you think we did?

C. A. B., DuBois, Pa.—Your teacher can best inform you what magazines you most need in your particular line of work. There are magazines of mechanics along all sorts of lines. Try The Draftsman, Cleveland, Ohio, if it is still in existence. (2) You know as much about the future of Esperanto and Ito as anybody does. (3) You can learn to read and write French and Spanish from books, but not to speak. You must hear a language to learn to speak it. Learn them both while you are about it. One is as useful as the other, depending whether you are in French or Spanish speaking communities.

M. O., Westerly, R. I.—You need no license to conduct a mail-order business. Write to the Charles Broadway Rouse Co., New York City.

Mrs. M. J. H., Grangeville, Idaho.—"The Land of the Sky" is supposed to be Western North Carolina, though other high spots are so-called. (2) The Swiss President is Robert Comtesse. You can get a history of Switzerland from A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. We suppose you are off on there being twenty-eight or twenty-nine states in the Union. There are forty-six. Write to U. S. Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C. about government reservations. September 3rd, 1870, Tuesday.

N. V., Guil, Ala.—Write to the B. F. Goodrich Co., No. 68 Reade street, New York City.

M. I., Adams, Neb.—Try a letter to Supt. City Hospital, Birmingham, Ala., with postage enclosed for reply.

Miss D., Knoxville, Tenn.—Try your short stories on the editors of magazines. You read the magazines, don't you, and know what kind of stories they print? If you can write one the editor likes he will buy it. Unless you read magazines and know what is wanted, there is not much use to waste time and postage finding out. You must be mistaken in thinking you read in COMFORT that most publishing houses would accept stories free. They do not want that kind, at all.

Milly, New Salem, N. Dak.—Write to George B. Ritchie & Co., No. 53 Ferry St., New York City.

R. H., Farland, N. Dak.—The story about John D. Rockefeller is not true. His father and family are known, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

GIVEN AWAY THESE 23 PIECE TEA SETS FOR SELLING POST CARDS



W. G. S., Battlefield, Miss.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

N. A., Manley, Wis.—Write to Harbor Master, Boston, Mass., enclosing postage.

G. E. G., Moberly, Mo.—Not being a regular graduate of medicine, you would run great risk in "selling" medicine to sufferers without taking the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Recognized members of the medical profession are very quick to resent intrusion into their field by the irregulars, and the law is strictly with them.

J. P., Pocahontas, Ark.—COMFORT does not buy amateur stories. You will have to send them to magazine editors until you find a purchaser.

F. N., New Sweden, Maine.—You will find straw hat whitener for sale at drug stores.

A. H., McCook, Neb.—The value of the ebony coffee stand depends upon how much some collector would like to have it. The wood itself is of no commercial value. (2) Write to some furrier in Omaha about the leopard skin. People who handle furs know how to tan skins of that kind.

J. G. C., Catahoula, Miss.—There are so many sulphur and other mineral springs all over this country that we advise you not to try to do anything with the one you have found except to boom it locally. Get people from near by to come there and also have it written up in the county papers.

Scribbler, Ypsilanti, Mich.—You can get copyright by sending your manuscript to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. and paying one dollar. Write to him for particulars. It is not necessary to copyright stories and poems before submitting them to publishers. They will attend to that if they buy your material.

Mrs. D. S., Lenoir, N. C.—Write to N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, Pa., who can probably give you the address. Enclose postage.

L. J. K., Detroit, Mich.—The salary of the President of the United States is \$75,000 a year; Vice President, \$12,000.

O. F. T., Highland Springs, Va.—The Methodist Book Concern, No. 150 Fifth Ave., New York City, can furnish you with all the information you want.

Queenie, Belgrade, Neb.—We don't suppose all the poems of the Civil War could be collected. A good many have. Whitman's "My Captain" will be found in his works and in some general collections. Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, for information and lists of war poems.

Mrs. D., Owenton, Ky.—You will find electric needle experts in Louisville or Cincinnati. See ads in papers from those cities.

A. C., Glenville, Pa.—There is no company on earth that has a job for you as a writer of articles for a magazine, but there is a fine opening for any young man in the U. S. Navy. After three years' instruction in that admirable department, possibly you might be better fitted to become a magazine writer. Suppose you drop a line to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. and ask for particulars. You can get the job, all right, if you pass the physical examination.

GREAT BENEFITS IN SALT BATHS.—Salt baths will greatly promote comfort in hot weather. Put 30 or 40 gallons (about the usual quantity for a bath) into the bath tub, having it as cold as you can stand it. Then dissolve about three good-sized tubs of fine salt in it. This bath taken in the morning will enable you to stand the heat of a very warm day without discomfort.

It would be well if everyone should take such baths daily in the summer and early fall. They're very invigorating.

OLD NEW
All persons having a Short Limb need my Maturform Extension Shoe. Makes both feet look alike. Wear ready-made shoes. Distance no barrier. Write for booklet. 1st. M. Sim, 748 Bergen St., Newark, N. J.

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage. etc. **GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois**

LADY SEWERS WANTED \$10 per 100; material and instruction delivered prepaid; positively no canvassing required; steady work to good operators; send reply envelope for detail information. **Universal Co., Dept. 23, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.**

MEN and WOMEN, if suffering from Blood, Skin & Chronic Diseases, Weakness, Debility, Premature Decline, etc., send for book to Oldest German Doctor, 535 N. 6th St., Phila., Pa., tells all. Exposes Advertising Quack Doctors.

GALL STONES or any **LIVER DISEASE** Write me **ALL** about it. Will tell of a cure **FREE**. Address **ED. C. COVEX, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.**

TUBERCULOSIS in its last stages cured at last. Write to **DR. NORWEGIAN CURE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.** for descriptive circular.

AUCTIONEER JOKER—MONTHLY AT 50c PER YEAR. Trenton, Mo.

LADIES Our catalog of rubber goods, specialties and toilet necessities sent for 2c stamp. **Globe Pub. Co., Box 78, Augusta, Mich.**

\$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. **C. H. Emery, 111, Chicago, Ill.**

75 Comic postcards, 15c. Private mailing card, bearing your name, address and business 2 for 1c. any quantity. **CARDS, WATERLOO, IND.**

48 Comic "Up-to-date" Love Cards, (just out) 10c (Fun, Barrels of Fun) **HESS CO., 211 Randolph St., Chicago.**

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, Inks, etc. Catalog free. **Lee & Co., Salida, Colo.**

SONG POEMS with or without music wanted for publication. **E. EATON, 449 8th Ave. New York.**

Cute Language of Flower Post Cards

We can only show two illustrations to give you an idea of what the Language of Flower Post Cards are like. The different flowers are neatly woven around to make the inscription on the cards and they are printed on the stock and in many beautiful colors with landscape illustration. The right-hand one shows in the illustration is made from the lily, the language of which is "Peace." The language of the other is the same as the name of the flower, "Forget-me-not." Some of the others in this set are the pansy, which language is "Think of Me," wall flower, meaning "Fidelity," while white heather is made up into a nice inscription of "Good Luck," roses are interwoven so as to form the word "Love," and violets are fashioned into the word "Faithfulness," asters are made into the word "Hopes," and clover, "Be Mine." Thus the language of the different flowers are taken up and we will send you a dozen Post Cards of different kinds illustrated in this same general style. **SPECIAL Ten Cent Offer.** Send 10 cents only for three-months trial subscription to COMFORT and this complete set of twelve cards will be sent you free without any expense.

Get a Signet Ring. 14kt gold finished with your initial on. Big value for money, 10c. each or 3 for 25c. **C. Minshwanner, Pennington, N. J.**

FISH **BITE GILLS BAIT.** Beats all Bait, Spec. \$1. size Pkg. free for 8c. postage. **Union Mfg. Co., Dept. 8, PALATKA, ILL.**

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. **FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.**

AGENTS 500 per cent profit selling Novelty Sign Cards, etc., to merchants. Sample case free to New Agents. **Hawk Specialty Co., DEPT. 8, DES MOINES, IA.**

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound, 50c Song Book, 30c Address, **UNCLE CHARLIE, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

One Wheel Chair in May

51 is COMFORT'S Record for Two Years

Thanks, good friends, for helping me to give out another wheel chair in May.

Remember, it only takes 200 subscriptions now to bestow this blessing on a poor cripple.

The May chair goes to Mary Alsbrook, Paschal, Georgia.

In the April number I said that I should publish as "COMFORT'S Roll of Honor" the names of those who had sent five or more subscriptions to the credit of the Wheel-Chair Club. In May COMFORT I had only one name to print, but this month I am proud to say there are twenty-two names in this month's Roll of Honor, which you will be interested to read following the letters of thanks.

Keep up the good work; we are gaining; get your name in the July Roll of Honor, if you can, but don't fail to send in at least one subscription for the Wheel-Chair Club, for every single one counts, and the two hundred poor shut-ins on COMFORT'S waiting list need them all.

REMEMBER, that we now give a fifteen-months subscription for 25 cents; that is our regular price now; but I will accept fifteen-month COMFORT subscriptions at 20 cents each for the benefit of the Wheel-Chair Club, provided they come in clubs of five or more.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Heart-felt Thanks from One who Was Helpless as a Baby

BUNCH, OKLA., May 18th, 1910.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair safely and am delighted with it. I was struck with partial paralysis from the waist down, and have not walked a step by myself in ten months. I had to be carried around like a baby, but now I can go around the house, and do quite a little of my housework. My chair is such a great help to me that I want to express my heartfelt thanks and gratitude to all those who were instrumental in giving me this priceless boon.

Gratefully yours,
MRS. MYRTLE WILEY.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Enables Him to Get Out and Enjoy the Beautiful Sunshine

MCKENZIE, TENN., May 9th, 1910.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My chair arrived safely. I cannot express how thankful I am to you, Mr. Gannett and the readers of COMFORT for my beautiful chair. I can now roll around and enjoy the beautiful sunshine, and enjoy life out of doors. The chair is so nice and pretty, and so strong and well built. I hope you may be able to send out many more chairs to brighten the lives of invalids. God bless you all. Gratefully your friend,
MARK COLEMAN.

Shows how COMFORT Wheel Chairs Go to Help Other Shut-ins on the Death of the First Recipients

ENTERVILLE, IOWA, April 19, 1910.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: The wheel chair which COMFORT presented to the late Mrs. Gill of this city, and which was passed to me after her death, has given me a great deal of happiness. I ride around in it all day. It is a whole lot nicer to be able to ride around than have someone carry me. I have not walked since the first of July, 1909. Many, many thanks to you and Mr. Gannett. Your grateful friend,
TILLIE FORSEN.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Name	No. of Subs.
LENA GORDON, Mountain Park, Okla.	5
MRS. CORA FORD, Lawrence, Neb.	5
"A FRIEND OF SHUT-INS," Bismarck, Mo.	5
MRS. LOU M. BURGE, Sullivan, Ill.	5
MRS. MARY BICKLEY, McCluskey, N. D.	5
MRS. HAMMOND, Moorfield, Neb.	5
GUY C. LONG, Morristown, Tenn.	5
MRS. ROBERT E. STILES, Merced, Cal.	5
MRS. F. R. WHIPP, Barnsville, Md.	5
MRS. STELLA SUFFEL, Bryan, Okla.	10
JESSIE L. MCCAVE, Sistersville, W. Va.	5
MRS. MATTIE WILDER, Ft. Worth, Texas.	14
MRS. NELLIE KELLEY, Hoopville, Okla.	5
MISS E. M. GAUL, Earlville, Iowa.	5
MRS. ANNA BUNKER, Coal Springs, S. D.	5
MRS. LOU M. BURGE, Sullivan, Ill.	5
MRS. MINNIE BROWER, Grafton, Ill.	5
EMMA FOSBURG, Jerry City, Ohio.	10
MRS. M. E. WARD, Singer, La.	6
MARTHA PERKINS, Jonesboro, Ark.	5
J. S. LACHANCE, Port Blakely, Wash.	6
MRS. NORA KINMAN, Francisco, Ind.	6

Cute Language of Flower Post Cards

We can only show two illustrations to give you an idea of what the Language of Flower Post Cards are like. The different flowers are neatly woven around to make the inscription on the cards and they are printed on the stock and in many beautiful colors with landscape illustration. The right-hand one shows in the illustration is made from the lily, the language of which is "Peace." The language of the other is the same as the name of the flower, "Forget-me-not." Some of the others in this set are the pansy, which language is "Think of Me," wall flower, meaning "Fidelity," while white heather is made up into a nice inscription of "Good Luck," roses are interwoven so as to form the word "Love," and violets are fashioned into the word "Faithfulness," asters are made into the word "Hopes," and clover, "Be Mine." Thus the language of the different flowers are taken up and we will send you a dozen Post Cards of different kinds illustrated in this same general style. **SPECIAL Ten Cent Offer.** Send 10 cents only for three-months trial subscription to COMFORT and this complete set of twelve cards will be sent you free without any expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Try This Razor

ONE MONTH FREE

\$300

RAZOR

ON CREDIT

ONLY \$2.00

GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS

WE USE IT OURSELVES AND KNOW IT'S ABSOLUTELY THE BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.

THE BLADE

of this Razor is made of the finest India Blue Steel and is Stronger and Keener than any other Razor made.

We are anxious to have every man use this remarkable Razor. That's why we make this Reduced Price and Great Free Trial Offer. You can send 50c with your order, or send 50c on receipt of Razor, and then

Try It For One Month

FREE and if you don't say it's the best razor you ever saw at any price, send it back to us and we will promptly return you the 50c. Or, if you want to keep it, send us the balance of \$1.50 at the rate of 50c each month for three months. No matter how many razors you have, write to-day for this one on **FREE TRIAL**.

You Assume No Risk Whatever

in dealing with us, because we are the largest American dealers in Elgin watches on easy payments, of which fact our free catalog and bank references will convince you.

FREE!

This Fine \$1.00 Stop

We will send free to all Razor customers on receipt of their final payment this fine \$1.00 stop.

Some send 50c with their answer to this advertisement—some don't—Suit yourself.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. 1201 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

WATCH RING & FREE

FOR SELLING POST CARDS

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, PLATED WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful ring set with 14 K. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us \$2, and we will positively send you a Trial Watch, Ring and Chain.

WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. G16, CHICAGO

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—causing slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Guaranteed in accord with National Drug Law. We prove what we say by sending you a Trial of Treatment absolutely **FREE**.

Write to Plapas Laboratories, Box 24, St. Louis, Mo.

QUICK HAIR GROWTH!

Box Free To You.



Result of a Few Weeks Koskott Treatment.

TRUE METHOD DISCOVERED

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of hair growing is the genuine, scientific one. We will send you a **DOLLAR BOX** out of the Koskott Treatment **FREE**. We guarantee to grow hair on any bald head, under cash forfeiture. Our method is directed at removing the cause, the *dermatomycosis folliculorum*—living micro-organisms—"germs"—and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility & a chance to grow. Ours is the treatment that **MAKES GOOD** or you can use it **WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT**. Koskott is for men's, women's & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair & to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this ad. If you have wasted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplish nothing. We want to surprise & delight you. Send only 10 cents, silver or stamps, to cover actual mailing & advertising cost & we will send the **\$1.00 BOX** absolutely free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. None sent unless 10 cents is enclosed. Only one box sent to a person free. Address: Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 3590, New York, N. Y.

Make Big Money Outdoors

Own a Proctor Portrait Camera

The biggest bonanza in money making today is taking pictures with the Proctor Portrait Camera. This camera takes pictures, finishes and delivers them at the rate of eighty a hour. You can get ten cents apiece for these pictures as fast as you can take them and the work is all done without canvassing. All you have to do is to set your camera up any place where there is a crowd at street corners, in front of manufacturing institutions, resorts, fairs, picnic grounds, etc., and the money pours in as fast as you can handle it. One man made \$1,000.00 in one month. Camera is complete—entirely automatic—instantaneous developer—new and novel—costs very little and will make you a fortune this summer.

Read This Remarkable Offer

We sell the Proctor Portrait Button Camera, one hundred buttons, one hundred beautiful frames, a tripod and a package of developer for \$15.00. Send us three dollars now and we will ship at once, seven dollars C. O. D. Put the Camera into operation, earn big money every day, and pay us the remaining five dollars when you have proved that every word we say above is true. Additional buttons one dollar per hundred. We are thoroughly reliable, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York with a capital of \$50,000.

THE CEE-HAP MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 108, 127 W. 43d St., New York

Maddy's Temptation

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"Stop here! You are crazy, Miss Maddy! Tain't no place for a girl like you, and Mr. Guy never will suffer it, I know." Flora rejoined, as she resumed her work, thinking she "should die to be moped up in that nutshell of a house."

With a little sigh, as she foresaw the opposition she should probably meet with from Guy, Maddy went on with her toilet, which was soon completed, as it did not take long to arrange the dark calico dress and plain linen collar which she wore. She was not as fresh-looking as usual that morning, for excitement and fatigue had lent a paleness to her cheek, and a languor to her whole appearance, but Flora, who glanced anxiously after her as she went out, muttered to herself, "She was never more beautiful, and I don't wonder an atom that Mr. Guy thinks so much of her."

The kitchen was in perfect order, for Flora had been busy there as elsewhere. The kettle was boiling on the stove, while two or three little ones were ranged upon the hearth, as if waiting for someone. Grandpa Markham had gone out, but Uncle Joseph sat in his accustomed corner, rubbing his hands when he saw Maddy, and nodding mysteriously toward the front room, the door of which was open, so that Maddy could hear the fire crackling on the hearth.

"Go in, go in," Uncle Joseph said, waving his hand in that direction. "My Lord Governor is in there waiting for you. He won't let me spit on the floor any more as Martha did, and I've swallowed so much that I'm almost choked."

Continual spitting was one of Uncle Joseph's worst habits, and as his sister had indulged him in it, it had become a source of great annoyance both to Maddy and to someone else of whose proximity Maddy did not dream. Thinking that Uncle Joseph referred to her grandfather, and feeling glad that the latter had attempted a reform, she entered the room known at the cottage as the parlor, the one where the rag carpet was, the six cane-seated chairs and the Boston rocker, and now the little round table was nicely laid for two, while cozily seated in the rocking-chair, reading last night's paper and looking very handsome and happy, was Guy!

When Maddy prayed that he might come and see her she did not expect an answer so soon, and she started back in much surprise, while Guy came easily forward to greet her, asking how she was, once telling her she looked tired and thin, then making her take the chair he had vacated, he stood over her, smoothing her hair, while he continued:

"I have taken some liberties, you see, and have made myself quite at home. I knew how unaccustomed you were to the duties of a house, and as I saw that girl was wholly incompetent, I denied myself at least two hours' sleep this morning for the sake of getting her early, bringing Flora with me and a few things which I thought would be for your comfort. You must excuse me, but Flora looked so cold when she came down from your chamber, where I sent her to see how you were, that with your grandfather's permission I ordered a fire to be kindled there. I hope you liked it. This house is very cold."

He kept talking on, and Maddy in a delicious kind of bewilderment listened to him, wondering if ever before there was a person so kind and good as Guy. And really Guy was doing great violence to his pride by being there as he was, but he could do anything for Maddy, and so he had forced down his pride, trying for her sake to make the cottage as pleasant as possible. With Flora to assist he had succeeded wonderfully, and was really enjoying it himself. At first Maddy could not thank him, her heart was so full, but Guy was satisfied with the expression of her face, and calling Flora he bade her serve the breakfast.

"You know my habits," he said, smilingly, as he took a seat at the table, "and breakfasting at daylight, as I did, has given me an appetite so, with your permission, I'll carve this nice bit of steak for you, while you pour me a cup of coffee. I brought it from Alkensiside, together with this strawberry jelly, of which I remember you were fond," and he helped Maddy lavishly.

How chatty and social he was, trying to cheer Maddy up and make her forget that such a thing as death had so lately found entrance there; talking of Jessie, of Alkensiside, of the pleasant little time they would have during the vacation, and of the next term at school, when Maddy, as one of the graduating class, would not be kept in as strictly as heretofore, but allowed to see more of the city. Maddy felt as though she should die for the pain tugging at her heart, while she listened to him and knew that the pictures he was drawing were not for her. Her place was there; and after the breakfast was over and Flora had cleared the dishes away, she shut her door, so that they might be alone, and then standing before Guy, she told him of her resolution, begging of him to help her and not make it harder to bear by devising means for her to escape what she felt to be an imperative duty. Guy had expected something like this and was prepared, as he thought, to combat all her arguments; so when she had finished, he replied that of course he did not wish to interfere with her duty, but there might be a question as to what he really was her duty, and it seemed to him he was better able to judge of that than herself. It was not right for her to bury herself there while her education was unfinished, when another could do as well. Her superior talents were given to her to improve, and how could she improve them in Honedale; besides her grandfather did not expect her to stay. Guy had talked with him while she was asleep, and the matter was all arranged; a competent woman was to be hired to take charge of the domestic arrangements, and if it seemed desirable, two should be procured; anything to leave Maddy free.

"And grandpa consented to this willingly?" Maddy said, feeling a throb of pleasure at thoughts of release. But Guy could not answer that the grandfather consented willingly.

"He thinks it best. When he comes back you can ask him yourself," he said, just as Uncle Joseph, opening the door, brought their interview to a close by asking very meekly, "if it would please the Lord Governor to let him spit!"

The blood rushed at once to Maddy's face and she could not repress a smile, while Guy laughed aloud, saying to her softly: "For your sake I tried my skill to stop what I knew must annoy you. Pardon me if I did wrong," then turning to Uncle Joseph he gave the desired permission to go, together with the promise of a handsome spittoon, which should be sent down on the morrow. With a bow Uncle Joseph now Martha's gone; but new lords, new laws. I trust he's not going to live here?" and slyly he asked Flora if the Lord Governor had brought his things!

"I said she might if she thought best," was the reply, spoken so sadly that Maddy's arms were at once twined around the old man's neck, while she said to him:

"Tell me honestly which you prefer. I'd like so much to go to school, but I am not sure I should be happy there, knowing how lonely you would be here at home. Say, grandpa, which would you rather, now, honor bright?" and Maddy tried to speak playfully, though her heart-beats were almost audible as she waited for the answer.

Grandpa could not deceive. He wanted his darling solely, and he wanted her to be happy, he said. Perhaps they would get on just as well without her. When Mr. Guy was talking it looked as if they might, he made it all so plain, but the sight of Maddy was a comfort. She was all he had left. Maybe he shouldn't live long to pester her, and if he didn't wouldn't she always feel better for having stayed with her grandpa?

He looked very pale and thin, and his hair white as snow. He could not live many years, and turning resolutely from Guy, who, so long

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despair can be turned into ones of happiness and
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For with my wonderful treatment, thousands are
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Alike Within the Death-Like Grip
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If you have backache, headache, dizziness, puffy
swellings under the eyes, or in the feet and ankles,
nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the
urine is light and pale, dark colored and cloudy, if
you make water often, getting up during the night,
if it smart and burns when you pass it, if there is
sediment or brick dust when it stands, write for
this free treatment at once, without a minute's
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Like a serpent with its deadly fangs, kidney
troubles quickly entwine the helpless patient, in-
fusing the system with its poisonous uric acid.
Slowly the racking pains clutch the sufferer more
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pains increase, slowly at first but gaining steadily,
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neys—then convulsions undecipherable—then death.

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impurities that clog the kidneys and causes the
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uric acid, cleanses and purifies, strengthens, in-
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filter the blood, stops the pain, gives strength to
the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and
body and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of
time.

I want every sufferer to know, to come, and to
accept this free help wherein lies peace and happi-
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under the pure food and drugs act. There is nothing
like it anywhere, at any price, for I, alone, am
its only possessor. But I will give it gladly to the
needy. Willingly will I send it to all, free for the
asking to help those who need help, who are dis-
couraged, down-hearted and hopeless. For it
brings peace and rest and comfort and quick relief
to all suffering.

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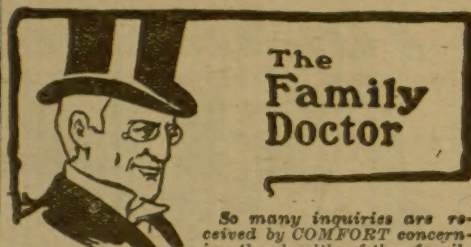
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H. B. Jefferson, Iowa.—At your age long distance
advice is of little value, a physician must see you and
make a personal examination. You will have to de-
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G. C. H., Crandon, Wis.—When piles become chronic
the only cure, if a cure is possible, is by a physician
who can examine the patient. An operation may be
necessary. In many instances operations have effected
permanent cures. You will have to consult a physician
and take his advice. (2) You will get a better and
drift cure at the drug store than you can compound for
yourself.

Subscriber, Schulenberg, Texas.—Forget about it.
Keep in good and lively company, eat good food
and let the sun shine on you. By and by you will
fall in love with a girl and marry her and then you
will have to hustle to keep the family going and will
be all right.

W. L. M., Rosebud, Texas.—It is a patent medicine
and what you read about was advertising matter. It
is harmless as far as we know.

F. S., Cement City, Mich.—See answer above to "G.
C. H., Crandon, Wis."

Mrs. N. J. H., Poseyville, Ind.—Your proposition
is plain advertising and it will cost more than you can
get out of it.

X. D. B. F., Astoria, S. Dak.—It depends upon what
makes your voice thick whether it may be made clear
or not. Climate often affects the voice, and so does
disease. The same answer applies to deafness. Some-
times deafness may be cured. It may be frequently
relieved, either by treatment, or by mechanical devices.

L. E. O., Billings, Mont.—We do not know what
medical colleges pay for cadavers, but the price is not
as high now as it used to be, owing to the fact that
bodies are more easily secured. Any doctor in your
town will give you the addresses of medical colleges
out your way and you can write and get their figures.
Whether they would pay in advance or not, we cannot
say.

S. H. A., Worden, Wash.—Take the worry right off
of your mind now and keep it off. Your daughter
hasn't any more cancer than you have. The red spot
is only a tiny birthmark and means nothing. Some
people get the notion that cancer may be lurking almost
anywhere under a discolored spot on the skin, and they
worry themselves sick and nervous over it and bring
themselves almost to a cancerous condition about
nothing. The girl never worries about the spot and
doesn't you. Cancer would have showed itself fully, long
long ago if it had been there.

W. X. Y. Z., Parsons, Kans.—Go to a doctor and
tell him what you have told us. What you need is to
be handled with a hay rake and shaken up good and
hard. Find a husky young doctor who can thump some
sense and character into you if necessary. Take this ad-
vice along to him and let him know what we think
about your case. If you are worth saving you will
do as we tell you.

E. L. M., Little Rock, Wash.—You must take your
hands to a physician and let him examine them. Just
what causes the "bumps" we cannot tell this far
away. Don't put it off, but go at once, or it may
be too late.

Dorothy, Kirksville, Mo.—It is not usual, though
there are many cases similar. Sometimes the con-
dition remains permanent and cannot be changed. Under
such circumstances the health is not affected. You
should consult a physician at once.

W. R. W., Georgetown, Colo.—You cannot risk doc-
toring yourself if you have Bright's disease. It is a
very serious complaint, and only the careful treatment
of a physician who can examine you will be of
benefit. It can never be cured, but you may live a
long time with it.

Perplexed, Unlontown, Wash.—The difficulty she ex-
periences with her voice in reciting in public results
from nervousness and it is not serious. She may out-
grow it, but, as you say she is all right except when
reciting, we would suggest that she does not recite
unless she recites exceedingly well, we believe it would
be an advantage all around not to ask her to appear
in public. We know a number of girls who recite and
we know it would be better for all concerned if they
did not.

Mrs. E. L. G., Littleton, N. H.—We do not think
there is anything wrong with your nerves, but a state
of mind. It isn't "nerves", exactly, but you have
let yourself slump, so to speak, and lost your resisting
power. Anybody will get the same way who yields
to weakness and will not brace up. You should simply
compel yourself to believe that you only think you
are sick and by and by you will know you are not
worse off in health than many of your neighbor women.
Did you ever try the power of prayer? Stop trying
to heal your body, and heal your mind. Get that healed
and the body will come around all right. Give it a
trial and see what the happy result will be.

E. K., Alden, Iowa.—Don't cross the river till you
get to it. The bone doesn't hurt you and until it
you needn't worry. Even that you know you are not
something else that hurts more and forget the bone be-
hind your ear. It is out of sight anyway, and being
a little larger won't make any difference. A sixteen-
year-old girl hasn't any right to be finding things the
matter with her. She hasn't any.

C. M., Cadiz, Ohio.—Boils and such disturbances
are now believed to be caused by malignant bacilli.
Your doctor can tone up your system and get your
blood into a condition where the benign bacteria will
kill off the bad ones. That is the boil cure now.
You tell your doctor to communicate with the Rocke-
feller Institute for Medical Research, New York City,
and find out about boils. Every doctor ought to know
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J. J. L., Paloma, Texas.—Write to Medical Depart-
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to some reputable specialist along those lines. In-
close postage for reply.

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Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, Gen-
eral Debility and Complete Lack of Vital En-
ergy are a few of the serious troubles which are most
liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm
humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disor-
ders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments
such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervou-
ness, headache, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is
very weakening and depressing for fat
people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It
is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body
becomes even larger, the fat is packed in more
tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous
trouble is thereby stored
up for the future. Fat
people die 10 to 40
years too soon. Re-
liable statistics of medi-
cal authorities and of
leading insurance com-
panies prove that over-
weight people die much
earlier than those who
are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure,
complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows
older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable,
safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:
M. E. KING, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By your safe, gentle Method, I reduced 35 lbs. eight years ago this summer;
haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."
ANDREW LOUGHEEY, Randolph, Mo., writes: "Three years ago, I reduced 130 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method and am still
in the best of health."
MRS. F. ROARKE, Cato, N. Y., writes: "I have lost 53 lbs. and reduced waist measure by 7 inches; health much better."
MRS. E. M. REYNOLDS, Lehigh, Pa., writes: "Two years ago, I reduced 115 lbs. by your treatment; reduced waist measure from
54 in. to 38 in. and waist from 42 in. to 28 inches. Never felt better in my life. Will cheerfully answer letters of inquiry."
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MRS. M. F. SARGENT, Lebanon, N. H., writes: "Last summer, I reduced over 43 lbs. by your treatment; it is most wonderful."
EMMA SMITH, Greentown, Pa., writes: "I lost 74 lbs. in summer of 1909 by your Method; glad to recommend it."
MRS. J. H. WOODBRIDGE, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost nearly
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weight to normal without losing a moment's time
from your regular occupation. Address:
Dr. H. C. BRADFORD, 313 Bradford Bldg., 20 E. 22d St., New York, N. Y.
NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York;
famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

Sister Woman! READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your
mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that
cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home
without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or
occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can
prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it for I have never heard of anything that does so
quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it
has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands
of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflam-
mation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or
Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

**This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will
not cost you one cent**

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if
you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe
there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by
sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experi-
ence, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely
free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one
near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted
from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a
personal trial of it to you—so I will gladly do it for I have never heard of anything that does so
quickly and surely cure women's ailments. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article it-
self. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will
gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address
MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A21 Joliet, Illinois.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. A Hundred of
testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores
the nervous and physical system and removes the cause.
A full trial treatment alone of our cure. Write us in confidence.
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X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest
pocket novelty. Every-
body wants it. Apparently see your
fellow or girl through cloth or wood. Used
everywhere. 35 cts., stamps or coin.
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TAPE-WORM Expelled
alive in 60
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PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return.
A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic.
Trial box MAILED FREE. Address
Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

FOR MEN ONLY Four useful articles, one dime
articles. **WM. J. EWEN, Gatun Canal Zone.**

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish
for Candy, Olives, Nuts,
Whipped Cream or Pickles.

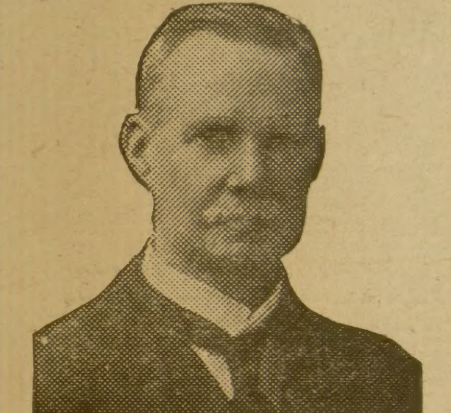
The Seven-Inch Dish
for Salad, Fruit,
Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the
unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove ex-
ceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used
for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament
for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the
cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four
inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have
four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.
Club Offer. Send only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set
of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

True Cure Drunkenness In 72 Hours!

Science triumphs and I now guarantee that by my Safe, Reliable, Perfected Method, the disease of Alcoholism can be positively cured if the drinker will take my Remedies for only 3 days—no longer!



I Was a Heavy Drinker

I drank heavily for many years; averaged over a quart daily of whisky and many "chaser" of beer, also cocktails, etc. After wasting money and time on many ineffective treatments, some of which were absolutely worthless, I found last a genuine 3 days' cure. I was myself cured—made into a new man, strong, healthy, with clear brain. I possess the true and reliable Method. It has cured legions of others. Also an effective Secret Method which is to begin without drinker's knowledge.

Wives! Mothers!

Read about what is being accomplished and learn that no matter what you have tried in the past, you can now positively succeed with my gentle, safe, guaranteed Method.

Mrs. W. H. Carman, Esq., 11 N. Y., writes: "My husband drank heavily for over 30 years, lost positions and was in awful condition. In 3 days he was completely cured by the Woods' Home Treatment. We have been very happy ever since."

Edw. F. Colgrove, 51 Lake St., Worcester, Mass., writes: "My wife gave me your treatment. I had not been sober in many years; now all craving is gone and it is a positive cure; health wonderfully improved. Your Method is safe, mild and sure."

Mrs. Sarah Mook, Frederic, Ia., writes: "My husband did not want to stop drinking although it was killing him and also tried other remedies in vain. I gave him Mr. Woods' B Treatment secretly. He soon began to detect liquor and thought a miracle had happened. In a few days he was completely cured; has never touched a drop since and is wonderfully changed for the better."

Mrs. Marie N. Lane, Spottswood, N. J., writes: "I cannot find words to express my joy. Your treatment worked wonders with Mr. Lane; he is completely free from all craving."

Mrs. Wm. Pring, 50 Williams Ave., Hyde Park, Mass., writes: "I started giving your remedies to Mr. Pring on a Friday night and by Sunday he was completely cured. That was long ago. He has never had any craving since. Was hard drinker many years."

John L. Corish, M. D., 50 Herbert St., Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies: "To my personal knowledge, the Woods' Method for eradicating alcoholism is perfectly safe and reliable. It cures in 3 days. I know many successful cases."

Frederic A. Giddings, Gorham, Me., writes: "I drank liquor over 40 years, could find no cure until I got Woods' Set of Remedies. Am completely free from craving."

Mrs. C. Mills, Box 6, Palmer, N. Y., writes: "I first drank gin as a medicine, got the habit and could not stop until your mild, pleasant Treatment did it in 3 days."

Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph. D., F. A. S., writes: "I certify having analyzed the Woods' Treatment. The remedies are perfectly harmless yet exceedingly effective; eminently adapted to banish permanently the craving for alcohol."

W. E. Slade, New Freedom, Pa., writes: "I have not been in such good health for 10 years as I am now. Peaceful sleep, clear brain. Used to average a quart of liquor daily. Was completely cured in 72 hours by your treatment."

J. P. Eckenroth, Chester, Pa., writes: "Had been a drinker many years, heavily; health was nearly ruined. Could never stop until I took your remedies; completely cured now."

Hundreds of References that you can write to, will be sent with my Free Book, in Plain Wrapper.

Drunkards Can Be Secretly Cured

I appeal to everyone who wants to cure a drinker, to obtain my Free Book, "Confessions of An Alcohol Slave." It tells how every person (male or female) who drinks can be cured with or without his knowledge in his own home. No tedious, expensive and doubtful institute or sanitarium treatment. Very low cost. Absolute guarantee given. My Treatment is saving lives and making homes happy. Do not confuse it with fake pills, powders, etc., that do no good. Mine is medically endorsed. Write frankly, stating who you want to cure and give some particulars. No money unless I prove all I say by voluntary testimonials given me with privilege to publish. Don't delay in writing—hasten your joy!

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. Explain why will-power, pledges and pleadings do no good and how my Method quickly succeeds. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Av., 359 D, New York, N. Y.

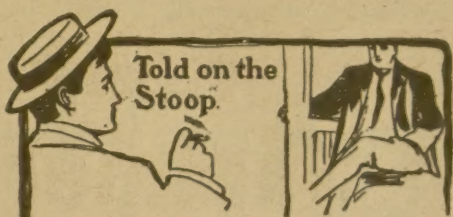
FREE A Stylish Skirt

Well cut and well made for summer wear is what you are looking for. Made from the new beautifully finished heavy cotton material which will be so fashionable this season. As illustrated, it is cut in seven gores with inverted plait at center back, closing at left side front and trimmed with twelve large white pearl buttons. A three-inch wide band of same material and a deep hem finishes a skirt that every woman finds practical and necessary to her comfort in warm weather.

You will be pleased with the appearance of this ideal shirt-waist skirt, made up in either white, tan, light or dark blue. With a white or colored one for harder service, you will be equipped for a variety of occasions. Now is the time to begin, taking advantage of this very unusual offer, because you cannot afford to have warm weather find you without one or more of these skirts.

Neither can you afford the time and labor to make them, even if you could procure the same material, when for six yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, one of these skirts will be sent you free. With your order send us your correct waist measure plainly stated.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Portland Cement

"I guess everybody most in this country has heard about Portland cement," said a man who looked like a man who laid cement sidewalks or built cement walls, "but not so many knew of it twenty-five years ago. Even now a good many people who see it and use it don't know much about it. It is made by calcining limestone with the deposits from rivers running over a clay and chalk soil and when exposed to the air becomes as hard as the hardest stone and will last longer. It was first made by Joseph Aspdin, a Yorkshire Englishman, and he called it Portland cement because Portland stone was the finest stone that he knew of, and was famous all over. With in the past few years the increased use of cement in all kinds of building operations has been wonderful, not only in this country, but all over the world, and some call this the Cement Age. What the future of it will be nobody can tell for timber is becoming scarcer every year and building is increasing, but to show you what the growth in the United States has been, let me give you a few figures. In 1880 we made and used 42,000 barrels of cement—it isn't all called Portland cement, but it is all pretty much alike; in 1890 it went up to 335,000 barrels; in 1900 over eight million barrels and last year to something over sixty million barrels. Those figures look some as though cement was getting there, don't they? It is manufactured at a great many places and some day I expect we'll have cement mills scattered around the country about as we have flour mills now."

Base Ball

"Once upon time," remarked a sporty looking man, "base ball was nothing more than a game that the boys played, but it isn't that any more, though the boys are fonder of it than ever. It has now developed into a business, involving millions of dollars, and is the National Game. Last year the attendance at the games of the two major leagues was nearly eight millions while at other games it is estimated at twenty-five millions. Which means about six million dollars to the sixteen teams of the big leagues and nine millions to the others. From 1901 to 1909 inclusive the admissions to the big league games totaled 509,134,235, or more than half the population of the entire country. The value of the property in grounds and buildings of the two leagues totals six millions dollars, two millions of this being held by the two teams in New York city. The minor leagues have six millions worth of property, making twelve millions in all. Pittsburgh has put enough into the ball park there to have it generally known as the Million-dollar Park. Shibe Park in Philadelphia has \$750,000 in it, and it is said to be the largest in the world, accommodating 23,000 with seats, and a total capacity of 40,000. The salary list of the big league players reaches a total of five million dollars a year, ranging from \$1500 to \$6000, though Matthewson of New York has \$10,000 a year and the famous Wagner of Pittsburgh has the same for six months' work, or play, as you please. 'Ban' Johnson, president, secretary and treasurer of

the National Americans has a twenty year contract at \$25,000 a year. Traveling expenses make up a good sum, too, the estimated cost of major and minor leagues being about \$1,250,000 for some 7,360 players. Shoes, masks, uniforms and the rest of the necessities go to \$350,000 a year, \$100,000 of this being for shoes alone. So you see what was merely boys' play at the beginning has grown to be real men's business and it is growing all the time."

Our Indians

"A good deal of sympathy is wasted on 'Lo, the poor Indian,'" said a man who looked like a government official, "and I think he is better off today than if he had been left to run wild as the white man found him. And I believe there are more Indians now than there were when Columbus discovered them. Anyway we have 300,000 of them which is more than 40,000 more than we had twenty years ago, and is due chiefly to the good attention they receive from Uncle Sam. Of these, Oklahoma has more than any other state, 117,124, and Arizona comes next with 39,000. Oklahoma has such an excess owing to the fact that it was formerly Indian Territory. California and South Dakota have 20,000 each, and there are some in the western states, but they have disappeared from the East except in New York where there are over 5000 of various tribes. Though the Indian Bureau spends over four millions a year on educating young Indians only about 75,000 of the population can read and write. The majority of them still speak their own language, and most of them wear the Indian style of dress. But the new stock is coming ahead and in a few more years the real Indian will be hard to find. The big Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., has had 4,080 students, only 564 of whom were graduated in the full course, and nearly all of these are occupying good positions, and many have money in the bank and live in their own substantial houses like white men. What the Indian needs more than anything else is to have somebody get behind him and push him till he is started and after that he goes all right. The government is doing its part and since 1789 it has paid out nearly five hundred million dollars in expenditures for Indians, and the yearly expense is over fifteen millions. Maybe the Indian thinks the white man has treated him badly by taking his hunting grounds away from him, but it doesn't look that way to me."

About the Census

"It's hard lines for the census enumerators," said a kind man, "and now that they have finished with their jobs they feel as though they had gone through a long winter. The work itself was not hard, but the opposition they had nearly everywhere from those who were to be enumerated made it difficult. Away back yonder at the taking of the first census of 1790, there were a great many people who refused to be enumerated for all sorts of silly and superstitious reasons and we can understand their ignorance, but it should not exist today. Still it does and the returns will show that a great many people are still a hundred years deep in ignorance. But we are growing just the same and from a population of 3,929,625 in 1790, we have gone up to the neighborhood of ninety million in 1910. In 1790 the population of New York, Boston and Philadelphia was 15,500 and it is now about six millions. I may say that our cities have increased in population much faster than the country, but I believe the next census will show the country catching up. The trolley car, the telephone, and the automobile are making life on the farm a good deal closer to the city's attractions, and the country's the place to live if you can get to town now and then to see things and get back home to bed."

FREE TO WOMEN

Wonderful Receipt That Cures Woman's Ills Sent Free On Request.

I am a woman—a mother—a doctor—and a successful physician—a specialist in diseases of women. As a woman and a mother I have suffered and know, as no man can, how to sympathize with other women who have suffered. I have learned how to cure woman's ills—to cure them quickly, surely and easily.

If you have leucorrhoea, or whitish discharges, nervousness, ulceration, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian trouble, change of life, pains in head and back, bearing-down feeling, hot flashes or weariness; if you feel worn out, tired and despondent; if you have any disease or weakness common to us women, would you like to be cured in the privacy of your own home? Would you like to say good-bye to all the pain, weakness and suffering?

I have a recipe for these troubles that I have used for years—a recipe that has cured hundreds of women. If you want it I will be glad to send it to you entirely free. This prescription contains only pure and harmless remedies, but its effect is wonderful. You can easily use it and cure yourself at home.

I can afford to and will be very glad to send it entirely free to any suffering woman who will drop me a line telling me in her own words how she suffers. Address Dr. Bertha C. Day, Day Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and I will send the recipe by return mail in a plain sealed envelope.

GIRL FROM THE GOLDEN WEST.



NEW SERIES OF TWELVE POST CARDS FROM LIFE, picturing COW BOYS and COW GIRLS in their dashing native costumes of Plains and Prairie. Representing them mounted on their prairie ponies, clouds and skies provide brilliant color settings for each card. They are unusual in their brightness. An interesting set of cards, twelve in the series, representing actual scenes of the West. Among the best are "Lonesome," "Two in Company," "Hurry Up," "Lively Work," "The Tenderfoot." Each card is done in many colors. Stalwart, Athletic Girls are shown with noble, dashing steeds performing stunts requiring skill and quick wit. The originals are paintings from life, not imaginative. SPECIAL TEN CENT OFFER. Send 20c. for three-month trial subscription and this set of twelve very attractive cards will be sent you post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

How to Get Fat Free

Home Treatment Which Works Wonders in Making Scrawny, Undeveloped Men and Women Plump and Attractive.

50c. Box Free to Any Reader

Thin persons, particularly those from ten to thirty pounds under weight, will be interested to learn of a marvelous discovery which puts on flesh at the rate of a pound a day in many instances rounds out the figure and makes thin folks fat up even if they have been scrawny for years.

Don't shut your eyes and say "Impossible!" Put this new treatment to the test. The test is free (see coupon below), and surely the test will tell. It is no sign that



"I was just as thin as you are before I tried Sargol."

you must remain skinny and under weight the rest of your life even if you have vainly tried every "fattenner" you ever heard of.

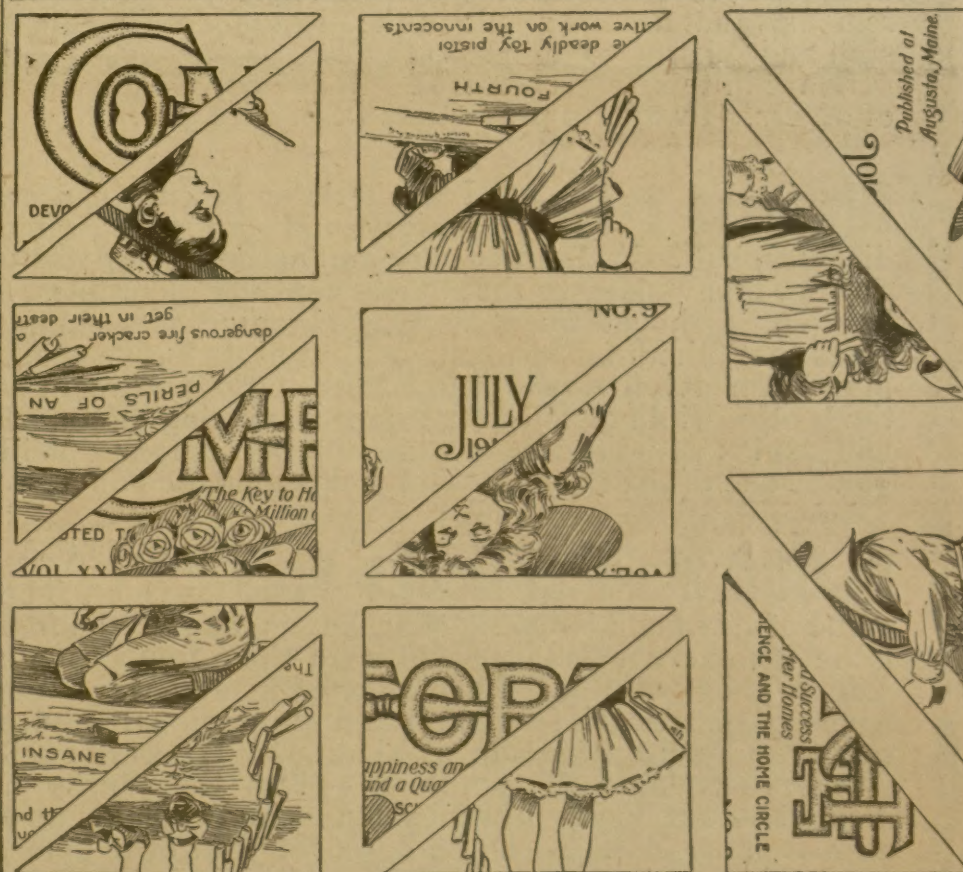
This new discovery calls for no diet "stunts," no detention from business. You go about as usual, eat what you like. It is harmless to the most delicate system and contains no oils, emulsions, nor alcohol. Just a concentrated tablet which can be taken privately. Your nearest friends need not know what you are doing until you astonish them with a visible and pleasing increase in weight. Excessive thinness is very mortifying. Thin men never look like "real money." They are pushed aside in the race for success. Bony women are seldom very popular. Dress will not hide skin and bones. All men admire fine figures. Take Sargol and get out of the featherweight class.

Mail the coupon to-day. Send your name and full address to The Sargol Co., 12-U Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. They will send at once the 50-cent package of Sargol and will write and show you why you have remained thin, and how Sargol puts on firm flesh in a natural way. There is no longer any necessity for you to remain skinny and ill developed.

FREE COUPON.

This certificate entitles the holder to one fifty-cent package of Sargol. The home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive. Please inclose 10 cents to help pay distribution expenses.

The Sargol Co., 12-U Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES THIS CUT-PUZZLE

One Prize Sure

according to CONDITIONS STATED BELOW, make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and FIT IT TOGETHER. IF YOU fit it together correctly and mail it to us (with TWO 15-MONTHS SUBSCRIPTIONS TO COMFORT at 25 cents each) AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail

50 Passion Play Post Cards comprising the ENTIRE SET of 55 SUPERB VIEWS made from actual photographs of SCENES, CHARACTERS and ENVIRONMENT of this most wonderful SACRED DRAMA representing the LIFE and CRUCIFIXION of the SAVIOUR as it is being performed in Oberammergau this year. EVERY CARD a WORK of ART in MAGNIFICENT COLORING. All packed in neat cardboard box with ten-page printed folder giving history and description of the play.

UNDERSTAND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SEND US WITH THE CUT-UP PICTURE TWO FIFTEEN-MONTHS SUBSCRIPTIONS TO COMFORT at 25 CENTS EACH in order to GET A PRIZE.

Cash Prizes Also. BESIDES THE PASSION PLAY CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH two yearly subscriptions before the twentieth of July,

A FIRST PRIZE OF	\$3.00 cash	For fourth best a prize of	\$1.00 cash
For second best a prize of	2.00 "	For fifth best a prize of	1.00 "
For third best a prize of	1.00 "	For each of the 10 next best a prize of	.50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY PASSION PLAY CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with the required subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard, mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with the required subscriptions.

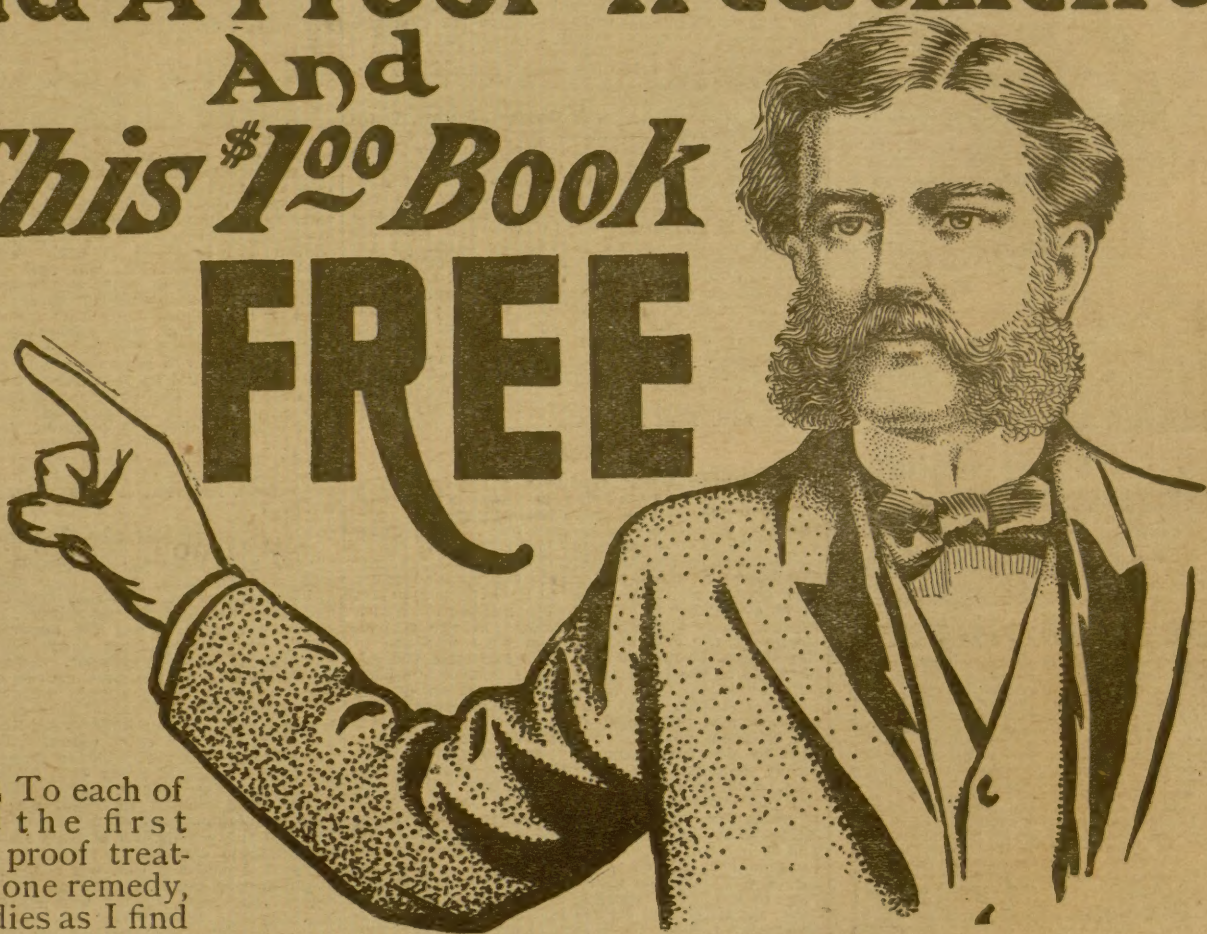
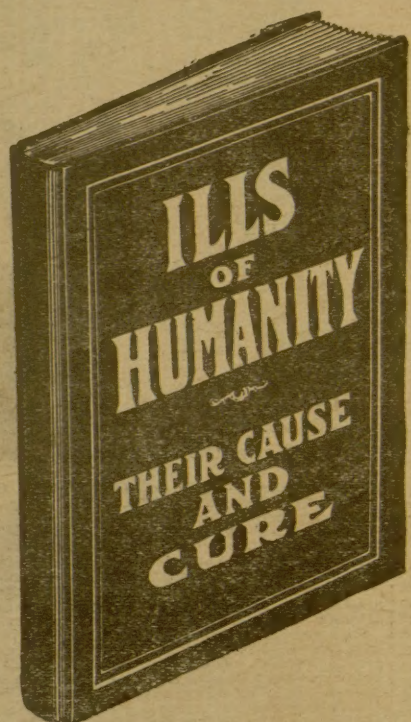
IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN and WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. T, Augusta, Maine. Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription Club with the Money

Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own single subscription.

If You Are In Poor Health I Will Send A Proof Treatment And

This \$1.00 Book FREE



A Free Proof Treatment To each of the first 10,000 who apply I will send a free proof treatment. Not a patent medicine—not one remedy, but as many kinds of medical remedies as I find advisable in your case—remedies to strike straight at your disease—constitutional remedies—remedies to tone up your general system—pure, effective and curative remedies that are the result of the most modern medical skill and science, combined with years of successful experience in thousands of cases. I have cured thousands of others. I want to prove that I can cure you.

Diseases I Treat I don't claim to cure cancer, leprosy, and other incurable diseases, but I do claim to cure and actually, positively do, cure many diseases that others consider incurable. I have cured thousands of serious chronic cases—many cases that others failed to cure. I want to prove what my treatment will do for you. A free proof treatment is the best possible test, it is the one convincing proof. I will send it without cost to you; I pay all charges. Will you be one of the 10,000 to accept this generous offer?

10,000 Medical Books Free If You Write at Once. The value of this book is One Dollar, but as long as the free issue of 10,000 copies last I will send them free, postage paid, to those who are sick or afflicted in any way. 192 pages of practical information and professional advice that every man and woman should know. It describes all diseases—explains all symptoms—gives the causes of diseases—tells how to prevent sickness and explains how a great many diseases can be cured in your own home. If you want to be well and remain well, this is the book for you, and it is free. Simply send me the coupon printed below and I will send you absolutely free, postage paid, this valuable Medical Book for the home—a One Dollar Book Free. Write at once before it is too late to accept this generous offer.

I Ask Nothing I will accept no pay, not one cent for the Books and Trial Treatments I have decided to give away. I want to prove that my treatment will do in your case what it has done in thousands of cases. By proving my skill to you I hope to prove it to your friends and neighbors. If my treatment helps you—if it cures you, I want your good will—I want your gratitude—I want you to speak a kindly word for me to your sick friends when convenient to do so. This is all I ask. When I say Free I mean FREE.

My Success Is Your Gain My Professional and financial success has been wonderful. I have succeeded beyond my fondest ambition in doing good in the world—in benefiting humanity. I have acquired a liberal share of worldly goods. For all this I am grateful—I am thankful. To show my gratitude I propose to do this kindness to humanity. I propose to help the sick and suffering free of charge. I will positively give away 10,000 Home Medical Books and 10,000 Proof Treatments to the first 10,000 people who write to me. I don't care who you are, where you live, or whether you are rich or poor, if you need a practical medical book to guide you year after year—if you need medical attention for any disease curable by modern medical science—if you are sick or afflicted, I want to help you free. I can afford to send these 10,000 Books and Free Proof Treatments postage paid. Sit down right now and mail the coupon below. Be one of the fortunate 10,000.

Dr. Jas. W. Kidd, 246 Kidd Building, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send me postage prepaid, free of charge and obligation, Proof Treatment and your Home Medical Book.

YOUR NAME _____ AGE _____

POST OFFICE _____ STATE _____

STREET AND NO. _____ R. F. D. NO. _____

NOTE:—Mark a cross (X) after the disease or diseases you have; two crosses (XX) after the one from which you suffer most.

RHEUMATISM.....	KIDNEY TROUBLE.....
LUMBAGO.....	BLADDER TROUBLE.....
ECZEMA.....	HEART DISEASE.....
SCROFULA.....	IMPURE BLOOD.....
CATARRH.....	FEMALE TROUBLE.....
DROPSY.....	TORPID LIVER.....
PILES.....	PARTIAL PARALYSIS.....
NEURALGIA.....	CHRONIC COUGH.....
DIARRHŒA.....	NERVOUSNESS.....
CONSTIPATION.....	PROSTATITIS.....
INDIGESTION.....	MALARIA.....
HEADACHE.....	PIMPLES.....
DIZZINESS.....	LUNG TROUBLE.....
EPILEPSY.....	ASTHMA.....

CUT OUT COUPON ON DOTTED LINES